

SEPTEMBER

15 CENTS

# MOTION PICTURE

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*Ruth Roland*  
*Norma Talmadge*  
and Others

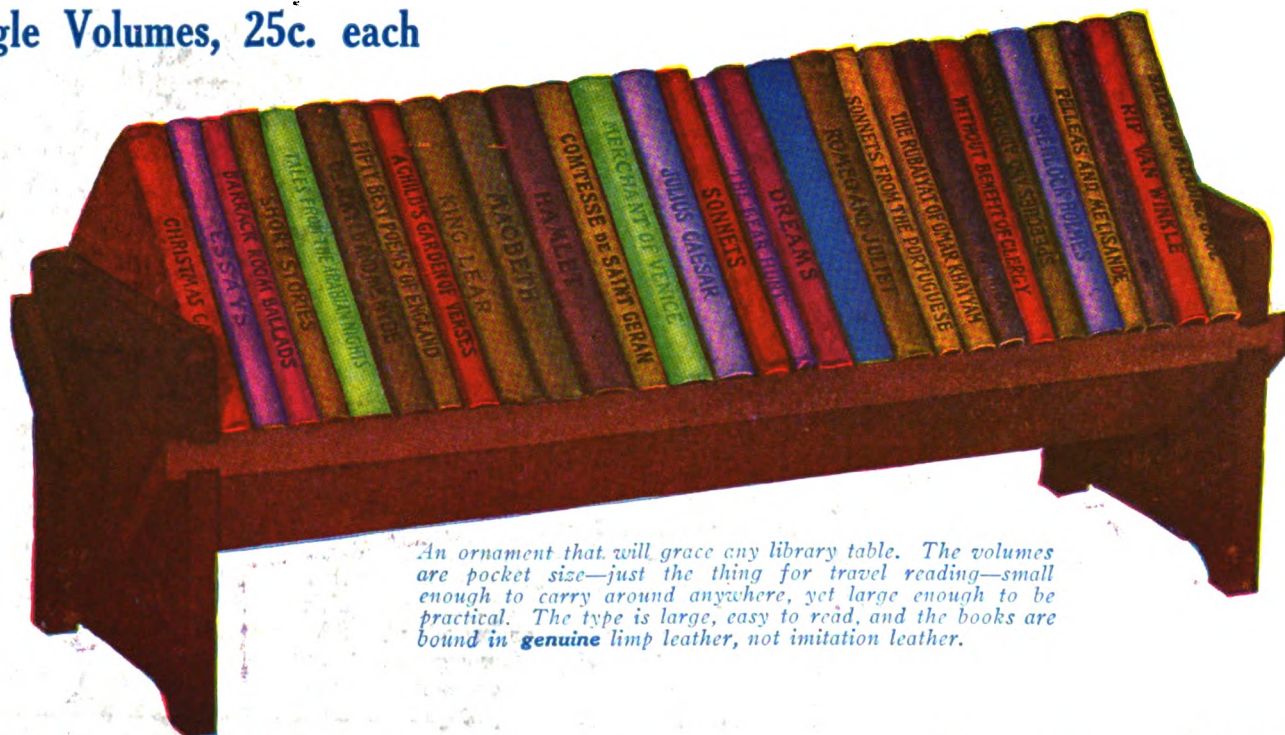


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# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1916 NO. 1

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(Three)



**Let Him That Is Without Sin Cast the First Stone**

A woman crouched down against the iron fence of the park, sobbing turbulently. Her rich fur coat dragged on the ground. Her diamond-ringed hands clung to the slender, plainly-dressed working girl who leaned close, trying to console.

Dan was the cause of it all. Dan and that chap with the automobile and the diamonds.

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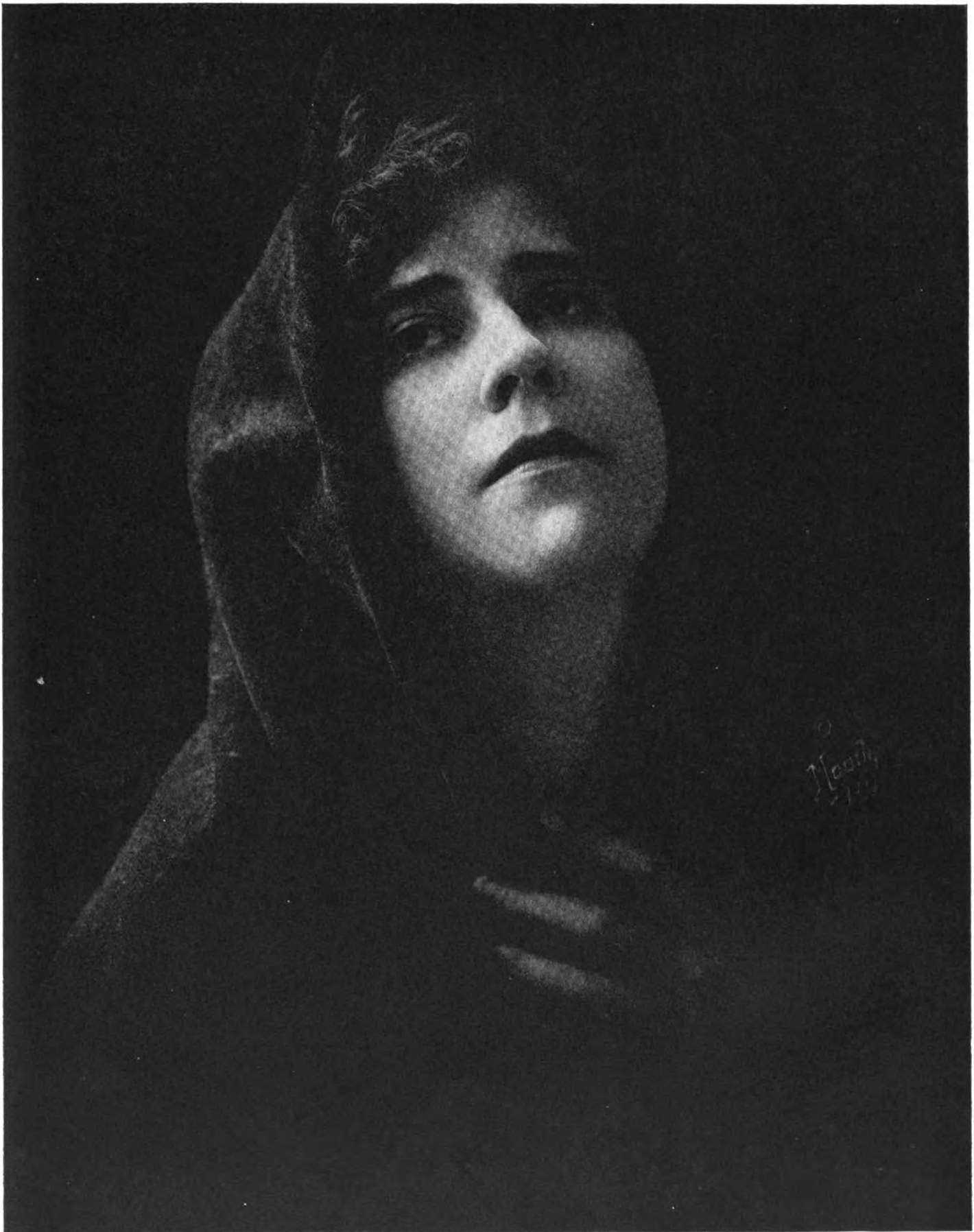
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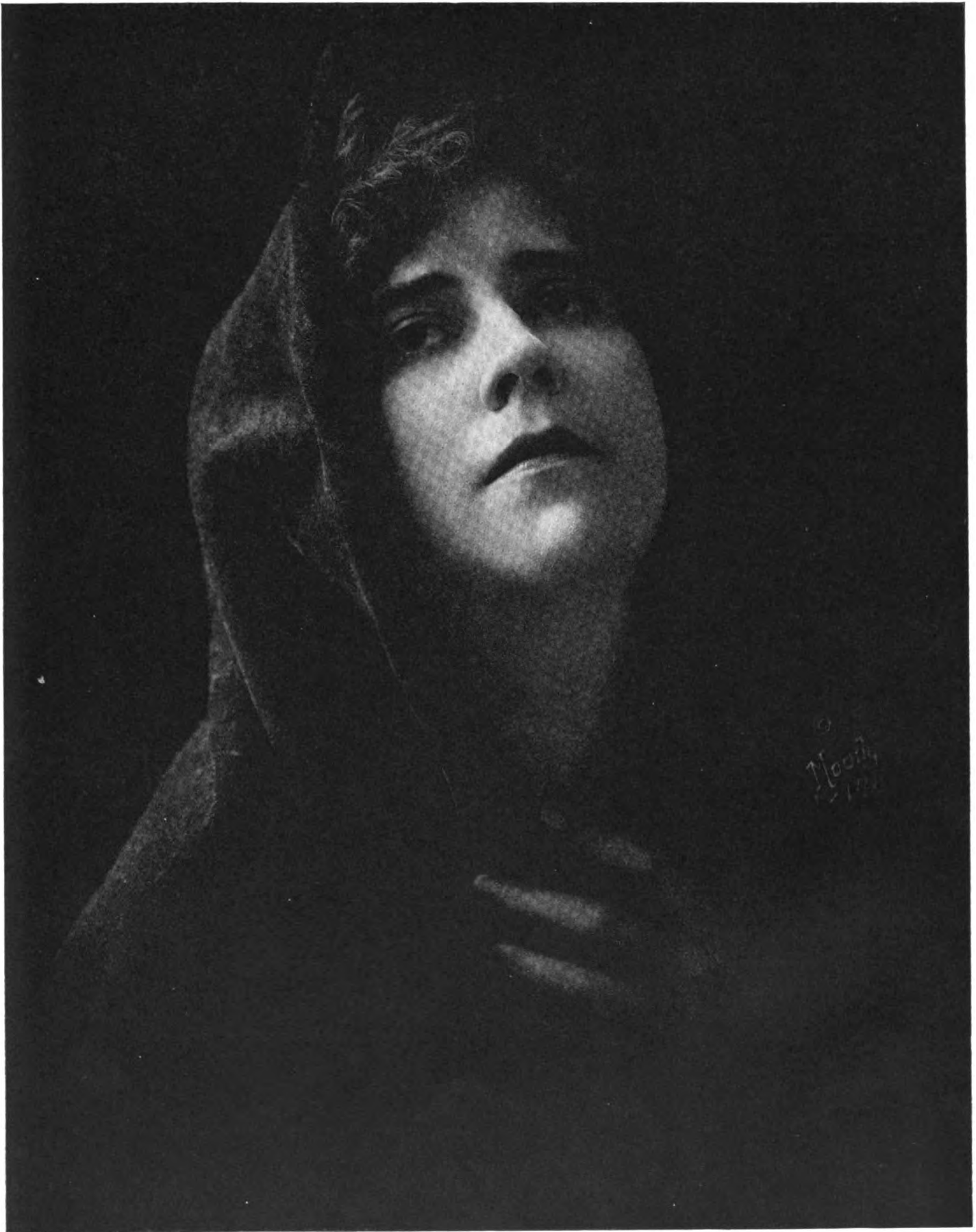
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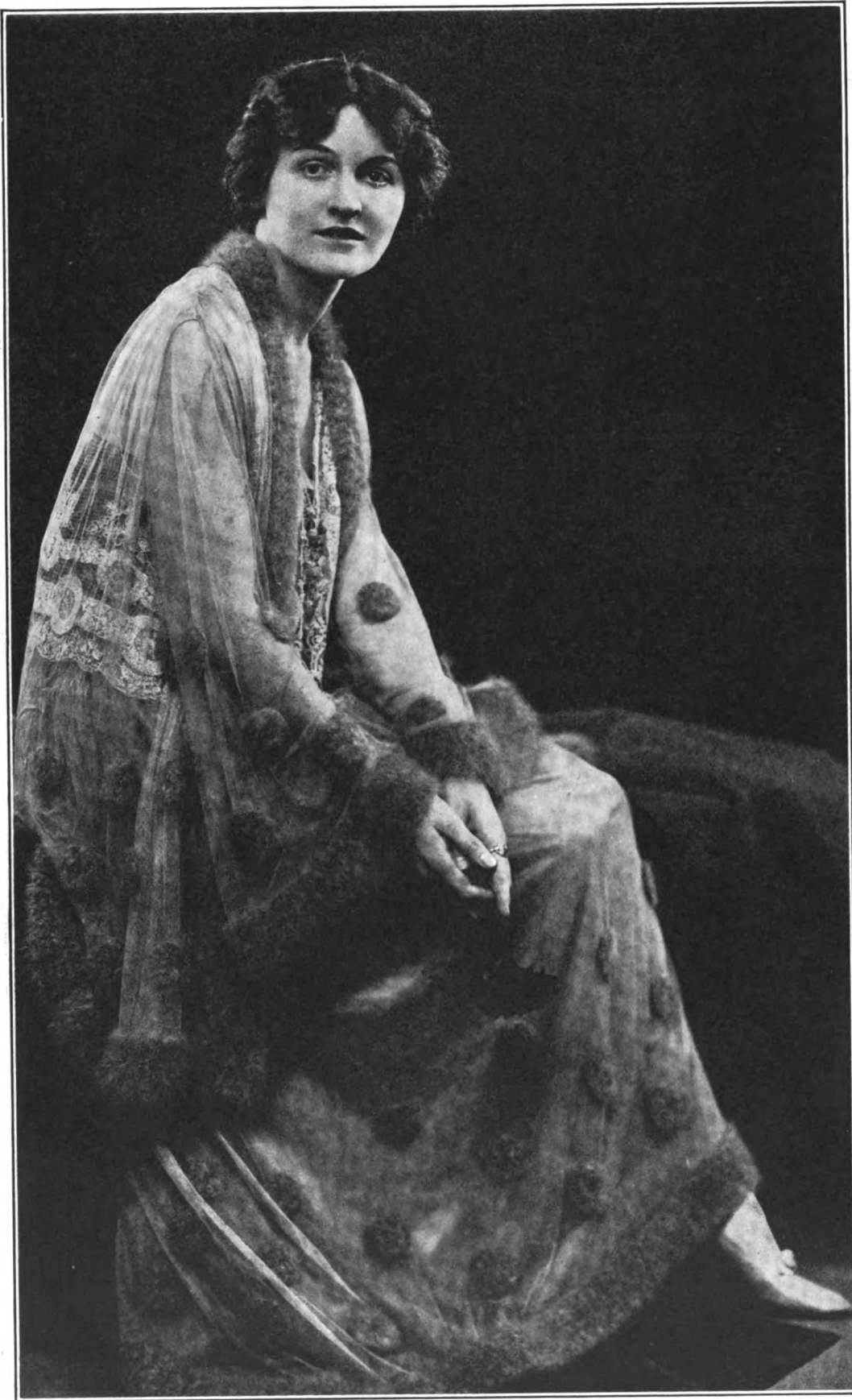


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# Bettina Loved a Soldier

(Universal)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay and Novelette of LUDOVIC HALÉVY

## L'abbé Constantin Begins the Tale

I AM an old man, I, sixty and six next Lady's Day, *Dieu volens*, yet it is very lately I have learnt an astonishing thing. There are people who live in that wild, savage America who are quite civilize. *Vraiment!* I speak only the truth when I say it, for I have seen them with my own eyes. Upon my book-shelf is a book, much illustrated, called "The Native Tribes of North America," and in this so-learned book, the natives wear—oh, la! la!—many beads and feathers, and very little besides. But these Americans who came to Longueval are not at all like that. If I were an *homme du monde* instead of a priest, I think I would call them very beautiful and with costumes of a wonder! And, as a priest, I know them to be good and generous.

A month ago, it was, or perhaps two months. I am an old man, and time does not mean what it did to me, *merci à Dieu*, but I know that the

fields were yellow with young wheat and rye, and the lime-trees feathered with white bloom, when the coach drove into the village. Ah! that coach—how my poor people had dreaded its coming! For three generations we of Longueval had fed from the hand of one family—a kind hand, tho it bore a ducal ring and was sometimes laid heavily on tenants dilatory with the rent. And now the estate was sold to strangers—to Americans—*Protestants*—*mon Dieu!*—*women!*

It shames me now to reflect how my heart was sad when they tell me what have happen. For worry, what is it but another name for rebuking the good God? But that infamous book was on my shelf—I read, I shudder, I tremble for my flock.

Yet, hark you, in that coach that brought the new owners of Longueval were three ladies—one young lady, and two still younger ones. If you wish to hear how they looked, I will tell

you what my nephew, Jean, who was walking with me, said, for a priest is not to be suppose to notice such things.

"*Mon oncle*," said Jean, holding his cap of a soldier clasp with both the hands to his breast and looking after the carriage, "*la grande dame* is as beautiful as Marie Antoinette, and *la petite* is as beautiful as a rose, but the other, *ma fois*, has the beauty of an angel of heaven!"

He is young, my Jean, but he does not talk in this fashion usually, being rather a sober, silent fellow. For the village girls he never had a look or thought, tho Aimée, the miller's daughter, has set her cap for him openly. It did not please me to hear him approve these strangers so frankly, and I thought to plant a seed of warning in his mind. I suppose I blundered, for, tho I know something of Life and something of Death, I know very little of the thing they call Love. I have sometimes thought I

(Thirteen)





PAUL DE LAVARDENS MEETS BETTINA AND HER SISTER

might have been a better priest if I could have understood more of that strange, mysterious, human force for evil and good.

"Ah, *mon fils*," I said gravely, "the faces of the new châtelaines of Longueval do not matter as much as their hearts. They tell me they are of a richness incredible. If they should prove generous, they may be a great blessing to us, for the crops are poor this year, and the cottages leak in the rain. Ah, it is as God wills! Soon we shall see."

And the very next afternoon old Pauline, the *bonne* who looks after my Jean and me, came to my study to tell me they were come.

"And, Monsieur le Curé, what clothes they wear!" she exclaimed, raptly. "And, Monsieur le Curé, what gentle ways! And, Monsieur le Curé, what sweet faces!"

I went out into the garden. I bowed low. And then I forget *completely* "The History of the Native Tribes of North America!"

"This is the Abbé Constantin?" said the oldest young lady, coming forward and holding out a small hand,

white as a Frenchwoman's—and for sixty-six years I had thought Americans had red skins! "I am Mrs. Scott, and this is my little daughter Bella, and this my sister Bettina. It is really Bettina, you know, who has bought Longueval."

"And I hope you are going to help me take care of it!" said Mademoiselle Bettina graciously. "There is so much that a stranger cannot know about the needs of the village. I have brought you twenty thousand francs to distribute among your poor people."

I am an old man, but I never had a thousand francs at one time to give my poor. It is a wonder I did not swoon.

"But, mademoiselle," I stammered, "it is too much! You should not beggar yourself. I—I—would not know what to do with it! And, also—I thought—I was told you were Protestants—"

They all laughed. "No," said Bettina sweetly, "we are of your own faith, Father, and when you have spent that, you shall have another twenty thousand. I would hate my money if I could not do a little good with it, and I want you to show me how."

And this was the new mistress of Longueval we had all been dreading! Of a truth, her heart, at least, was of an angel. At that moment Jean came into the garden, tall, dark, handsome in his uniform. I presented him. Hélas! If one had not seen Mademoiselle Bettina at all, only Jean looking at her, he would have known she was very beautiful.

A châtelaine of Longueval who gives twenty-thousand-franc notes as if they were one! A hundred families made happy! And my Jean at last looking at a woman! What are we coming to? I am an old man, and cannot bear excitement as I used to. My pen quivers as I write, and my heart is full of joy for my people and fear for my Jean, who is like a son to me.

For he was right! Bettina is very beautiful.

#### As Told by Bettina

It is two months since sister, Bella and I came to this queer little, dear little place, tucked away among the vineyards and poppy-fields of Normandy. And in that time I have had

(Fourteen)

twenty-four proposals! To be sure, most of my suitors needed a shoe-shine and were decidedly frayed as to coat-sleeves, but they were Counts and Barons, and had ancestral castles—very much out of repair—which they were anxious for me to share and shingle for them. It was rather amusing at first, but is becoming tedious. Wherever I go I stumble over noblemen; they haunt the village; they appear at the manor-house with letters of introduction; a new batch springs up every day.

There is one rather attractive count who established a claim upon our regard by being here under our own lime-trees to greet us when we first arrived at Longueval. His name is Paul de Lavardens and he wears his manners as well as he does his clothes. His estate adjoins mine; he rides a blooded horse with spirit and grace and is just the sort of a story-book hero to capture a girl's imagination. But, like all story-book heroes, he is a man of paper and words, and I don't know why I am wasting time on him.

Yes, I do, too. It is because I am afraid to speak or think about Jean Beaupres.

He is the nephew of the Abbé of Longueval. He is as tall as I am short and as dark as I am blonde, and he has the glance of a child and the smile of a boy and the spirit of a man. And I am afraid I am in love with him.

I am afraid because, altho his eyes say he is in love with me, his lips talk about the weather and the village and everything and anything except me, and what is more, I don't believe he ever will say what I want him to say. It is all my wretched money. Think of it! And I never realized how poor I was until two months ago. It is very strange how quickly it came. One moment I was Bettina Scott, laughing and talking to that darling old Dresden china abbé, and the next moment, with Jean's wide, honest gray eyes on me, I was another person, a woman-person, I think, instead of a girl.

But he will not say anything, and I cannot. Aimée, the miller's daughter, is happier than I, for she has no dreadful money to stand between her and happiness. And to the Longueval people I am fabulously rich. Dear old Abbé Constantin nearly swooned when I gave him four thousand dollars to distribute, and he is doing positively reckless things in the matter of coal and flour and tea, and enjoying it deliriously, but that same bank-note stands like an insurmountable barrier between me and Jean's pride. And I glory in it, but something will have to be done, or I think my heart will

break. For Jean has announced that he is going away from Longueval tomorrow morning to offer himself for service in the colonies.

Old Marie, the laundress, told me of it yesterday when she brought my blouses. I have been pacing up and down the rose-walk ever since, trying to puzzle matters out. Is he going because he cares and is afraid to stay, or because he does not care?

Oh, I must stop thinking about him—I *must*. A little while ago I passed the stone bench in the garden where Paul de Lavardens was sitting, talking to that precocious Bella.

"Come now, confess it; you had forgotten I was here at all!" she was laughing. "Do you know what you have been talking about the last hour? Bettina! And again Bettina! And solely and only—Bettina!"

The Count smiled. He really is very handsome. I think he means to propose soon, perhaps tonight, at my birthday ball.

### As Told by Jean Beaupres

Tonight the world ended for me. Of a surety, I should never have gone to that ball at Longueval, but, dear God in heaven, I could not stay away! I sang; I whistled. I thought to myself:

"Courage, good Jean. At this hour tomorrow you will be far from beautiful demoiselles with golden hair and a golden fortune—"

And at that I flung the things I had packed out of the trunk, found my dress-suit, put it on, and dashed madly for Longueval. I could not go without seeing her again.

But I was a fool. *Mon Dieu!* what a fool!

The moment that I saw her I knew that I should not have come. I could say nothing. If I had opened my lips I should have cried:

"Mademoiselle Bettina, I adore you! I am a penniless soldier—you an heiress—therefore marry me! I have never loved a woman before in my life; I never shall love any woman but you—therefore marry me! You are beautiful, good, sought after—therefore marry me—"

So when, out of the angelic goodness of her heart, she asked me to dance with her, I muttered something unintelligible and fled. What would you? If I had touched her, it would have been to crush her to me, to kiss her as I have longed to kiss her since I first saw her lips. *Non! non!* There are things *un homme d'honneur* cannot do.

But when I reached the garden, her voice spoke my name close behind.

"Jean," she said, "aren't you going to say good-by?"

I do not know, *moi*, why the good God makes one woman out of all the world of women the most beautiful. The moonfire was tangled in her hair when I turned; the purple of the sky



"COME, NOW, CONFESS; YOU LOVE BETTINA"





"THE MOMENT I SAW HER I KNEW I SHOULD NOT HAVE COME"

was in her eyes, and her lips were the color of a man's first kiss—

"Good-by, mademoiselle," I said hurriedly; "you have come like an angel of light to our little village. Our Lady guard you—"

She was holding out one slim flower of a hand. I bent and kist it, and it went to my brain like wine. And so I left her. I shall never see her again.

In the garden I stumbled against a man. He finished lighting a cigaret, and then he cursed me—the flare of the match had sketched his face. I knew him for Paul de Lavardens.

"Pig of a peasant!" he shouted, "apologize to your betters."

It was plain he sought a quarrel, and the reason was also plain. Mademoiselle Bettina had left him to bid me farewell. But I answered nothing.

"A pretty idyl, 'pon my word!" he laughed sneeringly. "Cant say I admire Miss Bettina's milkmaid tastes, tho. Still, she's rich enough to afford a handsome soldier—"

"Shut your foul mouth!" I said fiercely; "if you utter another slurring word about that pure girl you shall answer to my sword."

"And so the soldier loves a lady, eh?" said de Lavardens, whipping out his sword and standing at guard.

"As the moth loves the moon," I answered sadly—"as a man may love a good woman whom he does not hope to win, humbly and cleanly; and now, *mon ami*, defend yourself, if you can."

He was a better swordsman than I, but anger spoiled his aim. Within ten minutes I broke his rapier over my knee and flung the pieces at his feet.

"Use a lady's name less freely in the future," I told him, and left him, pale with fury, to come home and finish packing my boxes. They are done. I have been sitting like a watcher by the side of my dead heart all the long night, and it is close upon dawn now. In two hours I shall be on my way. *Dieu!* It is hard to be a man and love; it is harder to be a man and leave love behind.

(Two hours later)

That this wonderful thing should have come to me, Jean Beaupres! It is certain the dear God still performs miracles. But I must tell of my joy in a few words and bring the story to a close. For what is to come belongs to her and to me alone.

I had gone down to bid my uncle good-by, and stopped at the study door, hearing voices within. And then my heart gave a great leap, for the woman who was speaking thru

her tears was Bettina, and she was speaking of me.

"But I love him, Abbé Constantin," she said, "and he loves me. If I had not heard him say so last night to Paul de Lavardens, I should never have come; but—now—you will not let him go? You will make him see that pride is a selfish thing when it means destroying the happiness of us both? Oh, it may be unmaidenly, but, at least, I must see him before I go."

I opened the door. I do not know what I meant to do. But before I could speak Bettina had come to me and laid her hands on my arms.

"Jean," she said very simply, "last night I heard you say you loved me. You would not say it to me because of your foolish pride, so I have flung aside my foolish pride and come to say it to you. I love you, Jean. Will you marry me?"

My uncle came to us and laid his hands on our heads.

"Take her, Jean," he said solemnly: "it is right. God bless you both!"

The rustle of his robe sounded in the doorway and down the hall.

We were alone.

I took my dear love in my arms. I kist her as I had kist her in my hopeless dreams, but it was better than any dream could be.

(Sixteen)



JANE GREY IN "LET KATY DO IT"

# Better Pictures for Children

Presenting the Child's Case to the Bar of Public Opinion and the Mothers of the Country

By ELIZABETH RICHEY DESSEZ

Editorial Note: The author has been associated with Mrs. Mary Mason Speed, of New York, as a sponsor for "Better Pictures for Children." They have devoted their entire time and energy to this much-needed reform, and have succeeded in interesting thousands of mothers, as well as inaugurating many Motion Picture performances containing selected children's programs. Every mother with the interest of her children at heart should read this article, and we invite correspondence as well as offer co-operation.

**T**HE demand that the child have his own place in the world of Motion Pictures has grown from a feeble and apparently futile protest, uttered by a few careful parents and zealous educators, to a widespread clamor.

Heretofore in every form of amuse-

(Seventeen)

ment, and in all departments of labor, the juvenile and the adult worlds have been distinctly separate. The grown-up evades the sphere of youth in varying capacities—as director of his work and sharer of his sports. Children have from time immemorial taken part in the labor of their elders as apprentices or assistants. In the Motion Picture theater they share an entertainment planned by the adult for those of mature mind and viewpoint.

The silent drama is pre-eminently the art of the people. It is the greatest folk-play of all the ages. Its comedy is that of primitive man rather than that of the highly cultivated, because it must rely upon situations for effects. There is no flash of wit, no repartee, no rapier-like play of words. Its romance savors of the prince's love for the cowherd's daughter. Its appeal is to the senses rather than to the spirit of chivalry and self-sacrifice.



that tends toward the forming of high ideals in the young and growing mind. Its tragedy is that of melodrama, harmless for the adult who brings to bear upon the situation the perspective of the trained mind and the controlled imagination, but too highly exciting for the keen sensibilities and vivid imaginative powers of the young child and the adolescent.

The presence of the child in the Motion Picture theater is the result of accident and proximity. The art of the photoplay developed rapidly from a form of cheap amusement to an entertainment which had its place in every community. Everywhere the child felt the fascination of this most vivid form of story-telling, and those responsible for his welfare did not pause to consider whether this new art was destructive or constructive in its influence. Those who did consider kept their

decade, a shaper of the minds and characters of the young of our generation more potent than any influence the world has ever known, except that of the home. The authority of school and church is thrust upon the child. He seeks the Motion Picture play because it attracts him, and he absorbs its lessons. In it things are presented so vividly to the visual sense that there is no opportunity for the child to put his own interpretation upon a scene as he does in his reading. He sees things as they are. The adult equates the situation and carries away the lesson taught. The child simply acquires a familiarity with scenes that are highly dramatic, tragically sordid or too exciting. The result must inevitably be a deadening of any sense of delicacy, a lack of reticence and a blasé outlook upon life which is unnatural and undesirable.



children away from the Motion Pictures; others, dimly cognizant of the dangers involved, permitted their children to go, quieting their fears with the delusion that the children would not be harmed by contact with situations they did not understand. The great majority did not think at all, and Motion Pictures being cheap, fell into line with ice-cream soda, dill pickles and lollipops — things not beneficial, perhaps, but harmless unless indulged in too frequently.

Now parents and educators all over the country are awakening to the realization that outside their very doors has sprung up, within a

The reaction against young children and adolescents attending any show that may be in their community has set in and the situation is being dealt with in many places. The pioneers of the movement for special shows for children emphasized the educational potentialities of the Motion Pictures. After the manner of grown-ups for ages past, they sought to give the child what was good for him, rather than what he desired to have. They established the children's own shows and joyfully invited them to forsake the lurid drama and come in to be instructed. They even made the fatal mistake of calling these special performances "educational," adding insult to injury by providing six reels for the price of the eight furnished the grown-ups. Motion Pictures, to attract and hold any audience, young or old, must be first, last and always en-



SCENES FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE CO.)

(Eighteen)

tertainment. Children who go to school five days in the week are not going to the Motion Pictures on Saturday to spend their rare and precious pennies acquiring additional instruction. Would you have done so when you were a child, gentle reader? Would you have given up the circus to go to prayer meeting and put the money you had been saving up in the basket for the heathen? Not unless you belonged in the Rollo or Elsie Dinsmore class.

come because they were dragged in by determined and discriminating elders, but the crowd continued to patronize the program of thrillers down the street.

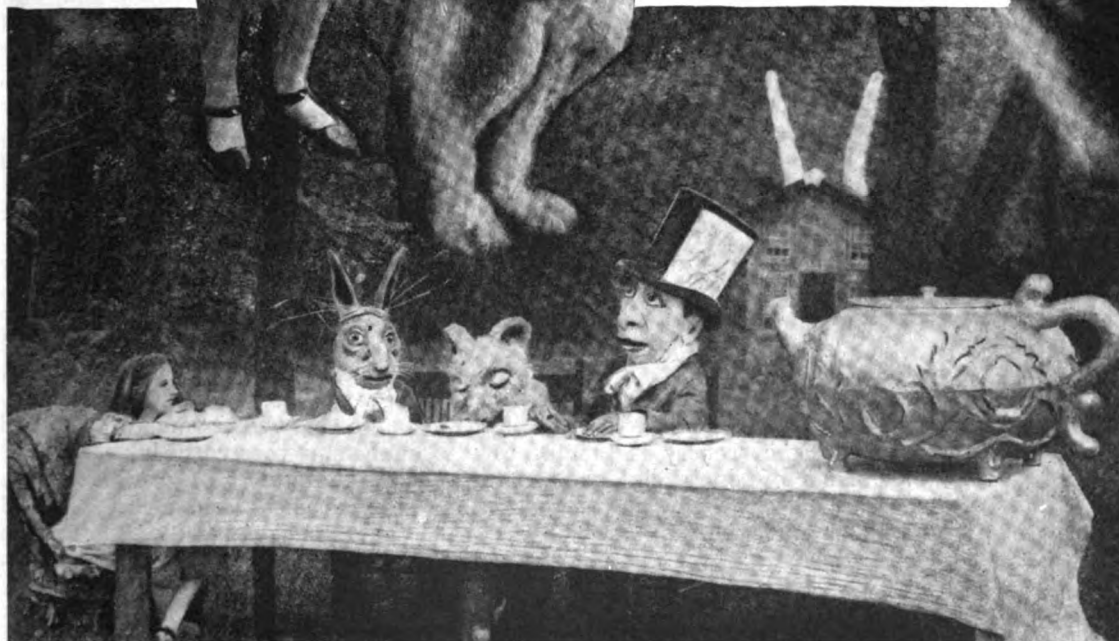
If the special shows had been established when the industry was in its infancy and the children were not addicted to the performance planned for adults, they would have been content, but we have to deal with young people so accus-

tomed to a dish of highly seasoned food that bread and milk holds no attractions. When a boy is familiar with Charlie Chaplin's manipulations

The attendance at the initial performance was large and promising. The children wanted to see what kind of a show the grown-ups were giving them. Some continued to



SCENES FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE CO.)



of and modes of wearing his foot- and headgear he will not sit fascinated thru even one reel of "How a Derby Hat is Made." Girls familiar with the methods the screen adventuress employs to feather her nest will not be so enchanted with the way the oriole builds its nest and raises its young as those who are interested in those young persons' welfare may wish.

(This is not an expression of disapproval of the so-called



educational reels. They are invaluable; but in dealing with the situation as it is today, they must be used as accessories—not featured.)

The photoplay showing "The Coming of Columbus" is historically correct, beautifully produced and well acted. It is one that every child should see, but the average juvenile will be content with the information furnished by his history regarding Columbus' famous discovery when left to choose between that and the newest episode of a modern serial. Both show adventure, the one of a high and permanent achievement, the other some thrilling daredevilry of the underworld. The film on Columbus will leave upon the young mind an invaluable and ineradicable impression of that historical event, while the episode will furnish brief excitement, but it is new in features, well-known actors, and stands in its relation to the better play as a new story of adventure to a history lesson.

To establish shows for children and make of them permanent forms of recreation three things are necessary—the co-operation of the exhibitor in whose theater the shows are to be given; a real and lasting community interest in the venture, which will create the audience and assure the management of receipts large enough to cover the expenses of the performance; and a program of such interest and variety that the children will prefer this show to any other.

However willing and public-spirited an exhibitor may be, he cannot have children's performances without the assistance of the mothers whose children he is trying to reach. He is running his theater to make a living, not for philanthropic reasons, but it is to his advantage to please the better class of people in his community. Many exhibitors have responded to the appeal for special and suitable shows for children, only to have the ladies under whose patronage the shows are given lose interest and withdraw any active support. These exhibitors, when approached again on the same subject, are likely to be skeptical and not amenable to reason.

Women who become godmothers of children's Motion Picture shows must not be discouraged by difficulties nor dismayed by lack of enthusiasm.

The obstacle that seems insurmountable in the beginning is the selecting and securing of programs. The whole system of film distribution is opposed to selection. The route of a film has been compared to that of a trolley car. It passes from the manufacturer to the exchange, and from there travels on a circuit of theaters, returning to its exchange as a car

returns to its barn for inspection and repair. Its value decreases with age, and when it has worked long enough to pay for itself and has come home to rest, it is available for the selected program. The calls for films not in the regular service have been so haphazard and irregular that their value has been nominal. In the hectic call for new things these less recent productions were not even listed in many of the exchanges. They are as last week's newspapers and the hat of summer before last. One-reel subjects of scenics, nature study and industries have permanent value and can be obtained without difficulty. There is a great dearth of clean, clever and amusing comedies and too few good stories of two and three reels have been produced. Some of the feature plays released for the general audience provide lively and healthy entertainment for young people and are quite free from too complex situations.

The manufacturers have made attempts in the past to create the market for feature plays of artistic merit and permanent value. George Kleine's magnificent production of "Julius Cæsar," staged in Rome and on the battlefields where Cæsar's legions fought, acted by eighteen thousand Italians, with Antonio Novelli as leading man, with captions written by one William Shakespeare in a play antedating the film interpretation by some centuries, rests upon its home shelf awaiting public appreciation of its merits. The exhibitor does not want it for his usual audience, because it lacks the "punch" that assembly demands. The unusual audience is in the process of creation. The boy or girl studying Roman history or struggling with Cæsar's Gallic Wars in Cæsar's native tongue will get from the splendid pageantry and noble action of this photoplay a picture of the scenes and characters of those times that will add to his work an interest and give to his diligence an impetus he could gain in no other way.

The incomparable nonsense of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" is as much a part of every child's education as it is of every parent's. Its photo interpretation will not disillusion those who cherish the book. It is done with appreciative humor, faultless taste and delightful imagination. Viola Savoy is Alice incarnate, the scenery is that of the dreamland of one's childhood, and each animal is a living impersonation of the characteristics with which Carroll endowed it. Yet this film, in the parlance of the trade, has not "made money for the exhibitor." It awaits the call of an audience of youth, in-

cluding those elders "with the grace of youth in their hearts."

Among the newer releases there are many that contain all the qualities desirable for the juvenile audience; others may have undesirable scenes eliminated without spoiling the sequence of the story. Such a one is "Poor Little Peppina," with Mary Pickford, the darling of juvenile "fans." Her rival for first place as favorite, Marguerite Clark, also appears in several plays in this latter class. "The Goose-Girl" shows the improbable and delightful romance of the kidnapped princess restored to her own thru the love of the king's son in the last reel.

"To Have and to Hold," with the close-ups of the villain's exit from this life and from the play omitted, is excellent. It has historical setting, a love story of chivalry and self-abnegation, such a villain as would do credit to any melodrama, shipwrecks, pirates, fighting that is sword-play and swash-buckle, not cold-blooded murder, with virtue and right triumphant in the end.

"The Bugle Call" is all its name implies. Its hero is the kind of a boy we want as "father to the man" of our race. It features real Indians in war-paint and feathers, real soldiers of the United States cavalry and real ladies in antebellum costumes. It provides excitement enough for any boy, romance enough for any girl, and it is a bugle call to patriotism, to family love, to courage and self-sacrifice.

The men who control and direct this commercial art stand ready to supply any product the public demands, but that demand must be an organized one because of the great problem of the industry—that of distribution. When we shall have made this call for special things for children and new things for children insistent, consistent and nation-wide, those things will be forthcoming. There will be opened up a new and separate channel, thru which the juvenile supply will circulate, having the same relation to the general output that the children's department of the public library has to the library at large.

Into this "lyceum of culture" for the young will be gathered those things of permanent worth and lasting beauty which shall be a heritage from one generation to another of this art that has grown from infancy to maturity in our own. Artists and writers will proudly and reverently lay their best talents at the feet of youth, and the message flashed from the screen will be one that gives beauty and form to young minds, that raises the standards of taste from an acceptance of the mediocre to a love of the beautiful—that culture which is true education.

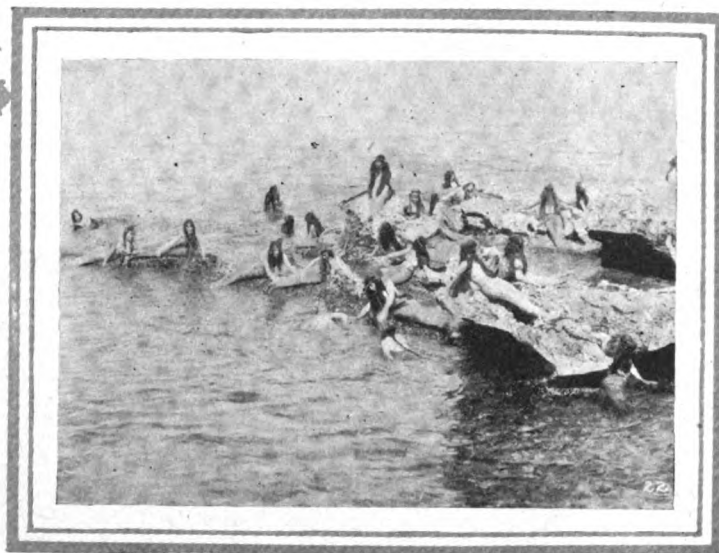
(Twenty)



IDA SCHNALL  
One of the Champion Swimmers  
and Divers of the Films



JANE LEE (FOX)

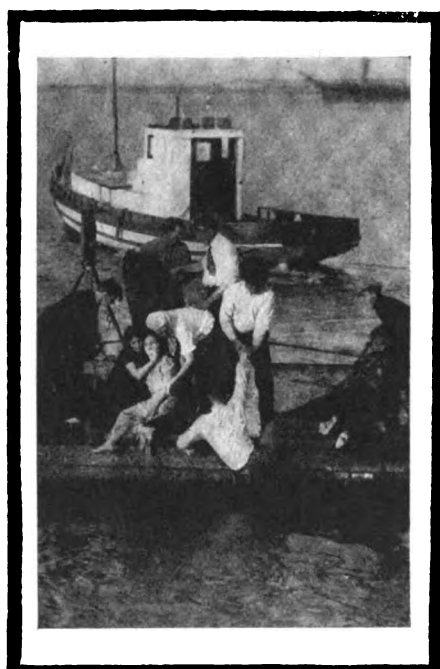


MERMAIDS SUNNING THEMSELVES ON A ROCKY REEF. FROM FOX'S \$1,000,000 ANNETTE KELLERMANN PICTURE

# Deep-Sea

## The Dry Spots of the Globe Are Too Tame Turned to Perilous Ad

By PETER



ONE OF THE "SCENES BEHIND THE SCENE" THAT THE CAMERA DOES NOT GET

"He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,  
and unknown."



So elegized Child Harold in the youth of our grandsires. Davy Jones' locker was then as overflowing with the secrets of the deep as Mother Hubbard's cupboard was swept bare of canine nourishment. Times have changed. If Lord Byron were living today, and could eke out a poet's living, his lines would read: "Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unfilm'd." And there would be some that. The omnivorous camera, with its tireless

three legs, has searched out the heart of the desert, the dizzy heights of thin air, and the depths of the sea. The camera-man is no longer human; he is more than amphibian. Armed with the magic film-box, he has won the kingship of the jungle from the lion, has wrested the air from the eagle, and now disputes the ocean with Neptune and his finny minions. To be brief, he's a duck!

About five years ago, if you had wandered into a certain studio, you would have noticed a lady, in cotton tights, lying on a bit of painted canvas and striking out her legs and arms with all the enthusiasm of a disciple of St. Vitus. The lady in question wasn't throwing a fit, as the busy camera suspended from the rafters above her testified. It was deep-sea stuff, and the cotton-limbed damsel was doing her best to simulate swimming in a canvas ocean.

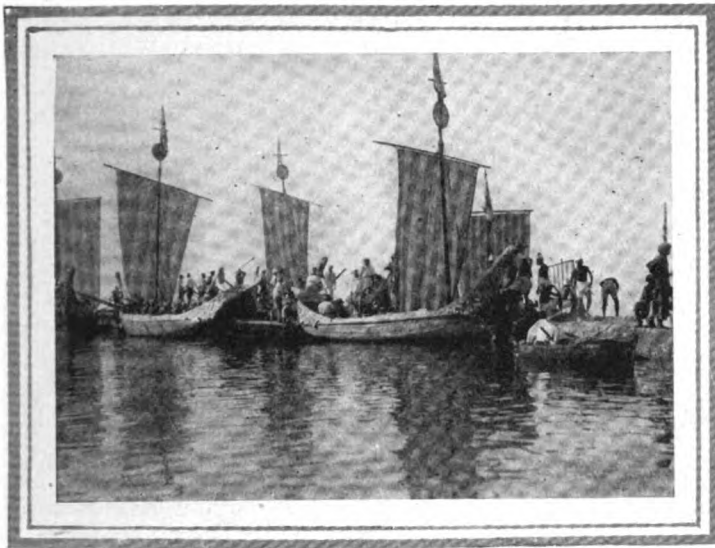
Shortly after this strictly dry attempt, the camera's conquest of the ocean proceeded one step farther. Some studio genius invented a large, glass tank, which was just wide enough to allow fishes and sea-grasses to disport therein, but was translucent enough to photograph thru. With this "canned" ocean as a foreground, divers made love to mermaids, or slit each other's windpipes on the "ocean-bed" of the studio floor. All this was quite

(Twenty-two)



THE LANDING OF THE ARMY IN FOX'S ANNETTE KELLERMANN PICTURE





THE BYZANTINE SHIPS BUILT BY ORIENTALS FOR USE IN THE FOX SPECTACLE



ANNETTE KELLERMANN AS THE WATER-SPRITE IN THE FOX PICTURE TAKEN AT THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

# Stuff

## for the Amphibious Camera-Man—He Has ventures in the Wet

WADE

realistic, but not at all wet, and brings home the apt nursery ditty of:

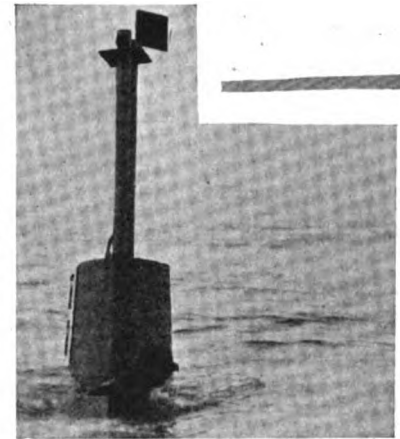
"Mother, may I go in to swim?"  
 "Yes, my darling daughter;  
 Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,  
 But dont go near the water."

When that fascinating mermaid, Annette Kellermann, decided to have her picture "took," these dry-shod devices vanished before the genius of invention. Somewhere off the fantastic grottos and caves of the Bermuda coast, a huge glass tank, filled with perfectly real water, was set up, with the camera-man stationed just outside of it. Therein a vivid semblance of submarine dramatics was performed. It was pretty close to a near-tragedy, tho, as the terrific weight of the water shattered the tank and Miss Kellermann was quite badly wounded with bits of darting glass.

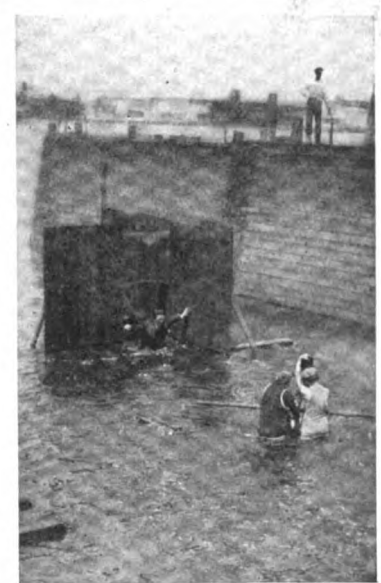
And now has come the real conquest of Mother Ocean herself. The vivid sea-gardens and shining sands, and the intimate life of deep-sea denizens, can all be used as settings for a modern submarine picture. Instead of having the actors perform in an expensive and perilous glass tank, they "tread the boards" in an "honest-to-goodness" ocean, while the camera-man records their action from the glass window of a submerged chamber. Ready access is had to this chamber thru a large tube extending above water, and down which he

climbs with his camera, on a ladder fastened to the inside wall of the tube. The camera-man works, therefore, under normal air-pressure conditions, and has almost as comfortable quarters as in his land studio. The variety and vividness of submarine dramas will hereafter depend only upon the ingenuity of the scenic artist and the ability of the players to accustom themselves to under-water acting.

The early marine pictures of "those who go down to the sea in ships" had their Genesis and their Exodus with as crude beginnings as the submarine drama, but the day of Revelations has come for the sea-story, also. Commodore Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, recounts his first experiment with a tragedy of the deep. His ships were little models manipulated in a tank not much more ambitious than an apartment-house bathtub, and the effect left nearly everything to the imagination. Later on came the Vitagraph's famous yard-tank, and it is no doubt an astounding revelation to the uninitiated to mention some of the great marine spectacles that were staged in this little water enclosure, some fifty feet square. By cutting off the actual sky-line, the ocean's horizon was reproduced, and many a lifeboat and storm-tossed crew have suffered the tortures of shipwreck and have despaired of ever seeing land again—until the camera ceased grinding and they climbed out of the tank. That



THE SPY'S ESCAPE IN SCENE FROM "THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE," SHOWING A PERISCOPE



MAKING A "FLOODED STATEROOM"



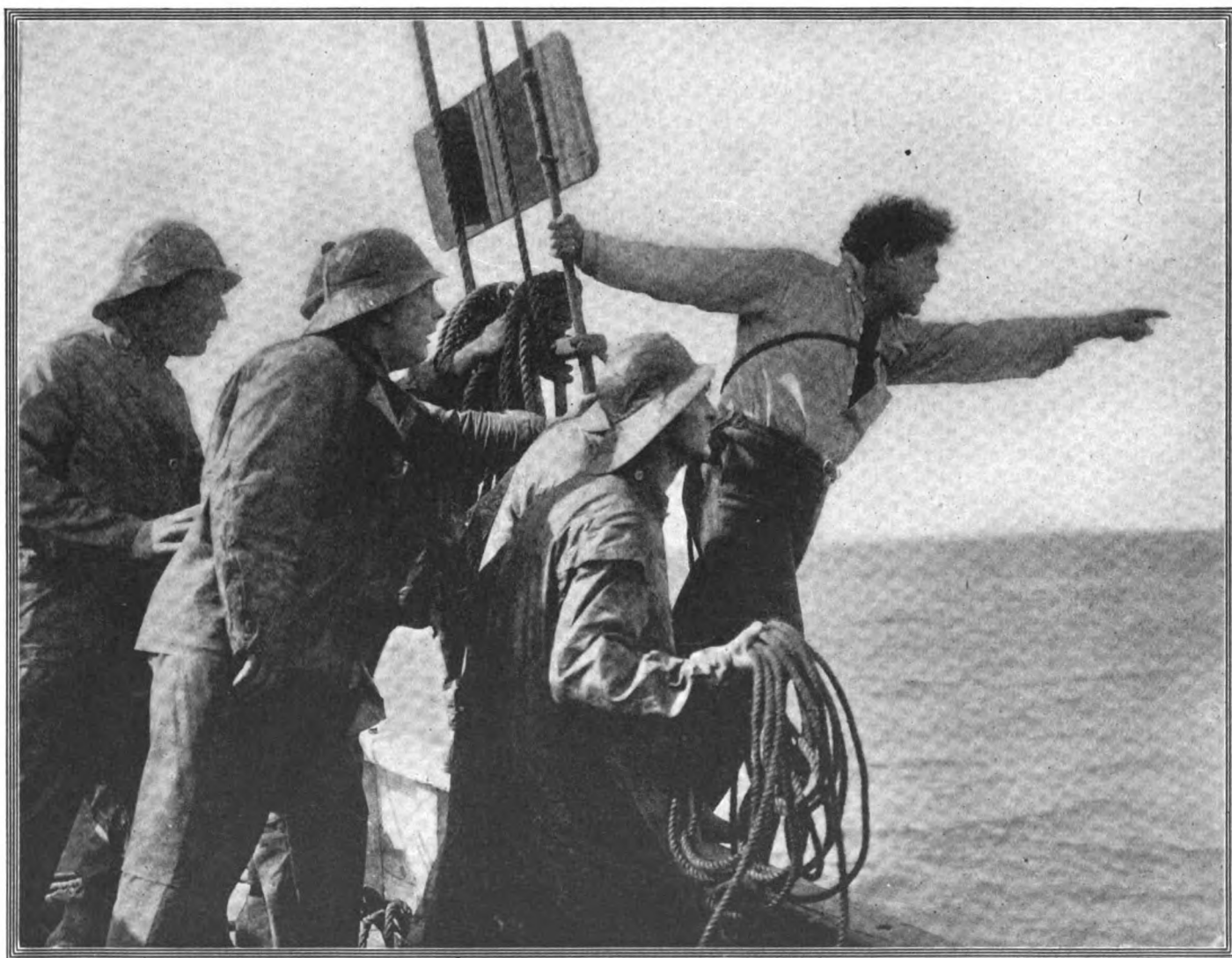
MERMAID SCENE FROM THE NEW ANNETTE KELLERMANN PICTURE PRODUCED BY FOX

famous picture, "A Million Bid," is responsible for one of the most realistic and epochal wreck-scenes ever staged in a studio. It will be remembered that in the depths of the yacht's rocking cabin the water gradually rose until bits of wreckage and furniture were awash in a most furiously realistic manner. And speaking of

realism, it should be mentioned in passing that Harry Morey nearly lost his life by being struck on the forehead with a bit of wreckage, rendered unconscious, and was saved from actual drowning in the nick of time by the camera-man. The "set" of the yacht's cabin took weeks to build and was a remarkable piece of craftsman-

ship. Perhaps it was the inspiration derived from "A Million Bid" that caused the World Company to build a number of permanent tank-sets that can be raised and lowered at will. Just the proper amount of water and the proper dramatic shiver can be furnished by the turn of a crank.

It goes without saying that only a



WILLIAM FARNUM IN "BATTLE OF HEARTS" (FOX)

(Twenty-four)



ONE OF THE MANY PRETTY SCENES FROM "UNDINE" (BLUEBIRD)

limited number of actors care to do submarine- and wreck-scenes. Ordinary hero-stuff on the beach, or seated in a launch, is vastly different from being propelled overboard and held there until the camera has done its work.

In "The Juggernaut," Earle Williams, who is an indifferent swimmer, was compelled to rescue Anita Stewart from a submerged railroad-car's window. The real climax of the scene was never caught by the camera, inasmuch that Mr. Williams was actually rescued from drowning by a husky assistant.

The graphic story that is often told, after the camera has stopped, is well illustrated in this article. "Buck Parvin" was supposed to do one of his famous rescues, but the current was very strong, and the swimmer could not reach the heroine in time. Fortunately, a motor-boat picked her up before life was quite gone, and our illustration shows first efforts at resuscitation. This is one of the many scenes behind the scenes that photoplay audiences are not permitted to see. The great epic of the sea, its "Birth of a Nation," is yet to be written in prosody or verse, or pictured on the screen. Some day we will have it—the travail child of a master—and it will be so true that it will bring salt tears to the eyes of toughened sea-dogs. But, in part payment, a great fantasy of the sea is now in the throes of preparation—a filmy, fantastic tale

(Twenty-five)

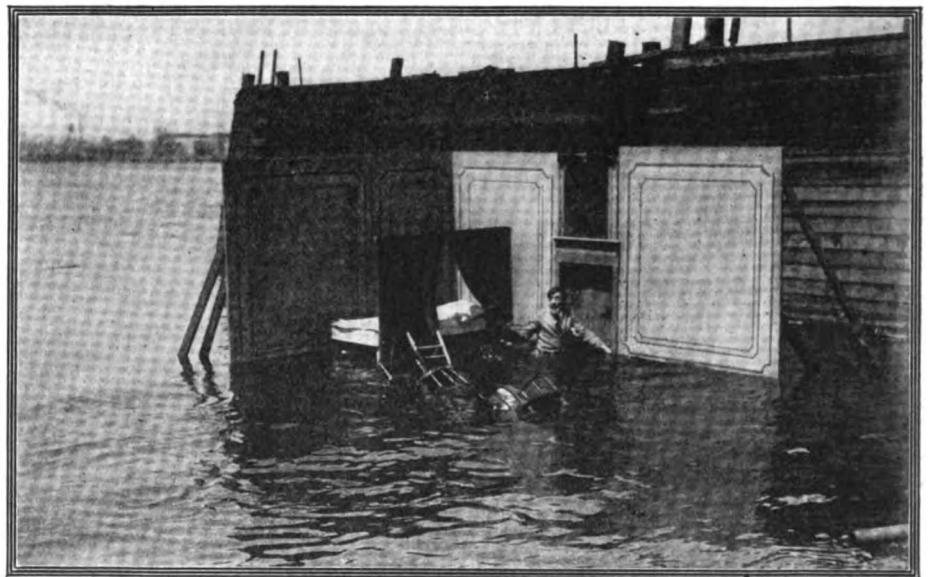
of the Orient that Scheherezade might have whispered to the Sultan.

The story opens with little Katherine Lee as a Roman mariner's child, and her inconsolable grief when her pet canary flies out to sea. Then the mermaids sponsor her, and she is led thru a magic submarine kingdom, which, in turn, gives way to a mystic country of the East. There are ships at sea, and the sprites of waterfalls,

and storms and dungeons and high towers on the sands—all presided over by that genius of aquatics, Annette Kellermann.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to  
fortune."

Bill Shakespeare could not have been thinking of the movies when he  
(Continued on page 70)



THIS "SET" WAS MADE TO DEPICT THE INTERIOR OF A STATEROOM ABOARD A SINKING SHIP. NO SHIP, HOWEVER, WAS USED. THE LENS OF THE MOVING PICTURE CAMERA WAS, OF COURSE, FOCUSED SO THAT IT COULD NOT SEE ABOVE THE TOP NOR BEYOND THE SIDES OF THE STATEROOM WALLS



# The Comedy Girl with the Serious Eyes

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

ANOTHER of those queer, little inconsistencies Nature is so fond of puzzling us with is the serious eyes of that saucy, little vivandière of the ranks of comedy—Mae Busch. She amuses millions with her work in the Keystone comedies—her clever, inimitable acting and bewitching personality have seen to this; and her slender loveliness downs the persistent rumor that successful comedienues must be incongruous of form or feature. She laughs as she capers gayly thru her parts, as refreshing in her youthful grace as is the first, flower-laden breath of spring. Yet despite her glee and utter abandon, that little dash of dignity in her eyes mocks her frivolity, as does the quiet blue of the cornflower chide the vivid, scarlet poppy growing by its side amongst the wheat. There is a mystery in her eyes that many are trying to unravel. Are they saddened by the memory of some half-tragedy of the past, or is it only the softness of the dreams, clinging around the shadow-land of the future that tremble in their pensive depths? Perhaps it is the spirit of some other girl, who lived maybe thousands of years ago in some far country, whose wistful charm is reincarnated in the eyes of this lass of modern times, baffling all, altho she herself may be unconscious of it. In vain we seek a solution—her eyes and her nature are as alien to each other as are the children of two countries at arms. We must leave you, contradictory daughter of the film, with our curiosity unsatisfied, and, even as the monotone of the picture-plays will not reveal their color, so will all our imaginings avail us little in seeking their secret. Are they the prevailing brown of the woodlands in autumn, or the deep tone of the marsh-violet? Are they softly gray, or perhaps the blue of wind-ruffled, summer seas? We do not know, and yet this does not haunt us as does your seriousness, and so we leave you, finding ourselves still asking—why? It can't be that you jumble our emotions?



Photo by Hartsook

MAE BUSCH

(Twenty-six)

# Shakespeare in Masque and on Screen

Two Stupendous Spectacles Contrasted  
—Wherein the Screen Has All the  
Best of It

By HECTOR AMES

PERCY MACKAYE's masque, "Caliban by the Yellow Sands," an adaptation of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," will go down in dramatic history as one of the most gorgeous, elaborate and beautiful conceptions of the master-playwright's drama. It does more than that—much more—for it depicts "such stuff as dreams are made of," it bares the poet's inspiration to public view, and is a cyclopedic review of the costumes, folk-lore, folk-dances, manners and customs of the Elizabethan days.

It was enacted in New York City in a vast stadium seating eighteen thousand people, and employed fif-

teen hundred persons in its choruses and cast. But its shortcomings as a dramatic venture were evident. It can be repeated



WILFRED LUCAS AS MACDUFF

(Twenty-seven)



only at almost prohibitive expense; it was subject to the buffets of bad weather, and the acoustics—or lack of acoustics—could not be overcome. As a spectacle and a tribute to Shakespeare, it was stupendous and sincere; as a drama, "a coherent bit of life taken at its crisis," it was far from satisfying to an average audience. Concurrent with this unique performance, an equally ambitious one has been enacted in the West. The players had no audience, save a cameraman and a director, yet, in time, their efforts will be seen by an audience of twenty million people, and their art of "facial emotions" and gesture will be seen and equally understood by every nation on this round globe.



SIR  
HERBERT  
TREE  
AS  
MACBETH

A short time ago, Frank E. Woods, manager of the Fine Arts production department, announced that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree had consented to appear in a film version of a Shakespearean play. Then the problem presented itself, which of the series of Shakespeare's works would be selected to serve as a vehicle for the foremost of English actors. After a consultation with Frank E. Woods, the director, John Emerson, decided that "Macbeth" would best lend itself to photodramatization.

It is said that the screen version of "Macbeth" will be much more accurate in historic detail than the familiar stage productions, where dramatic dialog and the magnetic power of the

voice serve to cover the errors of omission in scenic and costume detail.

In searching for accurate data on "Macbeth," R. Ellis Wales, the studio librarian, with Director John Emerson, consulted the archives of both England and Scotland. Here they secured rare costume-plates and rarer books pertaining to arms, implements and household utensils, wearing apparel, forestry and architecture of England and Scotland; folk-lore and superstitions and intimate characterizations of the people.

"I had often thought of 'Macbeth' as a great picture subject," said Mr. Emerson,

"the plot seeming to lend itself so well to the picture method of treatment. The supernatural atmosphere that pervades 'Macbeth,' exemplified by the witches and the visions Macbeth sees at different times, is very difficult to realize on the speaking stage. The witches on the stage do not appear supernatural, and the desired illusion is therefore impossible. On the screen, with the aid of the camera, the witches are easily given supernatural quality. The same applies to Banquo's ghost, which has always been so hard to produce convincingly on the stage. You can't have a two-hundred-pound man seated at a table and expect an audience to accept him for an apparition. Sir Henry Irving discarded the ghost in this scene, and I believe Sir Herbert adopted the same course in his London production of the play, leaving the whole thing to the imagination of the audience. The visionary dagger is also an impossibility on the stage, but on the screen we can show it in a very effective and mystical sort of a way. And don't forget that 'Macbeth,' aside from its psychological

aspects, is a rattling good melodrama. Another big thing in the favor of the 'Macbeth' production is that scenery can be found in California almost identical with that of Scotland. We are considering doing 'The Merchant of Venice,' and in that case shall build Venice on the canals' at Santa Monica for the exterior scenes.

"I think the few attempts to date

duce Shakespeare on a small scale; there is too much meat in his plots, so it was decided to produce 'Macbeth' in nine reels and thereby avoid omitting any of the essentials of the play. There is great detail accuracy in the production, due to the great deal of time I, with my assistants, spent on thoro research work and securing exactness in detail of costume and settings, in order that the production might have an educational as well as a dramatic value.

"While rummaging thru volumes of historical references, we

discovered that the people in the eleventh century in Scotland did not sleep in night - robes. I had planned to introduce a scene showing King Duncan praying at the foot of his bed, so had to delve a bit deeper, and discovered that the higher classes to which King Duncan, of course, belonged, were just beginning at this time to use night - robes.

This saved the day for me.

"When it came to preparing the screen scenario for 'Macbeth,' the task was not so difficult as I had anticipated. In fact, it was surprisingly easy, as Shakespeare's dramatic structure is more near in form to that of the film than the modern play or novel. Owing to the limitations of the stage, an author must seek to reduce his action to one, two, three, or, at the most,

four localities, in which the action of the various acts takes place. And, of course, time-lapse must correspond exactly with length of acts, whereas on the screen one may have as many different locations as desired, and the lapses of time are more easily covered. A modern play is ordinarily written in three acts. Shakespeare

(Twenty-eight)



CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MACBETH—A STUDY IN FACIAL EXPRESSION

that have been made to produce Shakespeare on the screen have proven fruitless, and the only reason I can logically see for the failure is the effort to produce a play like 'Hamlet,' with a man like Forbes Robertson, in three reels of film, which ordinarily takes about forty-five minutes to project. You can't successfully pro-

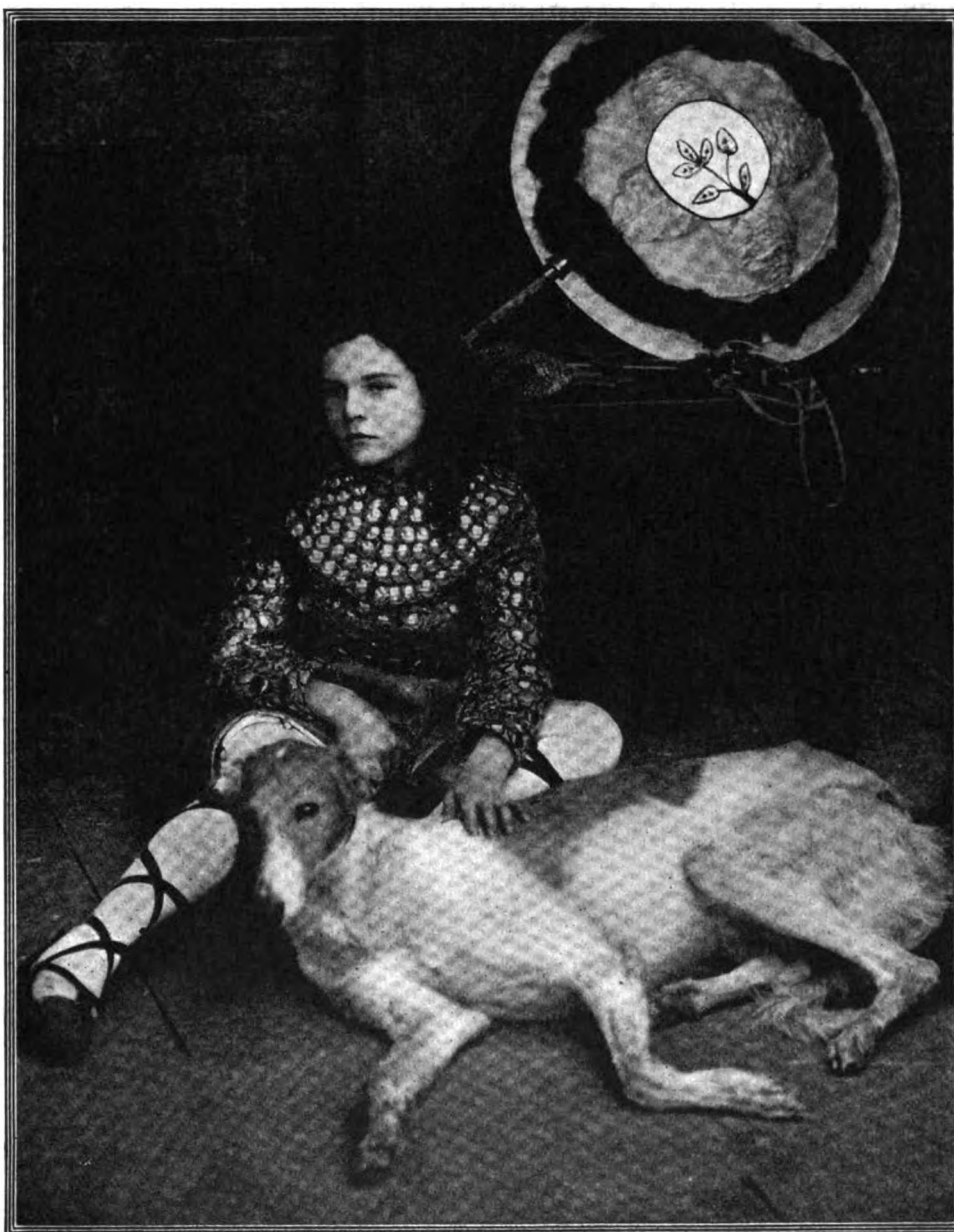




MACBETH PLANS TO MURDER HIS GUEST, KING DUNCAN

wrote 'Macbeth' in twenty-eight scenes, so you see how much nearer Shakespeare's play is to Motion Picture construction than any of the modern plays. This is due to the fact that in Shakespeare's time it was not necessary to move the scenery, as they did not have any to move. It is practically impossible to produce 'Macbeth,' as written, on the speaking stage. With the change of sets, it would at least necessitate five or six hours for production, whereas on the screen the scene shifts instantaneously, so we can not only do all the scenes Shakespeare provided for us in practically the same sequence, but are able to fill in the lapses of time by adding scenes merely described in the lines of the play. As, for instance, the

(Twenty-nine)



CHANDLER HOUSE AS FLEANCE IN "MACBETH"

fight between Macbeth and Cawdor and the execution of the latter.

"The coronation of Macbeth, which is completely jumped over in the play, will be one of the biggest scenes in the picture. I employed about a thousand supernumeraries for the coronation. All that is said about the coronation in Shakespeare's play is:

Ross—Will you to Scone?  
MACDUFF—No, cousin; I'll to Fife.  
Ross—Well, I will thither.  
MACDUFF—Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu! Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

"The stone of Scone, where all the Scottish kings were crowned, is duplicated accurately in the picture.

"And another instance, where I elaborated on a line in the play, is Birnam Wood, which is merely spoken of; we show it moving toward the castle of Macbeth.



CORONATION SCENE FROM SIR HERBERT TREE'S EXCELLENT PHOTOPLAY OF SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH"

"Our film version of 'Macbeth' will contain approximately two hundred and fifty scenes in nine reels, which means a full evening's entertainment.

"We found it much simpler on the screen to suggest the evil influence of the witches than on the stage. The opening scene of the picturization presents the witches in their cavern, where they are brewing trouble, which is to come to Scotland thru Macbeth. In the depths of their cavern they draw forth the fires of evil, which are thrown from their fingers down into

the valley of destruction, where Macbeth and the traitor Cawdor are fighting for supremacy.

"It became necessary at times to take liberties with the text, in order to knit the story closely enough to be able to project it in the limits of two hours and yet retain practically all the incidents of the play. While taking these liberties, we have endeavored to show a spirit of reverence for the text and have consulted Shakespearian authorities for justification on every alteration we made. One change in

particular was in the sleep-walking scene. In the play, a gentlewoman and doctor overhear this scene. But, in order to knit the photoplay structure together, it was essential that Ross and Lennox overhear this scene. We justified this change by the statement of the gentlewoman to the doctor that she had seen Lady Macbeth walk and talk in this way night after night. Why couldn't Ross and Lennox see her one night as well as the doctor and the lady?

(Continued on page 70)



FRED MAKE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

SIR HERBERT TREE CONSTANCE COLLIER

WM. FARNUM

SIR HERBERT TREE'S DEPARTURE FROM LOS ANGELES WAS MADE MEMORABLE BY THE PRESENCE OF MANY NOTABLES

(Thirty)

# Bryant Washburn's Family

By • ROBERTA COURTLANDT

SHRIEKS of laughter greeted me when I stopped at the door of the Washburn domicile, not far from the Essanay studio. The opened doorway revealed a scene that would have made an instantaneous hit with all the audiences who have come to look for the clean-cut impersonations of Bryant Washburn. Mrs. Washburn, brown-haired, blue-eyed, and very, very pretty, clad in a pink, linen apron, greeted me at the door and made me welcome. In the center of the room was a white wicker baby-carriage, enthroned in which sat the dimpled, crowing autocrat of the Washburn household—Bryant Fourth, aged nine months. Down on all fours, his black hair tousled, was Bryant Third, father of Bryant Fourth, playing "bear" for the amusement of his small son. Every "Woof! g-r-r-r!" from the man elicited a shout of glee from the baby. Another interesting participant in the scene was a beautiful dog—a toy, English bulldog, with a formidable pedigree, which was pretending to attack the "bear" with bulldoggish humor and patience.

If you have seen Bryant Washburn in "The Blindness of Virtue," "Destiny," or any one of half a dozen strong, virile dramas in which he was the much-persecuted but always triumphant hero, it will be hard to imagine him in the scene I have just described. I found it difficult to reconcile the two at first, but by the time I was ready to leave, the man on the floor seemed the more interesting of the two by far.

Another likable thing about him was that he did not appear at all embarrassed by being caught off his guard. He merely rose, brushed his hair out of his eyes, and shook hands. Mrs. Washburn removed the blue-eyed, happy baby from the carriage and seated herself in a low rocker, while Mr. Washburn sat down opposite them, where he could keep his eyes continually on his treasures. The dog

rose and walked across the room, to seat herself at Mrs. Washburn's feet, her eyes fastened on the baby. If ever human love shone from the eyes of an intelligent dog, then it did from this one's.



BRYANT WASHBURN THE THIRD AND BRYANT WASHBURN THE FOURTH

"Here, Kewpie, old lady," called Mr. Washburn, suggestively, patting his knees.

But the dog only looked at him, as if, to say, "I like you fine, old man, but you don't understand. I've got this baby to take care of." Mrs. Washburn laughed, a little tenderly, at the dog's devotion, and stooped to caress her.

"Kewpie was queen of the household," she explained, "until baby came. That, of course, put her nose out of joint. Such an exhibition of canine jealousy I have never seen before. Then, finally, when baby was about two weeks old, she ran away. Bryant and I worried about her a great deal, and finally got her back, by advertising in all the newspapers. And now she has formed a very keen attachment for baby, and they play together all the time."

By this time the baby had made a fascinating discovery. By bending forward just as far as the close clasp of his mother's arms would let him, he could just touch the velvety head of the dog. And immediately, with a brief crow of triumph, he made use of the discovery, with a divine confidence in the strength of his mother's arms to prevent an accident. "How old is baby?" I asked.

"Born on the twelfth of October, nineteen hundred and fifteen," answered baby's mother, proudly.

"And acted in a picture on the day he was three months old," added his father, proudly.

"The picture was called 'Destiny,' and his advent into the studio, to play his part, had something of the nature of triumphal entry of a famous Broadway star making his first appearance in movies. It was the first glimpse most of the studio folks had had of him, and he interrupted the work for more than an hour."

I have no doubt that he did so, for a more fascinating morsel of babyhood would be hard to imagine. There isn't a woman alive who is so cool and aloof that she doesn't get excited over a new baby. And Bryant Fourth would arouse excitement just by his own charms.

The marriage of Bryant Fourth's

(Thirty-one)





THE DOG WAS JEALOUS OF THE BABY AND RAN AWAY; BUT NOW SHE HAS RETURNED, AND THE TWO ARE FAST FRIENDS

father and mother was the result of a really-truly studio romance. Mrs. Washburn, who was Mabel Forrest (usually known as "Billie" by her intimates), was born in Kinsman, Ohio, but when she was six years old her family moved to Chicago, where she took up the study of music. She sings beautifully and is an accomplished pianiste. The thought of movies seldom entered her head. She enjoyed them, but cared little about knowing those who made them possible by their work.

One day, with a party of girlfriends, she visited the Essanay studio. There she was introduced to Bryant Washburn, who at that time was doing "heavy" rôles with the company featuring Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne. Being a wholly feminine



HIS THRONE A WHITE WICKER BABY-CARRIAGE, HE RULES, KING-LIKE, OVER THE HOUSEHOLD, FOR HE IS BRYANT IV.

girl, she was more interested in the villain than the hero, for the villain was good-looking, and his deeds on the screen hinted of that most fascinating thing to a girl—a "past."

Mr. Washburn sought and secured permission to call and meet Mr. and Mrs. Forrest. And the call was followed by others. Finally, just five months after the meeting, he led Mabel Forrest to the rose-bowered altar.

Mr. Washburn was born in Greenfield, Vermont, of a somewhat religious family. His uncle was Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist. And, as a boy, Mr. Washburn, who is now almost twenty-eight years old (his wife is almost twenty-one), spent a great deal of time with his famous uncle. There was a bond almost as strong as kinship between them, and it lay in the sweetness of young Bryant's singing voice. He recalls how on many a quiet evening he sang the old, sweet hymns that inspired his uncle in his broad field of work.

Later, when Bryant attended the Lake View High School, in Chicago, he sang in the Glee Club, and the resonance, the sweetness and the clear enunciation of a soloist still remain in his speaking voice.

Bryant Washburn, by the way, is one of the few leading men who does not resort to the art of make-up, unless a character part is to be played. He has a dark, olive skin that lends itself naturally to the camera, and his eyebrows are so well defined that it is never necessary to pencil them.

Immediately after the wedding, Mrs. Washburn became terribly interested in Motion Pictures—so much so that she enlisted as an Essanay extra girl, and worked for about six months, doing a number of "bits" that were unusually good. However, she neglected her music to appear at the studio. And her parents and her husband, who believed that her music was much more important than the studio work, prevailed upon her to give up acting.

"And now," laughed Mr. Washburn, "she has something to take her mind off pictures for good—His Lordship, the Baby."

Mrs. Washburn laughed, too, in utter contentment, holding the baby a little closer. It's easily seen that she doesn't care about anything so tame and humdrum as mere picture-acting when she has a real live baby to play with.

"There's a great deal of difference in your home-life as it is and as some of the public believe it to be," I suggested.

"Well, if the public has an idea that an actor's life is composed of cocktails, bright lights and excitement, we would be glad, for our part, to prove that they've another thought coming," answered Mr. Washburn with some heat.

Then he continued:

"Mrs. Washburn and I go out very little, for we are so much happier in our home-life than we could possibly be in any place of amusement. And the baby's more fun than a circus."

Does that change your idea of the home-life of a movie player, dear reader? At all events, it should, if it doesn't.



MABEL FORREST  
(MRS. BRYANT WASHBURN)

(Thirty-two)

## Discovered — The "Homey" Girl

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

YES, she is here, just the kind of a girl that abounded in those far-off days when mother was young. Think of it—she actually does not care a snap of her dainty little fingers for athletics, and would much rather spend a cool afternoon on a shaded porch (we were tactful and did not inquire with whom), embroidering and painting, than partaking in a game of tennis or golf, and prefers a spin in her Buick 6 to an exciting canter across country.

Her daintiness is vivid, and gorgeous in its tints of sapphire and gold and rose, borrowed from all the lovely things of summer—sunsets, and quiet seas, and flowers, brightly flaunting their colors after a cooling shower. She is essentially feminine and adorable; and with her come memories of maids whose tiny feet have long since traveled their last, flower-strewn path; whose slim bodies no longer sway to the stately measures of the minuet; and whose blushes have vanished as completely as the rose that died last year. There are few like that now, and her contrast to the "modern" girl is cameo-like in its distinctiveness.

She loves gardening, and the one surrounding her little bungalow is artistic in its simplicity. The little bungalow is a *real* home, for there is ensconced her adored mother, whose greatest joy in life is her pride in her daughter, and the place fairly breathes of comfort, and happiness, and love. It is here she paints those clever water-color sketches her friends are so proud of and so delighted to receive at holiday time. She has a wonderful appreciation of colors and a knack all her own of combining them to their greatest advantages.

Another of her chief delights is cooking, and she never tires of trying all sorts of new experiments and perfecting old ones. Wrapped in a gingham apron, she potters contentedly around the sunny kitchen, dead to the fashionable world for the time being.

Her charm is unaffected and sincere; she does not think of herself, when one meets her; she makes one feel that it is she, and not you, that is having the honor. Her friends adore her, and it is very easy for her to gain new ones. Her appeal is universally felt, for her screen admirers are many and ardent. Success is looming very near for her, and we hope it will bring her happiness also, for she deserves it; but, most of all, we hope that thru it she does not lose her unconscious, winsome girlishness that played such an all-important part in bringing it to her.

(Thirty-three)

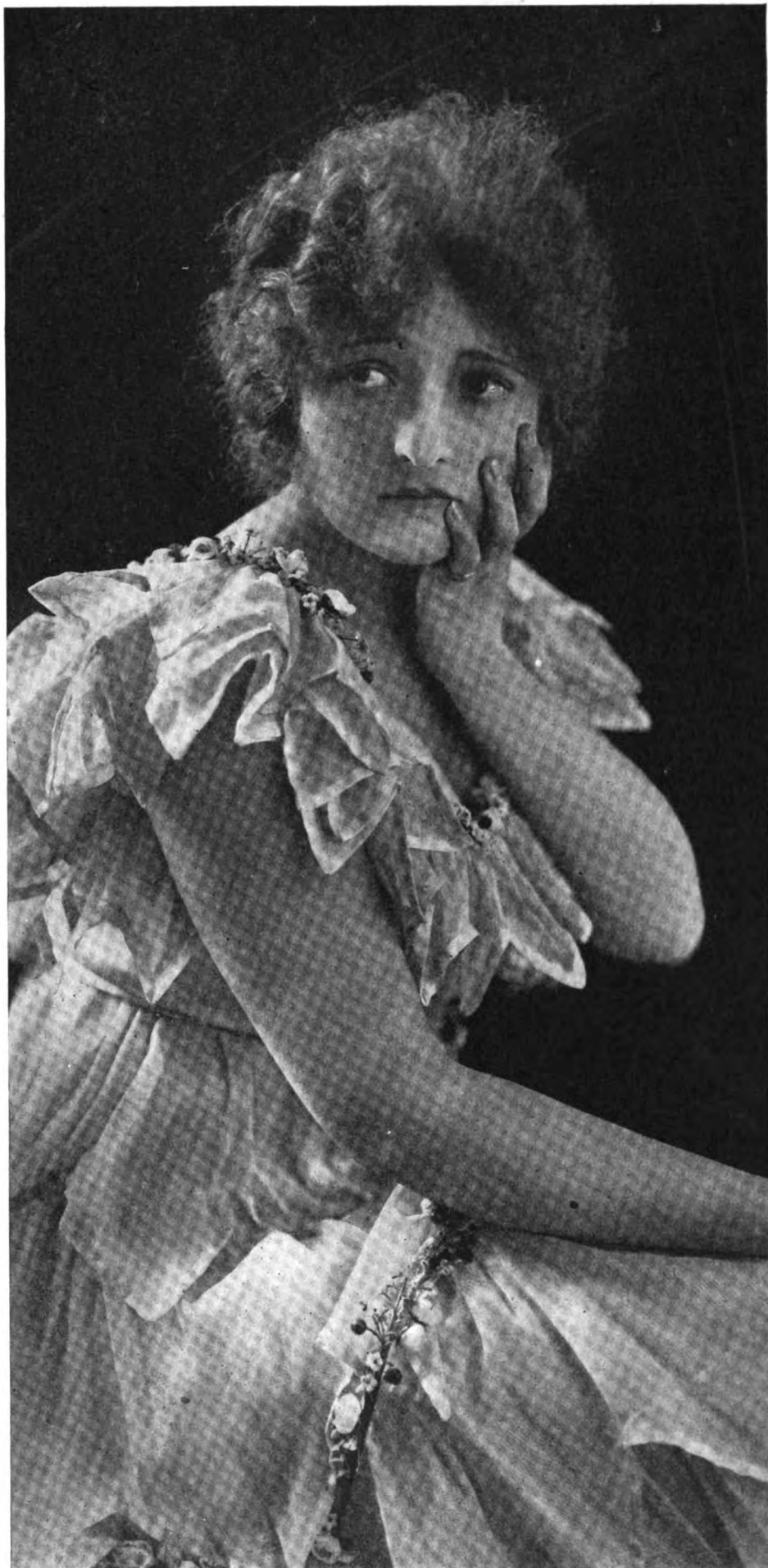


Photo by Witzel

VERA SISSON

# PUBLIC OPINION

**T**HE stranger pursed her thin lips together and eyed the large-busted, anxious-eyed landlady with the large superiority of conscious righteousness and conscious scorn. "Do you mean to *tell* me," she demanded, "that Hazel Grey—Hazel Grey from Westport—boards *here*?"

Mrs. Skenk drew herself up, but her eyes were a shade more anxious. "She does," she defended, with an attempt at asperity, "and a nice-spoken, nice-doing, respectable young woman she seems."

"Ah—seems"—volumes of derision came from the thin lips. "Well, I'll just tell you, then, my poor woman, that Hazel Grey is from *my* town, and I know *all* about her—and she's a *bad* one thru and thru. She is simply an *outcast* in Westport—it's a respectable town and we're all respectable, God-fearing people, and when a girl elopes with a *married* man, I say it's time to *act*. No, Mrs. Skenk, I couldn't *consider* rooming here. My ma would be half sick—a name's all a poor girl's got, I always say, and let them as wants to lose it, *lose* it. Not *me*!"

Mrs. Skenk lost her asperity. This stranger was well dressed, and this thin-lipped, prim type were always good, prompt pay if they *weren't* just honey and cream to get along with—and gentlemen roomers were few—and all told—

"Will you confront Miss Grey with this to her face, ma'am?" queried Mrs. Skenk.

The stranger sighed: "Duty is duty, I always say," she declared, following the carpet-slipped feet of the landlady from the room, "and Lord knows I'm not one to shirk."

Hazel Grey was in her room, resting from a long typhoid case she had come from the night before. She looked up as they entered, and her eyes lighted up swiftly at sight of a familiar face. "Why, Prudy!" she welcomed—then stopped.

She didn't look very evil, certainly. She was very young—with a nimbus of pale gold hair, wistful, innocent eyes, and a wistful, pleading mouth. She

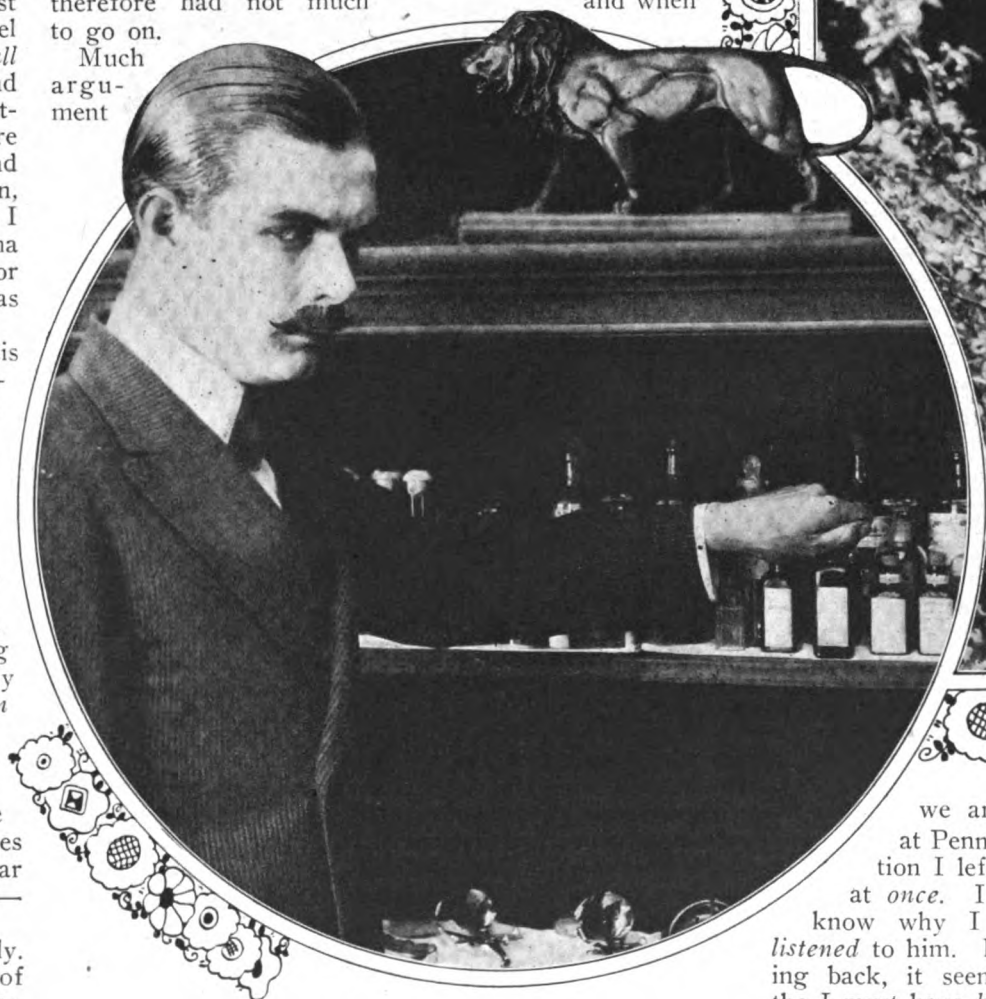
looked the type whom men sent violets to—and candies—and soft music—and petted—and proposed to—and adored; not at all the designing creature to consider married men her legitimate prey.

"Why, of *course* not!" she denied, when Prudy confronted her with the story. "Yes, I know what Westport thinks; I know what even my family think; but—well—" with a helpless, little gesture, "I am here—working—and he is, I don't know where—and do not care— Oh"—turning to Mrs. Skenk now, "of *course* it isn't so; can't you *see* that it isn't?"

Mrs. Skenk admitted to thinking it "queer," but she had not been raised to a sense of perception, or intuition, and therefore had not much to go on.

Much argument

led to nowhere, and Prudy finally departed in a huff, leaving Hazel and the landlady still arguing. "Now that she has gone, Mrs. Skenk," Hazel said, "I'll tell you that I *did* come in on the train with the man—I never knew he was married until that ride, and when



THE POISON BOTTLE

we arrived at Penn. Station I left him at *once*. I don't know why I ever listened to him. Looking back, it seems as tho I must have *known* him as he was; but I

(Thirty-four)





PHILIP BEFRIENDS HAZEL

~by~  
**GLADYS  
 HALL**  
 ~Lasky~

heard bitter things, terrible, blighting things, and often and often of nights, when the long, hard-toiling day was over, she would lie in her bed and think of the baby that used to be, and hope to God that some one was being kind to the outcast woman that was.

"You may stay for the present, Miss Grey," she said, and left the room abruptly.

Left alone, Hazel Grey collapsed and wept hot, despairful tears. On duty she was marvellously self-controlled, efficient and resourceful. Off duty, she was all girl, all femininity—wistful, and dependent, and afraid.

Looking back over the twenty-four years of her life, there was singularly little of sunshine to brighten it—a loveless, hard-working childhood in a town that Prudy Smith had rightly described as "respectable, with God-fearing people"—a young girlhood deprived of all that fair time's rights—four years of rigorous training in a city hospital—a year of hard private work, with a summer "vacation" in Westport—and the meeting with the man who had so tragically blackened her name.

He *had* been persuasive—good to look at—a strong appeal to the senses all unappealed to before; but the rigid, rigorous years had given the fragile-looking girl a sturdy, indomitable will, a solitary uncompromising virtue, and she had not wavered an instant when he had told her of his marriage and asked her to stay with him until such time as he could secure a divorce.

Then had come Philip—Philip, so young, so clean, so virile, so in earnest—Philip, with his boy's love and his man's faith and his dear idealism. Their love had been a tender, dreamful thing—built among the clouds, far, far from the land wherein dwelt Mrs. Skenk and her regime—the land of pain and suffering and of the death wherein moved Hazel for her daily bread—the land wherein dwelt the married man and his kisses of profanation and his hot, false vows.

They planned a glorious life together—such a life as first youth *always* plans and always and pathetically believes in—despite the fact that *nowhere* do they see it being lived.

"If he should turn against me too," thought Hazel, "I think I should turn

was lonely—and credulous—and tired from overwork—and he was very persuasive. It was just a mistake—that's all; but nothing—*absolutely* nothing more—surely nothing to be so *persecuted* over. Please believe me, Mrs. Skenk, and please don't tell Philip Carson—he's my one friend—we've been such chums, and it isn't fair that one silly girl-mistake should ruin my

(Thirty-five)

whole life. If you had a daughter, Mrs. Skenk, and she was all alone, you'd want some one to believe *her*."

That told. Mrs. Skenk *had* had a daughter—a tawdry, flighty, pretty girl, who had listened overlong to some man's blarney—been his dupe—and vanished with him—to vanish at the same time from her mother's ken forever. Mrs. Skenk had known the man, and she had

against *myself*. I shouldn't think there was anything in life—not anything save the torture of the body I see, and the torture of the soul I'd feel."

But Philip was very much preoccupied that evening—too much so to notice the strange air that fell on the little company when Hazel Grey entered the room, or made a remark, or laughed.

After dinner they took a walk, and he told her about it. "It's my family again," he explained; "you know, I had to quit the house because of my step-father. He's a sure-enough devil, and he was worse when I was around; so I cut away. I adore my mother, of course. She's awfully wealthy, and very philanthropic, and was all the world to me; but when she married this man our life

It would be wonderful, sweetheart, to have you know my mother."

Hazel squeezed his arm. "I'd be *glad* to, Phil dear," she said, "and oh, boy, I would do my very, very *best*!"

The next morning Mrs. Skenk pursued Hazel from the breakfast-table into the hall with something like the expression Prudy Smith had worn. She coughed nervously once or twice, then said firmly: "I'm sorry, Miss Grey, but you will have

of humor gave a faint twinge at mention of the Fairfax sisters—poor things, they *were* so crude and so flagrant—but on the whole, it was not a case for humor. A sense of anger assailed her, and she began a spirited defense. This angered Mrs. Skenk in turn, who felt that she had suffered quite enough from a third-floor-backer, and in the midst of the dialog Philip Carson came in.

This pleased Mrs. Skenk. It gave her splendid vengeance. She disregarded Hazel's swift, tense appeal and poured forth Prudy's version, with embellishments.

Philip looked bewilderedly at Hazel, who quietly gave him *her* version.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Skenk," he said finally, "that you will have to *prove your* accusations, and I'd advise you



THE NEW BOARDER IS ACCUSED OF BEING HAZEL GREY, FROM WESTPORT

changed. Women, even the best of them, do fall for the *queerest* things in men. How my mother—my queenly, beautiful, brilliant mother—could have *believed* in that *gas-bag*, I don't know. But, anyway, he 'phoned me today that my mother was ill and asking for me. I went up to the house, and it was sad, I tell you. She acted as if she would never get enough of me—and she *is* ill, Hazel. I'm going up again tomorrow morning, and I'm going to *insist* on another doctor—just because stepdaddy is an M. D. doesn't qualify him in my eyes—and, darling, if I should ask *you* to come as nurse—*would* you?

to go. My boarders has got wind of your—your past—and are all upset over it. The Fairfax sisters is real young, childlike girls, if they *do* act in vogue-vill, and they say their ma'd be *crazy*. I can't afford to lose them, Miss Grey—nor yet any of the others. And you know yourself, Miss Grey, this is a thoro respectable place with no off-color touch about it in *any* way. Of course, the neighborhood aint the Avenoo; but the house itself, Miss Grey, is unquestionable—and goodness knows, Miss Grey, I aint *always* kept boarders."

Hazel Grey nodded dully. Her sense

for your own sake not to get into the habit of such dangerous statements."

Then he turned to Hazel. "Will you come?" he asked. "My mother wants you. I've told her—a little—of—us."

Hazel assented gratefully. She quite thrilled to the nobility of his speech, tho deep down in the fond, foolish heart of her she wished that he had refused her version of it—refused even to listen to any further mention of it as an absurdity.

"Do you expect an *immortal*, Hazel Grey?" she asked herself angrily, as she packed her uniforms for the case, and her trunk for departure. "No," nagged that

(Thirty-six)

small, annoying voice—"no—just a *man*, mighty in faith, valiant in trust—" "You are a *fool*," answered back Hazel Grey—"a perfect, *damfool*—there, I've said it!"

An hour later Philip was introducing her to his mother. From the moment they met they loved each other. Mrs. Carson-Morgan loved the girl for her sweet face and tender, steady eyes—and for the sake of her beloved, only child, who loved her too. Hazel loved Philip's mother because a splendid life was written for all to see on a splendid, beautiful face. There were battles there—bitterly fought and won—pain vanquished, self conquered, strength born of travail of weakness, flesh triumphed over by spirit—yes, it was a glorious battle-ground, and a glorious victory.

When Philip introduced Hazel to his step-father, it was fortunate he did not notice—the girl's face

went whiter far than the white face with closed eyes on the pillow; even her red lips blanched, and her eyes distended as with mortal fear. "I'm going to faint," she thought desperately; "I'm going to faint, and give it all away—oh, God! give me strength."

And all the time she was returning Dr. Morgan's greeting, and staring straight into his leering, triumphant eyes—eyes that said, as surely as tho each one had a tongue, "I've caught you now, my proud beauty, trapped you helpless here, in my own home."

"I would like to speak to you, nurse," was what he was saying, and he drew her into Mrs. Morgan's dressing-room with the close touch that shocked every fibre in her.

"Now," he smiled down on her as he closed the door—"what *now*?"

"I shall leave, of course," she said, recovering herself, "immediately—"

"Oh no—not unless you wish *my* side of the elopement given Philip—I fancy *he* is the one you wish deaf to it all—and I *can* be very convincing, you know."

"You—fiend!" Hazel shrank against the wall, wondering in her flayed spirit

(Thirty-seven)

how she could ever have tolerated so much as the glance of this man.

Morgan laughed, and stepped nearer her. "You'd make a pretty shrew," he said; "temper is all that is needed to give flame to your cold beauty. Come, Hazel, we loved once—pretty ardently; this woman who is my wife—well, it is *you* I love and want, my girl—I—"

"Hazel!" called Philip's voice, "come on in. Mother says she would like to talk to you now."

There followed tortured days for Hazel—days half impossible with the Doctor's persistent and obnoxious attentions—half beautiful by her closer knowledge of Philip's wonderful, great-souled mother. And, as the body grew steadily frailer, the spirit burst its bounds and grew steadily more luminous.

and the threats held ugly hints of a past partnership in sin—seemed to imply that Dr. Morgan was not only lax in his methods with women, but something far more sinister.

Hazel had been in the house two weeks, when Mrs. Morgan died. She felt that she had been in the woman's heart all her life. She knew, as she closed the white eyelids over the fearless eyes, that she would not care so deeply for her own mother's death—her virtuous, hard-working mother who had made an old age of her childhood, and a pariah of her indiscreet youth.

"Rheumatism of the heart," said Dr. Morgan, as he was summoned to the death-chamber by the distraught Philip.

"Well, well—poor Allison!"

"NOW!" HE SMILED DOWN ON HER AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR, "WHAT NOW?"

Strange things were happening in that house of impending death, and illicit desire, and foul undercurrents too. In her capacity of nurse, Hazel recognized as the Doctor's most frequent visitor, and apparent crony, a confirmed "coke" fiend. The man had reached the stage where he was absolute victim to the drug—ready to commit any crime for it—obsessed by it to forget all honor, all respect.

"I'm doing all I can for him, poor old chap," the Doctor said benevolently, as he gave Hazel some medicine and confirmed her in her opinion of Bill Smith; "but he's pretty far gone."

"I haven't noticed any improvement, either," returned Hazel, harshly.

Bill Smith was a frequent visitor, and the more Hazel thought about him the less she liked it. Often his whining voice would reach her in some part of the house—pleading, cajoling, threatening;

When Dr. Miller arrived, summoned by Hazel ten minutes before the end, he looked grave.

"It does not look," he said, "like rheumatism of the heart to me, Miss Grey. I demand an autopsy."

Dr. Morgan and Philip protested vigorously. Hazel alone was still.

"How can you," declaimed Philip, "wish my mother subjected to—that, Hazel? God in heaven, it is *too* awful!"

"Your mother's body is beyond all evil, dear," the nurse said gently; "if a wrong has been done her, her spirit will wish vindication. *That* lives, and is immortal."

The result of the autopsy showed unmistakably arsenic poisoning. The powders were called for—the maid testified that she had handed them to Miss Grey direct—and Hazel searched for them in vain. "I cannot find them," she said, face white and eyes helpless at realization of this new tragedy impending.

"It is very strange!" they said.

She was arrested and the trial set. Public opinion began. The individual mind is individual only so long as small



issues are at stake. Let a great scandal, a great upheaval of some kind become known, and the individual mind ceases to exist. This girl had had a "past"—she had murdered the handsome Dr. Morgan's wealthy and middle-aged wife—how and *why* should one digress from so patent a fact? One didn't. Perhaps some conjectural soul said vaguely, "I wonder if she *did* do it"—but the wonder never grew. The papers said so—they said so on street corners, in clubs, in grills and social gatherings. They wondered how so fair and sweet a girl could possess so perverted, so foul a soul. The prosecution was strong. The defense was faltering. There seemed to be no defense. Prudy Smith gave her damning testimony—all personal digressions from accepted morality are damning at such a

ried their own conviction. Perhaps he, of all of them, felt the spirit of Philip's mother never absent since the girl was accused.

At any rate, when the jury filed out—when *all* of them voted guilty save himself, he was gifted with a very passion of ringing eloquence. He defended her as tho he spoke from the pure white depths of her heart revealed—he conquered them, still unbelieving, to a man. And when the jury filed back, Gordon

Grey," cautioned one of the court attendants; "the—the mob is pretty—raw."

Some one stepped to her side—a strong hand gripped her arm. She never forgot that first meeting of Gordon Graham's eyes. There wasn't a thrill about it—nor any fire—*then*; but the one thing she had dreamed of—"a *man*—mighty in faith—valiant in trust." And all at once she *knew*—she remembered seeing him file in with the others—his lean, exhausted, triumphal face. He—*he* had saved her, because he *trusted*—because *he believed*. Here was the foundation love was built on—love that time cannot touch, nor dishonor destroy.

"Will you ride in my car?" he asked gently.

"Oh—please," she breathed, and her grateful soul worshipped him.

Her fame had preceded



AS THE BODY GREW STEADILY FRAILER, THE SPIRIT GREW STEADILY MORE LUMINOUS

time—and created a perfect furore by identifying Dr. Morgan as the man in the case.

Even the jurors raised their eyebrows. It seemed as tho the last doubt as to her guilt must have vanished.

When she took the stand in her own defense, and told her simple, uneventful story, made vivid only by her guileless affair with Dr. Morgan, only one among them listened—and believed. That one was Gordon Graham, a young millionaire about town who reluctantly served on the jury. Gordon Graham believed—perhaps because he had seen enough of the false to distinguish the true thru all the chaff of public thought. Perhaps the girl's white face and anguished, bruised lips penetrated to his inmost self and car-

Graham shaking as from palsy, they voted "Not guilty," to the unsuppressed astonishment of all present. The girl herself fainted.

When she came to she was in an ante-room, and Philip was standing in front of her. She raised her stricken eyes to him, bright with a sudden fitful hope. Oh, if he would only take her to his heart—kiss some of this dreadful pain away—soothe some of this horror that racked her—

"I've come to say good-by, Hazel," he said. "I stood by you thruout the trial; but now—well, you deceived me *once*, you know, and—"

Hazel nodded. "Yes, I know, Philip," she said tonelessly, "and now—please go—good-by."

"You'd better not go out alone, Miss

her, and everywhere she was denied admittance. Legally she had been freed—but only legally.

Finally, he thought of a little, old woman who had nursed him and tutored him in boyhood—a little, old woman who believed what he said to be the truth, just because he said it. There he left her.

Every day he called for her and took her to ride, hoping to see some vitalizing sign in the white, set face. Every day he learnt to love her more—as he had not believed people *can* love today.

One day Philip came back. She listened to him silently, as he protested that he knew she *couldn't* have done it—that he still cared, still wanted her—and would she marry him at once and come away.

Then she shook her head. "You are

(Thirty-eight)



IT SEEMED AS THO THE LAST DOUBT AS TO HER GUILT MUST HAVE VANISHED

too late. Philip," she said; "your unbelief has killed the love I thought I had. It was a boy-and-girl love, Phil—illusionary and unstable. Now it is dead."

Gordon Graham came up the steps as Philip was leaving. When he found Hazel standing alone, just as Philip had left her, her nimbus of fair hair making her pale face very fragile and wistful, he took her in his arms. "I love you, dear beloved," he whispered—"I want the right to love you—always."

The first tears came to the girl's eyes—and thru them she sent her love to him. "I cant, my dearest," she answered; "not now—not *this way*."

"It does not exist," the man declared.

"It does," she corrected—"to *me*."

"Have you no suspicions?" he asked her, fearful to open a raw wound, yet longing to help.

"Yes"—she seemed galvanized into sudden life—"I suspect Craig Morgan him-

self. And tomorrow I am going to the house again to see—no, I am going alone, dearest—it will be better so."

When Gordon Graham, accompanied by two detectives, entered the Morgan house the following day, he stepped in just in time to prevent Hazel from interrupting a bullet meant for the Doctor—a bullet fired by a man with twitching face and shaking, drug-ridden body—a man who, nevertheless, shot perilously near the heart.

"What does this mean?" demanded Graham, and the two detectives stepped over to where the trembling "coke" victim stood at bay, his smoking pistol in his hand.

Craig Morgan raised himself and stared thru a death-glaze at Hazel's sorrowing face. "My wife," he muttered, "my wife is in this room—there by you, Hazel—bending over you. I"—a harsh laugh escaped him—"I murdered my

wife, gentlemen—as I murdered one before her. I intercepted the prescription and put the arsenic in—*she* gave it with her own hand—but I—I—did it—" Blood bubbled at his lips and trickled down his white coat. Hazel bent over him and wiped his chin. "I did it," he repeated; "do you all hear and understand? *I did it—so help me God!* I wanted her money—I wanted this girl—so I poisoned her—and hid the real medicine in where I kept the 'coke' for—this poor devil. He—found them—was threatening me when she—and my wife—my wife—came in. Anyway—nothing else matters except that I—I did it. Good-by—Hazel; good-by—Allison; I—"

It all came out in the papers that night—the whole bitter shame of the injustice—the whole clean vindication. All save the rapt faces of a woman and a man set toward the High Star of Desire.

## AT THE PICTURE PLAY

By RALPH GARNIER COOLE

From the lights of dear old Broadway  
To the Land of Sunset Skies;  
Across the burning desert miles  
Fond memory swiftly flies.  
And my heart forgets its aching  
As I watch the Pictureplay;  
Forgets the tinselled city  
With its flashing Gay White Way.

(Thirty-nine)

I watch the old familiar scenes;  
I see the hills I love;  
The fertile valleys stretching wide;  
The azure skies above.  
The city's sounds are hushed and still,  
As the reel goes clicking round,  
I span the years to childhood—  
Cross the miles with just a bound.

Then when the picture runs its course  
And leaves a snow-white screen,  
I sit and ponder deeply—  
Will the sheet show just as clean,  
When He who films life's story  
Thru eternity's decades  
Has registered my finis  
And the picture slowly fades?



JANE GALE, in a twelve-reel Universal Feature which is as yet unnamed



# The Real Charlie Chaplin

The Personal Side of the Famous Comedian as His Associates Know It

By STANLEY W. TODD

WHEN the Twentieth Century Limited arrived in New York, one day not so very long ago, a good-looking young man stepped out of one of the Pullman cars and walked briskly into the Grand Central station. In the rotunda he was enthusiastically greeted by a group of personal friends and business representatives. But the reception was brief. They hustled him into a waiting automobile and drove off immediately.

As that is an everyday occurrence, none of the travelers took particular note of him. If, however, some one had shouted, as they are wont to do, "There's Charlie Chaplin!" there is not the slightest doubt that it would have been necessary to have called out the police reserves to have kept the crowd back.

Yes, it was Charlie Chaplin, but it was not surprising that no one recognized him. It was Chaplin as his friends know him—sans mustache, sans that famous walk, sans everything by which the screen has made his name a household word in all four corners of the globe. He had come to New York to attach his signature to a paper—not a "scrap of paper"—that assured him more money in a single year than any mortal American has ever earned for services rendered in that period.

Chaplin's recent unostentatious visit to New York is characteristic of himself. He was not welcomed with a blare of trumpets—he could have had them—because that is not his way. He doesn't believe in posing as a little, tin god on wheels; he likes to keep his own per-

sonality out of the lime-light. He prefers to let himself stand before the world as t h a t

happy-go-lucky, shambling, acrobatic tramp—punctured derby, generous trousers, brogans, cane, *et al.*—that has been reproduced in pictures, cut-outs, plaster casts and toy balloons a million times, more or less.

There is hardly a civilized human being who does not know this Chaplin of the screen. Humanity became acquainted with his amusing ways in old Keystone days, from the time he was pictured walking in front of camera-men, making a desperate effort to film the Santa Monica auto-races. Humanity laughed at his antics in numerous other Keystones, with that hilarious six-reeler, "Tillie's Punctured Romance," as the climax. Humanity followed him in the Essanay series, and it is still following him in his Mutual appearances.

Yet, in all of this, the real Chaplin—the personality of this youth of twenty-six, who has set the entire world agog with his antics—is kept in the background. But let us go behind the screen, so to speak, behind that well-known make-up, and learn something about Mr. Chaplin as his friends know him. We are certain to encounter some surprises.

It is well-nigh a necessity for any one in the public eye to maintain an entourage of assistants to take care of the many details that such a position involves. Particularly is this so with Moving Picture players, so overburdened with mail from every place on the map of the world. Such letters cannot be disregarded; the expedient, the average photographer does not like to be discourteous. When a man receives a salary of six hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and the fact is common knowledge, he becomes a target for all sorts of appeals—more work for somebody.

Mr. Chaplin—let us accord him his proper dignity—finds it necessary to employ a chauffeur, a valet and several secretaries.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood



CHARLIE SIGNING THE \$670,000-A-YEAR CONTRACT WITH THE MUTUAL COMPANY.  
PRESIDENT JOHN R. FREULER TO THE LEFT, SIDNEY CHAPLIN  
CENTER. (THIS PICTURE IS NOW A CLASSIC  
—AN OLD MASTER)

While he has attempted some hazardous stunts on fast automobiles in the pictures, he is by no means a speed maniac. As a rule, tho he owns several automobiles, the comedian does not drive, himself, but calls his chauffeur whenever he takes a spin. His valet is a young Englishman whom Mr. Chaplin brought across the Atlantic some years ago. One of his secretaries takes charge of Mr. Chaplin's business matters—a job all by itself. Another handles the bulky correspondence that comes every day from admirers in every section of the universe. Sometimes, after studio hours, the comedian essays that task himself. He often devotes two hours a night to answering his correspondence and attending to personal business matters that his secretaries refer to him. The comedian will answer a letter from a boy in Australia or from a girl in Scotland with as much consideration as he gives to one from his personal representative at New York. When it comes to big money matters, like the recent Mutual contract, Charlie calls upon his Brother Sid, who is a financial wiseacre—and an excellent film comedian, too—to act as general financial representative. And they say that Sid is pretty good at figures.

As most of the Chaplin pictures—except, perhaps, a few of the Essanay—have been staged under Southern California skies, let us watch the daily routine of this most famous comedian of all time as we find it in the Los

Angeles environment. 'Tis said he rises each day at six-thirty in the morning—that his valet won't let him sleep any later. In five minutes more the comedian is in his bath. Emerging from that, he places himself in the

hands of his barber. Then comes breakfast, a half-hour with the morning papers, and a visit to the chiropodist, whom Mr. Chaplin employs especially for his own needs. And why not a chiropodist? Who wouldn't take care of his pedal extremities when they mean so much to himself—and the world at large?

If he has time, a ride thru one of the Los Angeles parks precedes his arrival at the studio, but you can surely expect him not later than ten o'clock.

"Morning, Charlie," the studio doorkeeper will probably say.

"Hello, Tom," says "Charlie" to him.

By which you may gather that it is "Charlie" to everybody around. But his moments are golden—calculate it out for yourself—and he gets to work at once. The day starts with a brief conference with the studio manager, members of the Chaplin Company, and other important factors in the picture-making. Charlie—let us also call him that—disappears, and soon reappears as the Charlie of the screen that we all know.

As you might readily imagine, watching a Chaplin rehearsal is an absorbing pastime. While there is a director on hand to assist, everything is left to Charlie, who is really a prodigious worker. Charlie selects his own scenarios, lays out the action, and directs as well as acts. The mental



CHARLIE CHAPLIN ARRIVES IN CHICAGO ON THE WAY TO LOS ANGELES.  
HIS BROTHER SIDNEY TO THE LEFT, AND HENRY P. CANFIELD,  
CHAPLIN'S NEW STUDIO MANAGER, TO THE RIGHT

(Forty-two)



CHAPLIN  
IN "THE  
FIREMAN"

concentration of some directors at work is indeed harrowing to watch, but Charlie does it quietly, as directing goes. Every set, regardless of size, is placed under his personal direction. He is an expert in lighting effects, and sees to it that everything in this respect is in proper shape before starting to work. Then he summons the company and rehearses the scenes. You might call him a hard taskmaster, for he believes in carefulness in details, and every member of the cast, from himself down to the extras, must do his part well—and take punishment without whimpering—before the cry of "Action! Camera!" is given.

There are some Moving Picture manufacturers who do not believe in the practice of permitting visitors in

the studios, because they fear it will spoil the illusion. Mr. Chaplin shares this view to a certain extent. He avoids public appearances wherever he can. But he realizes that comparatively few of the many millions attending photoshows each day in this country ever get inside of a studio, or really know how

the pictures are made. When there are visitors, no matter how tired he may feel, Charlie finds time for a little handshaking and a few pleasant words.

When the scenes for the day are over, Mr. Chaplin becomes himself again—a quiet, studious, unassuming young man. But instead of rushing out, he enters a little, private office, and spends some time laying out the routine for the next day. Motoring being one of his hobbies, the trip back to the city gives him another opportunity to indulge in it, and as he does not care to motor alone, he generally takes the studio manager or some other film confrère with him; then back to the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where he is usually domiciled during his stay in Los Angeles.

A man can't be the agile acrobat that Chaplin is without at least some practice. After dinner, Charlie has a habit of donning his "gym" suit—if he has no date for the night—and spending a little time in the club gymnasium. There he spends a half-hour



or so boxing, wrestling, or tussling with the weight machines and punching-bag, topping it all off with a plunge in the pool. It is very late, despite the fact that as a bachelor he is entitled to all privileges. According to latest reports, he has not had a fatal attack of heart trouble—the kind that no doctor can cure.





CHARLIE SOMETIMES CRANKS THE CAMERA

Without at all attempting to pose as a model youth, Charlie Chaplin neither smokes nor drinks—except in the pictures. He says he has smoked but one cigar in his life. It must have been an awfully bad one, for he never cared to make another try.

"I'm mighty glad I never acquired the habit," he has said. He referred, not to smoking, but to drinking. His total abstinence has enabled him to stand the strain of long hours when a big production has to be rushed. That means night-work, sometimes.

Occasionally you hear of Charlie Chaplin accepting an invitation to lead an orchestra. He did, some time ago in Los Angeles, and more recently at the Hippodrome in New York, when a benefit performance was given. It was hard to convince some people that he was not burlesquing the average musical conductor. As a matter of fact, however, he was oblivious to the immense throng watching him. But the musicians understood and followed him, while the more discerning in the audience realized that he was actually directing the rendering of the selection and had his whole heart in it.

Not every one knows that Mr. Chaplin is a violinist of commendable ability. He does not claim to be a Kubelik or an Elman, but he has an ambition to play in concert work, if

he can ever find time to practice and study a bit more. He plays by ear, and can run thru selections of popular operas, or rattle off an Irish jig, or a negro melody, with the ease of a vaudeville performer. He owns a beautiful instrument that was given to him by a friend in the East. Charlie has had a composing-bee, and some of his pieces, have found favor with the public, particularly the march-song which he wrote for the Hippodrome event, at which he swung the baton.

Off the screen, his friends know him as a serious-minded young fellow, whose accession to affluence has not spoiled his democracy or ambitions. He is continually seeking to better himself in other lines than as the funny man of the films.

"No man or woman," he said, recently, to a newspaper representative from the East, "should be satisfied with having won a fortune or fame in one line alone. But it means work—hard work. I know from experience. Money isn't everything; happiness comes in work. I expect to be at it fifty years from now."

Even tho Mr. Chaplin is still young, he has seen times in his life when money did not flow so freely, and that is why he appreciates the value of it. He is not penurious, but he believes in getting a dollar's worth for every hundred cents he spends. When he dines out, the best restaurants are none too good for him. When on the road, he lives in the best hotels. He numbers among his friends people who live in what some have called "high society." When he made his last visit to New York, he attended a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, and it was noticeable that he hobnobbed not only with the famous artists behind the stage, but was sponsored by several of the matrons of the "diamond horseshoe." As a budding society man, he has mastered the intricacies of golf.

We might dwell upon Mr. Chaplin's literary leanings, but enough's enough. "He has read Shakespeare from beginning to end," one ardent admirer remarked recently; "is familiar with the works of George Eliot and other noted writers, and is a stickler for poetry." Chaplin a poet? Ye gods! what next? Oh, yes; he is an expert tennis player, and is an exceedingly clever dancer—not the kind of dancing that he demonstrated when paired off with Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Charlie Chaplin's first appearance with Mutual was signaled in "The Floorwalker," which has established a new high-water mark for the inimitable young man who makes the whole world giggle. Almost an entire de-

partment store, with an escalator, was erected in the Mutual studios as a suitable setting, and Charlie, for the first time in many moons in a frock coat, had an absurdly dignified position before his usual downfall.

Some idea of the tremendous vogue of Charlie Chaplin may be gained from the fact that the first Mutual picture of him required five hundred prints to meet the bookings made before the release date had arrived. That meant that on that memorable day one million feet of Chaplin, in "The Floorwalker," was being presented on the screen thruout the country, and that at least that number of people were being amused all at the same time by this very remarkable, very earnest and very resourceful young man.



CHARLIE MAKES A WHOLE LOT OUT OF THE MOVING STAIRWAY IN "THE FLOORWALKER," ABLY ASSISTED BY THE MAN ABOVE

(Forty-four)



SCENE FROM "PURITY" (AMERICAN), FEATURING AUDREY MUNSON

## Is the Venus di Milo Out of Date? Anyway, Leonie Flugrath Thinks So

**T**HE Motion Picture is going to be responsible for the recognition of a new and modern type of beauty, according to Leonie Flugrath, the youthful and beautiful little Edison player. The original of the Venus di Milo might have caused the heads to turn when she walked along the streets of the old town of Milo, or wherever she lived before she was married, but, according to Leonie, there is no reason why she would make even a commercial traveler from the Windy City turn and

look at her if she should walk up Broadway today. The original of the Venus di Milo might have been a peach in her time, and the veritable queen of her village, admits the fair Leonie, but at the present time she wouldn't be allowed to carry a duster in the back row of the chorus. And, as far as getting on the screen goes, she would film like a truck-driver after a long day's work.

Why all these sacrilegious sentiments—these sentiments that will cause many devotees of old-time art and life to be discovered registering horror and indignation? The riddle is easy. Leonie is an enthusiastic American, and she believes that



LEONIE FLUGRATH

(Forty-five)

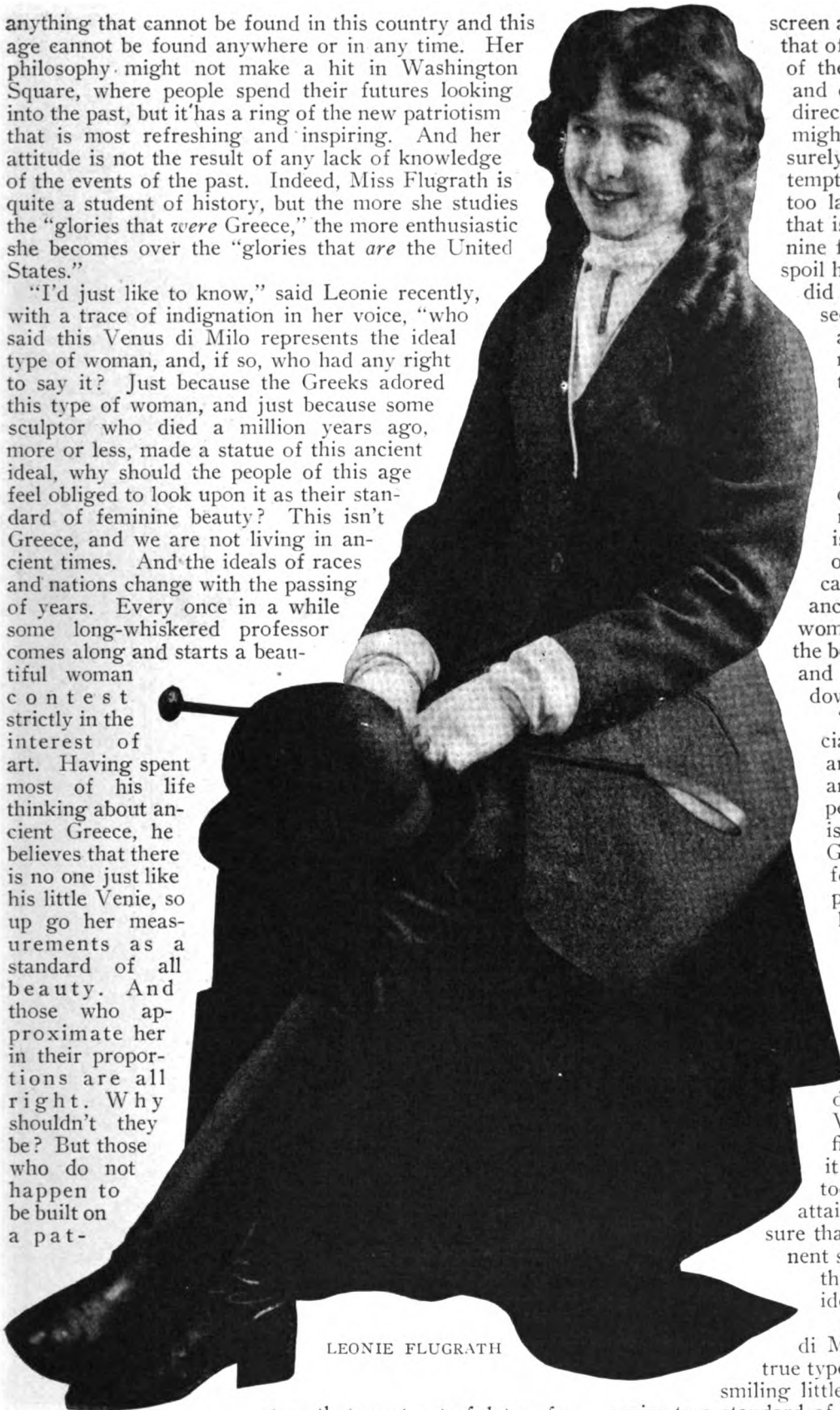


SCENE FROM "PURITY" (AMERICAN), STARRING AUDREY MUNSON



anything that cannot be found in this country and this age cannot be found anywhere or in any time. Her philosophy might not make a hit in Washington Square, where people spend their futures looking into the past, but it has a ring of the new patriotism that is most refreshing and inspiring. And her attitude is not the result of any lack of knowledge of the events of the past. Indeed, Miss Flugrath is quite a student of history, but the more she studies the "glories that *were* Greece," the more enthusiastic she becomes over the "glories that *are* the United States."

"I'd just like to know," said Leonie recently, with a trace of indignation in her voice, "who said this Venus di Milo represents the ideal type of woman, and, if so, who had any right to say it? Just because the Greeks adored this type of woman, and just because some sculptor who died a million years ago, more or less, made a statue of this ancient ideal, why should the people of this age feel obliged to look upon it as their standard of feminine beauty? This isn't Greece, and we are not living in ancient times. And the ideals of races and nations change with the passing of years. Every once in a while some long-whiskered professor comes along and starts a beautiful woman contest strictly in the interest of art. Having spent most of his life thinking about ancient Greece, he believes that there is no one just like his little Venie, so up go her measurements as a standard of all beauty. And those who approximate her in their proportions are all right. Why shouldn't they be? But those who do not happen to be built on a pat-



LEONIE FLUGRATH

tern that went out of date a few thousand years ago have to be content to be null and void and likewise nit.

"The screen has proven positively that modern people do not care for the ancient ideal of beauty. Think of all the Motion Picture stars whom you can visualize, those, of course, who have not been taken from the legitimate stage just because of their fame as actors, and without exception you will find that the feminine favorites of the

screen are of a type entirely different from that of the Venus di Milo. If the original of the Venus di Milo were alive today and could make a dash past a casting director and get into the movies, she might not break the camera, but she surely would break the company that attempted to make a star of her. She is too large, and she lacks the daintiness that is being demanded of modern feminine favorites. And her features would spoil her chances on the screen if her size did not. For, in modern times, people seem to prefer faces of a less severe and intellectual cast—faces that are more human and less divine than that of our old friend Venus di Milo."

Miss Flugrath believes, and she can support her theories with convincing arguments, that the type of beauty that is demanded by the millions who patronize the movies is the type of beauty that is the ideal of the twentieth century. And, because of this, she contends that the ancient Greek ideals of a perfect woman should be abandoned in judging the beauty of American women of today, and a modern type of perfection laid down.

"We should not be bound by Grecian ideals when we have such a vast and wonderful country of our own, and when such a vast and wonderful people inhabit it," she argues. "There is no more sense in following the Grecian ideals than there would be in following the Oriental ideals. The people of Turkey, for instance, believe that the fatter a woman is the more beautiful she is, and by using this well-known fact I can add great force to my argument in favor of abandoning the perfect type of woman as represented by the Venus di Milo. If the ancient Greeks had believed as do the Turks of today, the statue of Venus di Milo would be that of some five-hundred-pound beauty. And, if it were, the majority of the women of today doubtless would be striving to attain the ideal expressed by it. I am sure that it is impossible to fix any permanent standard of beauty, and I know that the ideal of Greece is no longer the ideal of America.

"I am strong for dropping Venus di Milo and getting an up-to-date and true type of modern beauty," concluded the smiling little star. "What a silly idea it is to

aspire to a standard of beauty set by a woman who never attended a movie show or got mixed up in a bargain rush!

It makes me indignant to think of it, and it makes me wonder why the men, who are so much more interested in the women than the women themselves, do not get busy and evolve a Venus di Manhattan, so that we women can know whether or not we are beautiful, according to modern specifications."



# Film Fantasies

by  
Bill Craig



## HOW THE BROOK GOT SQUARE

ONCE upon a time there were a little brook and a little boy—playmates out in the woods. They were very companionable. The boy would put bark boats in the brook, and it would run away with them, laughing at the boy, and carrying them to its sweetheart, another little brook further down the way, with whom it had a standing engagement every day.

One day the little boy got mischievous and put some mud and rocks and sticks in the brook's course, damming it until the brook could go no farther. It was a bad trick to play on it, because that day the brook missed its appointment with its sweetheart, the first time such a thing had happened in its life.

The other little brook had to go on without her sweetheart. She cried all the way. You could hear her tears as they fell over the waterfalls.

The brook got terribly angry at its playmate. It begged and pleaded with the little boy to free it. But the boy stood on the shore, laughing and dancing with glee at sight of his companion swollen with anger and overflowing.

"Never you mind," said the brook. "I'll get even some day. You don't know what it means to have a sweetheart and miss a regular engagement with her. But just you wait."

Finally the brook, in desperation, swelled with such strength that it broke the fetters and tore at full speed down its path to try to catch up with its sweetheart. As it fled, the little boy could hear it call back:

"I'll get even! I'll get even!"

The years grew on. The little boy was now a young man. He had moved to the city. The brook was grown, too. It had overtaken its sweetheart, and they were so happy that they were to wed and thus become one.

And now the boy had a sweetheart, a beautiful girl with dark hair and laughing eyes. He loved her, oh, so very much. He was as happy as happy could be.

But the brook was scheming revenge. And this is how he got it. Together with all the brooks he and his bride had passed into, he traveled to a place where a great river ran into a huge reservoir. There were passages in the dam thru which the brook and his bride flowed into huge turbines which they whirled around, making the turbines create electricity.

Then the brook and his bride passed on, for their work of vengeance was finished. For the electricity their turbines generated now went over wires to the city in which the boy and his sweetheart lived. There it went along other wires into a picture show, where it was transformed into a great, bright light that made the pictures.

Now, the boy and his sweetheart went to the picture show every day. One of the phantoms that the electricity projected upon the screen was of a tall and handsome actor.

The sweetheart was first pleased and then attracted by this phantom. Every time the electricity threw him before her eyes, it was performing its duty to the vindictive brook. For the sweetheart soon grew fascinated by the actor's phantom. She thought him the most attractive man in all the world.

There came bitterness to the boy's heart as he saw this handsome phantom stealing his love. But he was powerless to help it. The electricity carried back the news to the brook, and it went along, singing happily in its revenge.

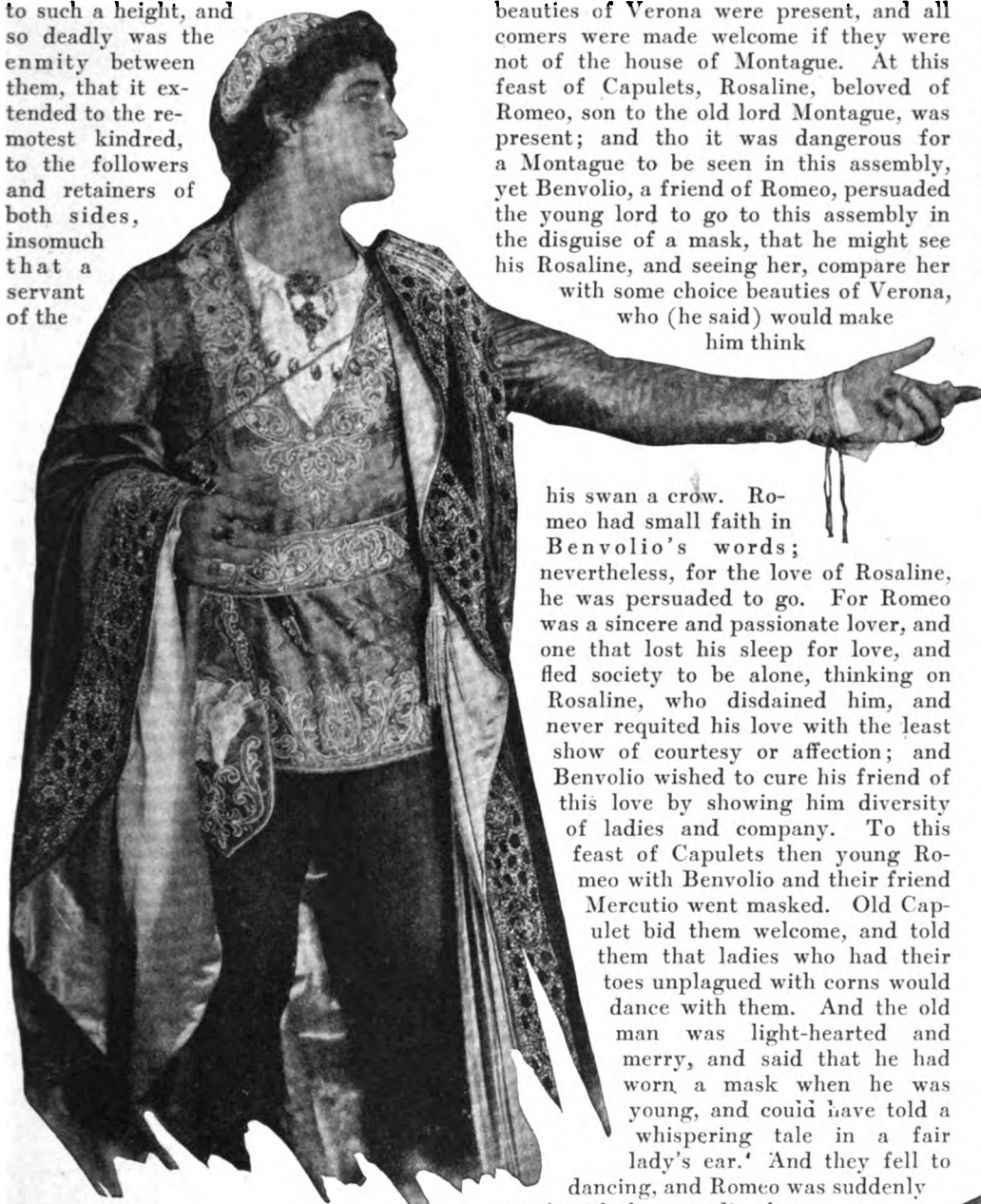
The boy was miserable. His sweetheart forgot him in her new-found love. The brook had got even.

# A Moving Picture - Romeo & Juliet

Metro -

By CHARLES LAMB

THE two chief families in Verona were the rich Capulets and the Montagues. There had been an old quarrel between these families, which was grown to such a height, and so deadly was the enmity between them, that it extended to the remotest kindred, to the followers and retainers of both sides, insomuch that a servant of the



torches to burn bright, and her beauty to show by night like a rich jewel worn by a blackamoor; beauty too rich for use, too dear for earth! like a snowy dove trooping with crows (he said), so richly did her beauty and perfections shine above the ladies her companions.

While he uttered these praises, he was overheard by Tybalt, a nephew of lord Capulet,

beauties of Verona were present, and all comers were made welcome if they were not of the house of Montague. At this feast of Capulets, Rosaline, beloved of Romeo, son to the old lord Montague, was present; and tho it was dangerous for a Montague to be seen in this assembly, yet Benvolio, a friend of Romeo, persuaded the young lord to go to this assembly in the disguise of a mask, that he might see his Rosaline, and seeing her, compare her with some choice beauties of Verona, who (he said) would make him think

his swan a crow. Romeo had small faith in Benvolio's words; nevertheless, for the love of Rosaline, he was persuaded to go. For Romeo was a sincere and passionate lover, and one that lost his sleep for love, and fled society to be alone, thinking on Rosaline, who disdained him, and never requited his love with the least show of courtesy or affection; and Benvolio wished to cure his friend of this love by showing him diversity of ladies and company. To this feast of Capulets then young Romeo with Benvolio and their friend Mercutio went masked. Old Capulet bid them welcome, and told them that ladies who had their toes unplagued with corns would dance with them. And the old man was light-hearted and merry, and said that he had worn a mask when he was young, and could have told a whispering tale in a fair lady's ear. And they fell to

dancing, and Romeo was suddenly struck with the exceeding beauty of a lady who danced there, who seemed to him to teach the



who knew him by his voice to be Romeo. And this Tybalt, being of a fiery and passionate temper, could not endure

house of Montague could not meet a servant of the house of Capulet, nor a Capulet encounter with a Montague by chance, but fierce words and sometimes bloodshed ensued; and frequent were the brawls from such accidental meetings, which disturbed the happy quiet of Verona's streets.

Old lord Capulet made a great supper, to which many fair ladies and many noble guests were invited. All the admired

(Forty-nine)



that a Montague should come under cover of a mask, to flier and scorn (as he said) at their solemnities. And he stormed and raged exceedingly, and would have struck young Romeo dead. But his uncle, the old lord Capulet, would not suffer him to do any injury at that time, both out of respect to his guests, and because Romeo had borne himself like a gentleman, and all tongues in Verona bragged of him to be a virtuous and well-governed youth. Tybalt, forced to be patient against his will, restrained himself, but swore that this vile Montague should at another time dearly pay for his intrusion.

The dancing being done, Romeo watched the place where the lady stood; and under favor of his masking habit, which might seem to excuse in part the liberty, he presumed in the gentlest manner to take her by her hand, calling it a shrine, which if he profaned by touching it, he was a blushing pilgrim, and would kiss it for atonement.

"Good pilgrim," answered the lady, "your devotion shows by far too mannerly and too courtly: saints have hands, which pilgrims may touch, but kiss not."

"Have not saints lips, and pilgrims too?" said Romeo.

"Aye," said the lady, "lips which they must use in prayer."

"O then, my dear saint," said Romeo; "hear my prayer, and grant it, lest I despair."

In such like allusions and loving conceits they were engaged, when the lady was called away to her mother. And Romeo inquiring who her mother was, discovered that the lady whose peerless beauty he was so much struck with, was young Juliet, daughter and heir to the lord Capulet, the great enemy of the Montagues; and that he had unknowingly engaged his heart to his foe. This troubled him, but it could not dissuade him from loving. As little rest had Juliet, when she found that the gentleman that she had been talking with was Romeo and a Montague, for she had been suddenly smitten with the same hasty and inconsiderate passion for Romeo which he had conceived for her; and a prodigious birth of love it seemed to her, that she must love her enemy, and that her affections should settle there, where family considerations should induce her chiefly to hate.

It being midnight, Romeo with his companions departed; but they soon missed him, for unable to stay away from the house where he had left his heart, he leaped the wall of an orchard which was at the back

of Juliet's house. Here he had not been long, ruminating on his new love, when Juliet appeared above at a window, through which her exceeding beauty seemed to break like the light of the sun in the

east; and the moon, which shone in the orchard with a faint light, appeared to Romeo as if sick and pale with grief at the superior lustre of this new sun. And she leaning her cheek upon her hand, he passionately wished him-



ROMEO—MY LIPS, TWO BLUSHING PILGRIMS, READY STAND

(Fifty)

self a glove upon that hand, that he might touch her cheek.

She all this while thinking herself alone, fetched a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "Ah me!"

Romeo, enraptured to hear her speak, said softly, and unheard by her, "O speak again, bright angel, for such you appear being over my head, like a winged mes-

senger from heaven whom mortals fall back to gaze upon."

She, unconscious of being over-

heard, and full of the new passion which that night's adventure had given birth to, called upon her lover by name (whom she supposed absent): "O Romeo, Romeo!" said she, "wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father, and refuse thy name for my sake; or if thou wilt not, be but my sworn love and I no longer will be a Capulet."

Romeo, having this encouragement, would fain have spoken, but he was desirous of hearing more; and the lady continued her passionate discourse with herself (as she thought), still chiding Romeo for being Romeo and a Montague, and wishing him some other name, or that he would put away that hated name, and for that name, which was no part of himself, he should take all herself. At this loving word Romeo could no longer refrain, but taking up the dialog as if her words had been addressed to him personally, and not merely in fancy, he bade her call him Love, or by whatever other name she pleased, for he was no longer Romeo, if that name was displeasing to her.

Juliet, alarmed to hear a man's voice in the garden, did not at first know who it was, that by favor of the night and darkness had thus stumbled upon the discovery of her secret; but when he spoke again, tho her ears had not yet drunk a hundred words of that tongue's uttering, yet so nice is a lover's hearing, that she immediately knew him to be young Romeo, and she ex-

postulated with him on the danger to which he had exposed himself by climbing the orchard walls, for if any of her kinsmen should find him there it would be death to him, being a Montague.

"Alack," said Romeo, "there is more peril in your eye than in twenty of their

swords. Do you but look kind upon me, lady, and I am proof against their enmity. Better my life should be ended by their hate, than that hated life should be prolonged, to live without your love."

"How came you in this place," said Juliet, "and by whose direction?"

"Love directed me," answered Romeo: "I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far apart from me as that vast shore which is washed with the furthest sea, I should adventure for such merchandise."

A crimson blush came over Juliet's face, yet unseen by Romeo by reason of the night, when she reflected upon the discovery which she had made, yet not meaning to make it, of her love to Romeo. She would fain have recalled her words, but that was impossible; fain would she have stood upon form, and have kept her lover at a distance, as the custom of discreet ladies is, to frown and be perverse, and give their suitors harsh denials at first; to stand off, and affect a coyness or indifference, where they most love, that their lovers may not think them too lightly or too easily won; for the difficulty of attaining increases the value of the object. But there was no room in her case for denials, or puttings off, or any of the customary arts of delay and protracted courtship. Romeo had heard from her own tongue, when she did not dream that he was near her, a confession of her love. So with an honest frankness, which the novelty of her situation excused, she confirmed the truth of what he had before heard, and addressing him by the name of *fair Montague* (love can sweeten a sour name), she begged him not to impute her easy yielding to levity or an unworthy mind, but that he must lay the fault of it (if it were a fault) upon the accident of the night which had so strangely discovered her thoughts. And she added that tho her behavior to him might not be sufficiently prudent, measured by the custom of her sex, yet that she would prove more true than many whose prudence was dissembling, and their modesty artificial cunning.

Romeo was beginning to call the heavens to witness, that nothing was further from his thoughts than to impute a shadow of dishonor to such an honored lady, when she stopped him, begging him not to swear; for altho she joyed in him, yet she had no joy of that night's contract; it was too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. But he being urgent with her to exchange a vow of love with him that night, she said that she already had given him hers before he requested it; meaning, when he overheard her confession; but she would retract what she then bestowed, for the pleasure of giving it again, for her bounty was as infinite as the sea and her love as deep. From this loving conference she was called away by her nurse, who slept with her, and thought it time for her to be in bed, for it was near to daybreak; but hastily returning, she said three or four words



TO SMOOTH THAT ROUGH TOUCH WITH A TENDER KISS

(Fifty-one)



**JULIET—GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT! PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW**

more to Romeo, the purport of which was, that if his love was indeed honorable, and his purpose marriage, she would send a messenger to him tomorrow, to appoint a time for their marriage, when she would lay all her fortunes at his feet, and follow him as her lord thru the world. While they were settling this point, Juliet was repeatedly called for by her nurse, and went in

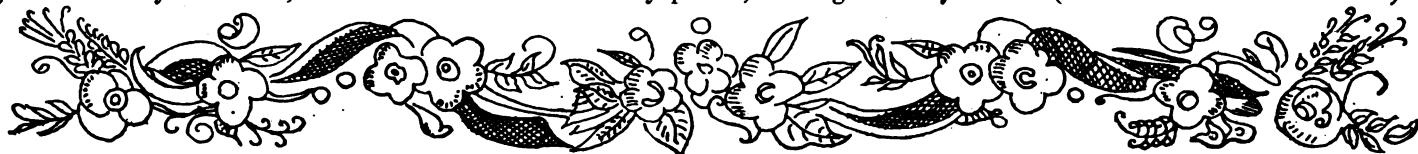
and returned, and went and returned again, for she seemed as jealous of Romeo going from her as a young girl of her bird, which she will let hop a little from her hand, and pluck it back with a silken thread; and Romeo was as loath to part as she; for the sweetest music to lovers is the sound of each other's tongues at night. But at last they parted, wishing mutually

sweet sleep and rest for that night. The day was breaking when they parted, and Romeo, who was too full of thoughts of his mistress and that blessed meeting to allow him to sleep, instead of going home, bent his course to a monastery hard by, to find friar Laurence. The good friar was already up at his devotions, but seeing young Romeo abroad so early, he conjectured rightly that he had not been abed that night, but that some distemper of youthful affection had kept him waking. He was right in imputing the cause of Romeo's wakefulness to love, but he made a wrong guess at the object, for he thought that his love for Rosaline had kept him waking. But when Romeo revealed his new passion for Juliet, and requested the assistance of the friar to marry them that day, the holy man lifted up his eyes and hands in a sort of wonder at the sudden change of Romeo's affections, for he had been privy to all Romeo's love for Rosaline, and his many complaints of her disdain: and he said, that young men's love lay not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. But Romeo replying, that he himself had often chidden him for doting on Rosaline, who could not love him again, whereas Juliet both loved and was beloved by him, the friar assented in some measure to his reason; and thinking that a matrimonial alliance between young Juliet and Romeo might happily be the means of making up the long breach between the Capulets and the Montagues; which no one more lamented than this good friar, who was a friend to both the families and had often interposed his mediation to make up the quarrel without effect; partly moved by policy, and partly by his fondness for young Romeo, to whom he could deny nothing, the old man consented to join their hands in marriage.

Now was Romeo blest, indeed, and Juliet, who knew his intent from a messenger which she had dispatched according to promise, did not fail to be early at the cell of friar Laurence, where their hands were joined in holy marriage; the good friar praying the heavens to smile upon that act, and in the union of this young Montague and young Capulet to bury the old strife and long dissensions of their families.

The ceremony being over, Juliet hastened home, where she stayed impatient for the coming of night, at which time Romeo promised to come and meet her in the orchard, where they had met the night before; and the time between seemed as tedious to her as the night before some great festival seems to an impatient child, that has got new finery which it may not put on till the morning.

*(To be concluded next month)*



*(Fifty-two)*



# My Lady Favorite's Wardrobe De Luxe

Miss Movie's Days of Hand-me-downs Are a Thing of the Horrid Past—By LILLIAN CONLON

No more can the heartless girl critic in the audience exclaim, "There's Screenie Toplights, and she's wearing the same old-rose taffeta that Mayme Tripod used in the death scene last week!"

according to the up-to-date Hebrew magician, "Abracalam camera!" The

too elaborate, or too new, or too costly to become their favorite players.

The glory of Gloria's creations has been told on screen and in many a press story, but here is a modest little summer frock that bespeaks the primness of mignonette, but yet is as chic as a Lucille dream.



MARY ALDEN

"Used" is the proper word. Until this lavish year, frocks and gowns and opera cloaks were loaned to the movie stars, to be hustled back to the wardrobe mistress for future use by another luckless heroine.

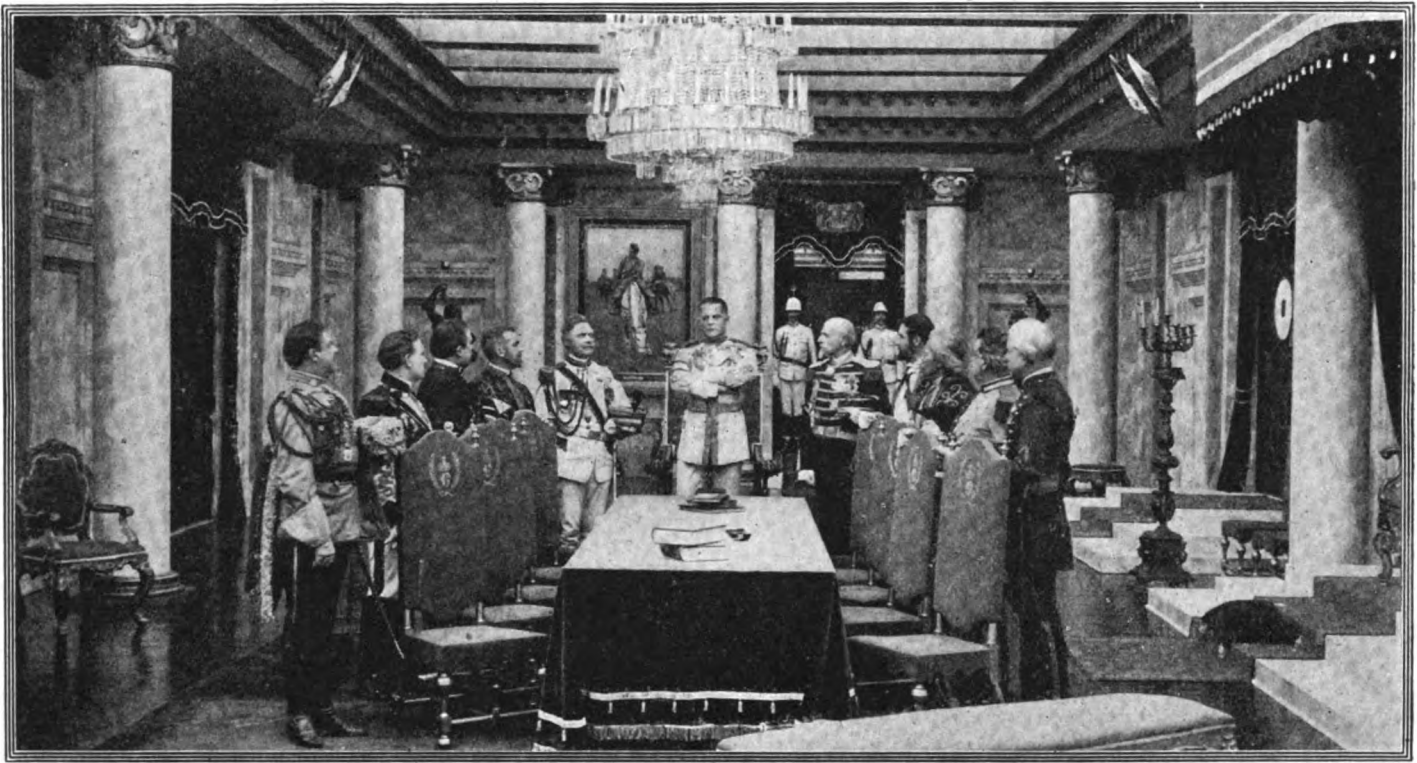
But "Abracadabra!" or, better,

(Fifty-three)

studio managers have caught the trend of things, and now no gown is

A *fin de siècle* picture needs must air Miss Favorite's wardrobe from slippers to negligée. Her audience must see her *inside* and *out*, and so has come the charming parade—to some of us—of dainty lounging gowns, breakfast coats and *robes de nuit*. The stage has given first place to the screen as a fashion mart, and all the couturiers, bootmakers, and lingerie shops of Paris and Fifth Avenue have rallied to the support of Miss Movie's wardrobe. The dainty pergnoirs and matinées of grandma's day—those fragile breakfast things—have been revived to grace the studio stars. This lace negligée of Mary Alden's was fashioned out of silken cobwebs, to screen her beauty—and then again, not to.

BILLIE BURKE



THE CONSULTATION OF WAR IN THOMAS H. INCE'S MASTERPIECE, "CIVILIZATION"



PROLOG SCENE IN THOMAS DIXON'S "THE FALL OF A NATION"

(Fifty-four)



# Marin "Versatile" Sais

By

CECILIA MOUNT

"MARIN SAIS Featured in a Series of the West." So read the announcement. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Had I not seen Miss Sais for many weeks past as the lavishly gowned star with Ollie Kirkby in "The Social Pirates"? It did not seem possible to picture that dainty society butterfly as the dashing, fearless heroine of the West. There must be some mistake on the theater billboard announcement.

So off to the Kalem studio at Glendale I journeyed. If there was no mistake, I intended to officiate at the ceremony of re-christening Marin and making certain that her middle name became "Versatile." I had scarcely set foot on the Kalem grounds, however, when my own eyes gave evidence that there

memory of our followers is. Why, it's only two or three years ago that I

tility, I suppose you don't remember when I was in slapstick comedies? But let's go into the dressing-room, and we'll look over some of the photographs. It will save me the trouble of talking about myself."

While Blue Devil snorted impatiently, we adjourned to the dressing-room. Thru the photographs we went, with a running fire of interesting comment from Miss Sais.

"Now, if you want something ingenuish," she laughed, "how about this?" And I looked at a bewitching, bare-shouldered ingénue, with hair a-flying in riotous curls, an audacious dare in her eyes and the curve of her lips. "Or if it is a pretty gown and a débutante touch that you want,"



was nothing wrong with the announcement. For there stood Marin Sais, in the corduroy and rough garments of the West, preparing to mount her famous horse, Blue Devil.

"Why should you be surprised?" was her response to my astonishment. "It only goes to show how short the

played in a number of rapid-fire Western dramas. And, as for versa-

went on Miss Sais as she passed another photograph to me that displayed a last-minute Paris creation.

(Fifty-five)



"But here is one I like better, because it gives Blue Devil a chance to star," and the demure debutante gave way to a touch of the poetic, a snapshot of Miss Sais and Blue Devil. The deep, far-away look of a girl of the outdoors rested in Marin's brown eyes. We were getting deep into this question of versatility. Then the big surprise came. All thoughts of the society bud and the wood-nymph were scattered afar. Miss Sais astride, a perilous perch on Blue Devil, greeted my eyes.

"That's the sort of stuff I like best," declared the star. "And I get plenty of it in 'The Girl from Frisco.' But I also get an opportunity to wear pretty clothes—you know what that means to a woman—for in Robert Welles Ritchie's stories I am an heiress who meets with these different adventures in guarding her vast interests.

"It is the new West with which these pictures deal—the West of irrigation, oil interests and so on. This is the West that is really more romantic and interesting than the old blood-and-thunder West of the dime novel, yet it is the West that has been neglected by the screen. But, to go on with the photographs, suppose we look at one of the old Western type. Here is where I save the persecuted girl from

the dreadful villain. But that is enough of blood-and-thunder; let's get



to something more homelike." From the woolly West I

(Continued on page 68)

(Fifty-six)

# HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

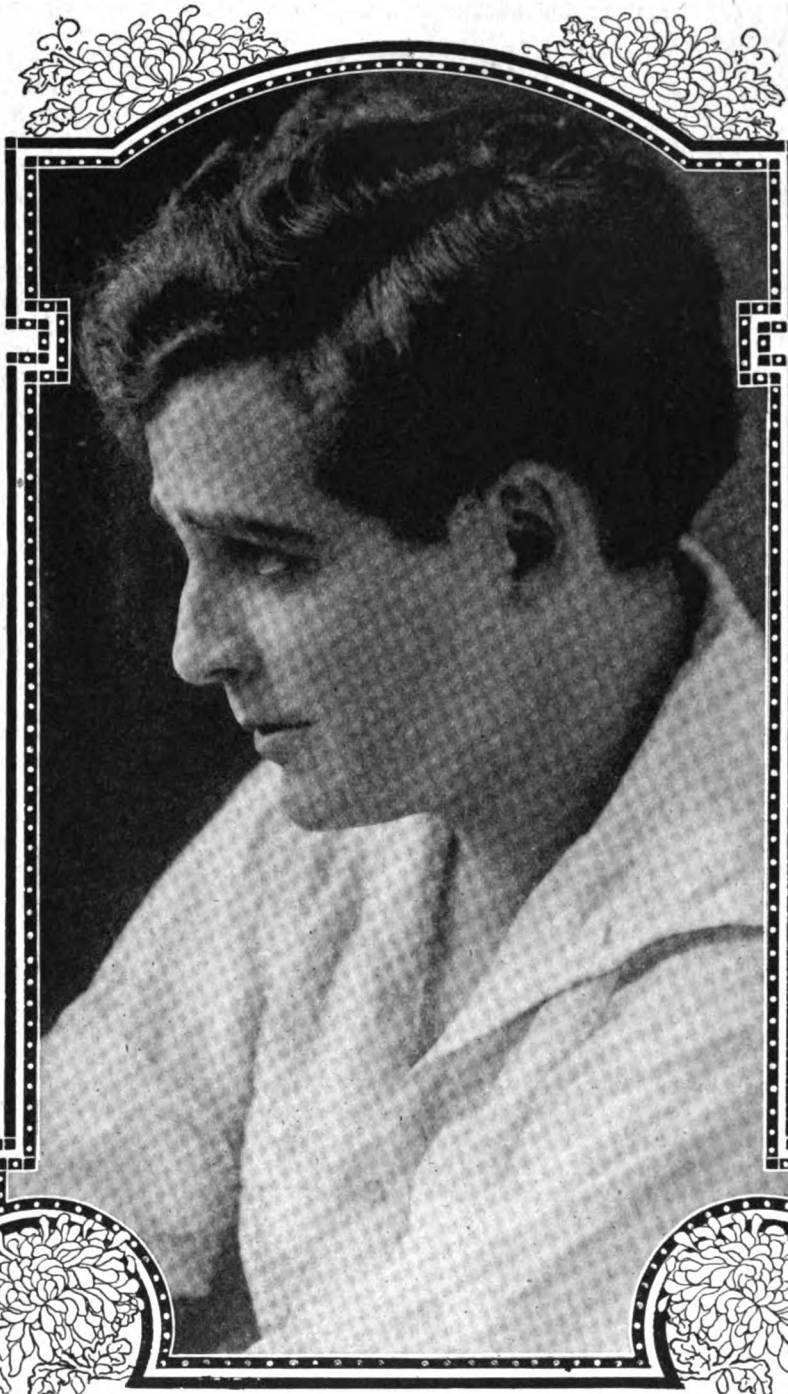
By Crane Wilbur, Ruth Roland and Norma Talmadge

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors are being published in the *MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, showing what the chances are for outsiders getting into the pictures and how to go about it. Every publication, producer, director and player is constantly flooded with inquiries asking How to Get In, and these articles are to cover the field exhaustively and conclusively by the greatest experts in the business. We urge every reader who is interested in the subject to read each and every article in the series, because we find that the opinions differ widely. Some of the writers seem to encourage beginners, while others plainly discourage them. We also urge parents to read these articles carefully because, sooner or later, they may have the problem to solve in their own household. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting persons to try to get into this already overcrowded business; but at the same time we wish to show that there is still room for certain classes of applicants, and we desire to point out the best methods to bring their qualifications before the proper persons.

By CRANE WILBUR

**T**HAT question is asked of me many, many times, and I usually suit my reply to the result of the mental summing up I give the person who puts the question. There are many that I seriously advise not to waste their time trying to "get-in," for why encourage false hopes in the mind of one who is unfitted for such a profession, only to have those hopes shattered by bitter disappointment?

(Fifty-seven)



CRANE WILBUR

Conditions in this business are about the same as in any other line of endeavor. Of course there are many photoplayers out of work; but for all

of that, there's always room for real talent, if it can only get itself discovered. There's the secret of success in this work—how to bring your talent to the light of day; provided, of course, that you possess said talent.

Past experience is most desirable, but not absolutely essential. I could name many successful ones who entered the game without any previous experience. As to type, it depends absolutely upon what line of work you wish to follow. He or she who would play leading "straight" rôles,—I mean the hero or heroine of a story—should possess youth and some claim to good looks. They should have a good sound education, be well-read, and they should also have the knowledge and means to dress correctly and in good taste. For one who would play such parts, a good appearance is absolutely necessary. To be successful, they should also possess a vivid imagination. I mean by that, that when they are given a part to play they should be able to "imagine themselves into it"; they should be able to feel every emotion that is supposed to move the character they are playing. Those who enjoy and understand good books, who can see the characters of the story live in their mind's eye, are mentally fitted to become photoplayers, and, provided they possess the physical requirements I have named above, they stand a good chance of success.

Of course all photoplay stories are

not made up of heroes and heroines; it takes all kinds of people to make a world—and a picture, too. Good comedies are always in great demand, and, consequently, good comedians to play them. Those who are anxious to enter the field know in their hearts just what they would like to do and what they are fitted for, and that's the line of work they should try for, and nothing else.

If you live in a city where Moving Pictures are taken, or near one, it is advisable to call at the studios in person. Do not come unprepared. If possible, get introduced to one of the directors, or the managing director, by some influential person. Bring several good, large photos that show you at your best. Money invested in such photos will be most profitable if you are really in earnest. And right here I would like to say that only those who are in deadly earnest should ever try to get in the pictures. Curious ones and trifling idlers will soon be found out and shown the door. It is a most serious business, in which millions of dollars have been invested, and producers have so much at stake that they don't like to be trifled with.

An application by letter must be most unusual to receive serious consideration; that is, provided you have had no experience and are not known. Motion Picture studios are located in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. If you have the time and the means to visit these places, do so, and make your applications in person. And when you go, go prepared to stay awhile—"Rome wasn't built in a day!" If such a visit is impossible and you must make your application by mail, send two good photographs with your letter; have them taken especially by the best photographer you can find, one full figure and one bust picture. Do not send any foolish little snapshots or cheap photos of any kind—they'll go in the waste-basket. Have your letter typewritten on the most expensive stationery you can find, and make it short and to the point. State truthfully and clearly what experience you have or have not had, and, if you possess any athletic qualifications, name them. Suggest that you are willing to begin on the lowest possible salary. Naturally you will be expected to, anyway. One who climbs a ladder don't start in the middle.

I really do not advise any one to begin as an "extra." By the word "extra" I mean the usual hanger-on who picks up a day's work when he

can, and who is content to loiter about the waiting-room day by day on the chance that he will be called in. No producer has any respect for such a person, and this kind of an "extra" will always be an "extra." If you get a chance to do a "bit," no matter how small it is, suggest to the director, or the person who engages you, that you are willing to work on any sort of weekly guarantee, no matter how small the amount may be. Tell him you are afraid the word "extra" will stick to you and hold you back—and it surely

quickly catch on. Above all things, an influential introduction is the best way; if you can get one honestly, do so, and play it over the board!

In closing, I would like to say one thing to the young girls who are anxious to enter this profession: I would like them to digest this statement sensibly and then read it to their mothers and fathers. Much has been said and written about the so-called "temptations" that are supposed to exist in the life led by girls upon the stage and in the pictures. I have had considerable experience in both branches of the art, and it is my belief that any really good woman will stay good no matter where you put her. If you enter this business you'll be all right to the end if your heart was all right in the beginning. Good luck to you all!

NORMA TALMADGE,

Writing from the Train on Her Way East, Sends a Frank and Encouraging Letter to Would-be Studio Actresses

DEAR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

It is awfully hot on my trip across the continent, and from my car window I can see that the cows and horses and all the green things are suffering from the heat. But they are no hotter than I am, and my heat comes from enthusiasm. You have been so good to me in the past, that anything that I can do for your wonderful Magazine—a friend indeed to all studio folk—will rally my pen and myself at all times to your assistance.

I think the summer is a poor time for applicants to apply at the studios; for just at present, production has slumped on account of the closing of many city theaters for the summer, and the rush of applicants seems to be unusually large just now. In the early fall there are usually many changes both in cast and production. Lots of traveling companies are sent out, and there are at least a hundred migrations from New York to Florida, each with its company in search of new locations.

The day is over when amateurs can make a success in Motion Pictures because they are amateurs. Now they must succeed in spite of being amateurs. I don't think beauty is an essential. A personality which is so pronounced that it will show a person's character is an essential more important than beauty. In a way, it is beauty, too, for a strong personality shows beauty of character, soul and heart. It is by these things that we learn to read the faces of our

(Fifty-eight)



NORMA TALMADGE

will. Above all things, do not become discouraged, and do not be afraid to step to the front and ask loudly and boldly, yet respectfully withal, for the thing you are after. Timidity don't get you a thing in the outer office of a Moving Picture studio. If you hang back, shy and embarrassed, the office-boys and the telephone girls will walk all over you, and they won't let you see anybody. Assumed importance sometimes works wonders with the underlings; but, of course, you must know how to handle it, for they are wonderfully worldly-wise, and if you make a slip they'll



favorites on the screen, and to love them. A young girl or young man should not stint herself or himself in trying to enter a studio. A selection of photographs in all kinds of poses are a valuable asset, and if you can register simple emotions effectively, it would be a very good idea to have a few feet of film taken of yourself to exhibit at the studio where you apply. The expense of both photographs and film would probably run from \$50 to \$100.

I think the time is soon coming when all studios will carry a large number of young women and young men in stock. In many cases their salaries will be modest; but it is so important nowadays to have the bits of business of minor characters done well, that the studios cannot count upon the ability of impromptu "extras." Sometimes the plot hangs upon a clever bit of business done by a minor character, and, as stories grow better and truer to life, this will hold more and more importance.

In the Fine Arts studio at Los Angeles, which I have just left to come East for an engagement with the same company in New York, I knew intimately a number of the girls in stock who had started as "extras." It is needless to say that they were the survival of the fittest, and that many others are qualified to be only the humblest sort of "extras."

My own experience in getting into Motion Pictures was interesting, but commonplace. I had grown up in Flatbush, near the Vitagraph studio, and had set my heart on being one of their players. One day, when I was sixteen years old, I went there alone and made application to become one of their actresses. Much to my delight, I was given a small place in stock at a salary of \$25 a week. After that I did not let my first success spoil me, but worked hard and earnestly under all sorts of trying conditions, until the management took notice of me and began to give me more important parts.

My career was shaped a good deal by able directors, who took unlimited pains in helping me become a trained actress. I think this is true of every studio. There are always directors who are anxious to encourage talent if they can discover a young girl in the ranks who has personality, pleasing manners, attractive mannerisms, a ready sense of grasping instructions, and who can take advantage of criticism. Such "finds," when trained and developed, reflect great credit upon their instructors. So I believe that the studios themselves will be the broad training-school for most of our coming screen players.

Please give my love and respect to every one connected with the Magazine, and believe me,

Most sincerely,  
NORMA TALMADGE.

(Fifty-nine)

### By RUTH ROLAND

So many articles have been written, are being written and will be written concerning the player known as "extra," that, like the usual after-dinner speech, there seems to be little left to say. And yet somehow there is a great deal that I could say about "getting into the pictures."

Day after day at a studio one will see many being turned away from the employment office with the information that "there is nothing today," and yet the stream of applicants continues. I believe that when pictures were first being made—Motion Pictures—so many then ridiculed them, and those who worked in them, and would not apply for positions, that at that time it was difficult to obtain players. And then pictures became a factor to be reckoned with, and, growing in popularity with



RUTH ROLAND

the public, they also grew in popularity with players—and other people; people, men and women, who from every walk in life flocked to what they heard of as "easy work"—playing for the camera. And they continue to come, without much thought as to their suitability for this work beyond the idea that it is a fascinating sort of work—long rides in automobiles, short hours, and long, very long, remuneration. This is what a great many bring as their claim for work before the camera. It would be as sensible for me to undertake to be a bank-cashier without further training for the position, as it is for some people who haunt employment bureaus for work as Motion Picture actors.

There is the player who has dramatic

experience, both on the stage and very often previously before the camera, who at this time cannot obtain work beyond one or two days a week, perhaps not even this, but whose work in life is being an actor. To these I give my every assistance and good thought to help them along their way, and wish there could be more work. But for those who seek Motion Picture work as "something to do," I would say, first, Give your own talents and brains deep thought, and then choose sewing, stenography, nursing—the profession suited to you; but don't put on your hat and run to the first employment bureau, or office of a Motion Picture concern, and ask for work. So many need this work that are fitted for it.

A certain class of the public, seeing and realizing the futility of the overcrowded market for players for the silent drama, and realizing, too, the many unthinking people who, absolutely unsuited to its work, are flocking to it and its so-called "easy money," that they have started up a by-product, as it were—schools of dramatic training; schools for scenario writing; schools for every branch of Motion Picture work. And the foolish ones—virgins and otherwise—see in these schools, and their clever, lurid advertisements, a certain entrance to the Hall of Fame thru the white canvas square; and savings that should go for other things, the daily needs of life in many instances, are given to the managers of these schools. At the end of the "training," a letter is given the now competent and talented actor, and he is sent forth, to be told by many employment offices of Moving Picture concerns that his "training" is almost useless, and in many cases (depending on the letter of the "school") worse than useless.

There are those who have never been before the camera, and who possess talent for the work, and the knowledge of this talent, and these must "have a chance." I think application in person, where it is possible, with photographs showing different poses, is the best way to obtain a hearing, and intelligent consideration of an individual as one to become a player. There are offices in almost every Motion Picture studio where certain hours of each day are given to interviewing applicants for work, where those desiring a hearing will be met with courtesy and frankness. Competent men and women are in charge of these offices and give consideration to those applying, and are competent to judge the qualifications of the applicant, and their suitability to whatever parts are open. Those who cannot apply in person should enclose addressed envelope, stamped, for a return reply, and send photographs.

(To be continued next month)

# "Splash Me, But--- A Revue of the

TO MAKE THAT TARRY OLD SINNER, NEPTUNE, SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE IS THE AMBITION OF FRITZI BRUNETTE, THE CHIC SELIG STAR. THIS IS HER WEDDING-GOWN AS A "BRIDE OF THE SEA"

SHALL WE BE "WETS" OR "DRYS"? IS THE ALL-ABSORBING QUESTION THAT BILLIE RHODES, THE NESTOR STAR-FISH, IS WHISPERING UNDER HER SUN-SHADE TO EVE STRAWN

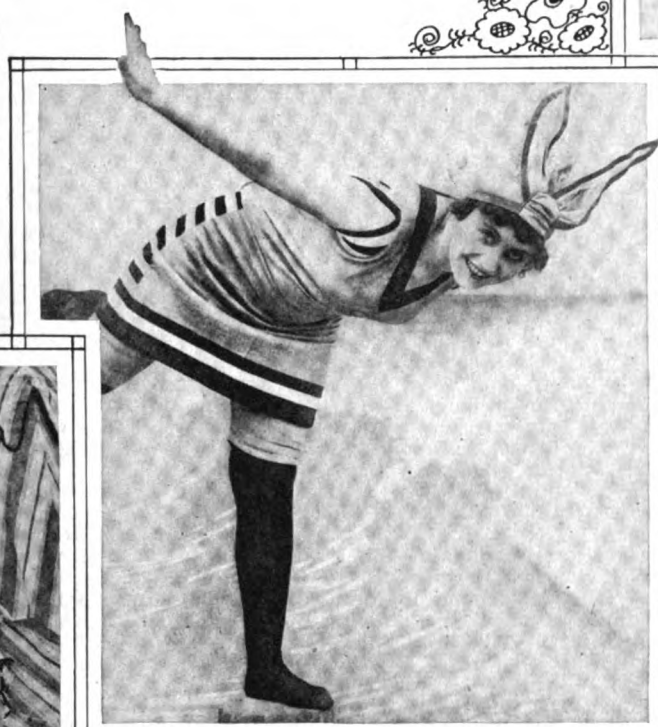
BETTY COMPTON, THE CHRISTIE COMÉDIENNE, HAS JUST COME OUT OF THE BRINY AND HAS HUNG HERSELF UP TO DRY

(Sixty)

# Dont Pull Me Under!"

## 1916 Wet Parade

EVE STRAWN, THE PALLAS NYMPH, IS POISED BETWEEN THE PLEASURE OF HER DIVE AND THE ECSTASY OF HAVING HER PICTURE "TOOK"



JACKIE SAUNDERS, THE BALBOA MERMAID, IS HAILING ANOTHER SEA-ROVER—SEX UNDISCLOSED—AND WE CAN HAZARD A GUESS THAT SHE WANTS A CONVOY IN HER SWIM ROUND THE CHANNEL-BUOY

"YOUR OCEAN IS READY, SIR," SEENA OWEN, THE TRIANGLE LEAD, SEEMS TO BE SAYING; "HOW WILL YOU HAVE IT—HOT OR COLD?" SEENA IS MORE THAN A STAR—SHE'S "THE LITTLE DIPPER"





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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopedia in existence.

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ADDRESS.....

A RANCH GIRL.—The characters are not the same in "The Fall of a Nation" as in "The Birth of a Nation." A different photo of me than the one above? Nay, nay. Kittens Reichert is about four years old.

J. A. P.—No, Mirror haven't released as yet. In spite of my age, I still enjoy a hearty laugh. When young, most people have all they can do to keep from laughing when they shouldn't; and when old, they have all they can do to laugh when they should. Percival, Percival, come hither.

K. S. P., PORT HURON.—What could be sweeter? The last interview with Clara K. Young was in the May 1913 Magazine. Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual. Carlyle Blackwell with Solax.

LYDIA, PHILADELPHIA.—Johnnie Walker was Larry in "The Man from Nowhere." I guess that you and I became friends too quickly. Friendships quickly formed are often quickly ended, for how can we love a friend we do not know?

JULIA A. F., BAYVILLE.—I can't give you any more information about "How to Get In" than the players are giving. That's all very true—the face is often the fortune of some and the ruin of others.

VANITY KIDS.—Creighton Hale was born in Ireland 25 years ago. Richard C. Travers is a doctor, a soldier of fortune, a warrior, and a man about town, and was brought up in the great Northwest which he pictures so well.

MELVA.—That's right, I know I promised you a picture of Robert Leonard for the Gallery. We haven't received new pictures from him for some time.

PETER B.—William A. Brady's first production on the stage was "She." E. H. Calvert and Lillian Drew in "The Clutch of Circumstances" (Essanay). Rapley Holmes and Richard Travers in "The Buffer." Sheldon Lewis was Lemuel, and Nell Craig was Dominica in "Braga's Double" (Essanay). Richard Travers was Captain and Lillian Drew opposite him in "Vain Justice."

ROSE C.—Ruth Stonehouse and Richard Travers in "Surgeon Warren's Ward." Wallace Beery in "Education." Bryant Washburn and Charlotte Mineau in "Rule Sixty-three." Guy Oliver was with Lubin. He was a cub reporter once.

SUNNY SAMMY.—Thanks for the pictures. Yes, your handwriting is very good. I enjoyed your little chat.

JULIA D., BROOKLYN.—Come on, there, tortoise, speed up! I got tired reading thru nine pages of your interesting letter only to find one little question tucked away in the last corner. Yes; Robert Edeson played two parts in "Fathers of Men"—really three.

EMMEY H.—You certainly put the ball right over the plate in your criticism. Mabel Normand is in Los Angeles, Wallace Reid also; Theda Bara in New York, and Florence Lawrence in New Jersey. Frank Keenan was Elihu and Mary Boland was Mary in "Stepping Stones."

LILOLA.—Norma Phillips was June in "Run-

away June." Marguerite Snow was the leading woman in "The Woman in White." Lawrence White was Lafayette in "Friend Wilson's Daughter." I am not acquainted with any of those Motion Picture promoters, and never bought any stock. Those promoters are usually fellows who exchange brain for capital, and keep both.

BINGO.—You might try it. Hazel Dawn and Wilmuth Merkyl in "Niobe." Yes, "The Battle Cry of Peace" is being shown yet. Likewise "The Island of Regeneration." Tefft Johnson was Thomas in "The House on the Hill."

ANNA H., HARTFORD.—Thanks for the warning, but I always suspected that my charms were such as to cause thousands of women to be after me. The heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to, but I do not intend to let them fasten onto me. You will see more of Warren Kerrigan's productions. You know he has been playing in that serial.

RUDOLPHUS, 11.—Tom Forman was born on a Texas ranch in 1893, and attended the Texas State University. He has fair hair, hazel eyes, and stands five feet ten inches. He is an all-around athlete. Your letter was splendid.

WHEELER-BAYNE.—Of course that's true about George Cooper going into the movies when he lost his voice while with Fiske O'Hara. Yes, send in as many coupons as you can get. No; Frank Mayo did not play in the "Mary Page" series. Only Edna Mayo. New York Evening Mail, 15 W. 44th St., New York City. Where did you learn to write such clever letters?

ROGER BEAN.—You refer to the Fairbank Twins in "The Little Girl Next Door." It was not an Essanay, but an Edison. That's all right.

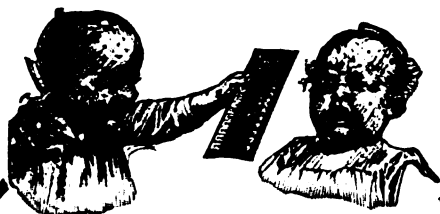
MABEL T. C.—The Old Testament miracles, known as the Ten Plagues, were: Water made blood; frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils and blain, thunder and hail, locusts, darkness, first-born slain, and parting of the Red Sea. Look it up. Rosetta Brice was born in Sunbury, Penn., in 1892.

GABRIEL F.—Of course I am not angry with you. How could I be? I am terribly sorry that your answers did not appear. I do not know how many times Nat Goodwin married, but I think he has had at least four different wives. He has probably been trying to get a good one. Mind you, he did not have more than one at one time. That would be polygamy. Where there is only one wife at a time it is called monogamy.

EDWARD EARLE ADMIRER.—Not sure about Edward Earle. Louise Vale is with Universal, having left Biograph. If you and the others keep on working for Edward Earle he will win. Of course I like him.

LYDIA H.—Thanks for the fee. I usually have for breakfast some desecrated codfish and buttermilk, and for a cereal, bath-brushes and cream. Yes, indeed, Bessie Love is coming along fast. Yes, I'll remember you.

(Sixty-two)



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(Sixty-three)

MILBURN H., COUNCIL BLUFFS.—The doctor was not cast. I like William Farnum's acting very much—he is so manly and virile. If man is the lord of creation, woman is the lady of recreation. Fruit and flowers for the fourth, wedding anniversaries. But no lemons are allowed.

MATHILDA B., OSWEGO.—See here, this is no matrimonial bureau, but I will say that I see no objections to marriage between persons of unequal age. Mohammed at 20 married a wife at 40. Shakespeare married Ann Hathaway, who was seven years his senior. Dr. Johnson married a lady twice his age, and Jennie Lind was ten years older than the man she married. I know lots of other cases, too. Your five minutes are up—ring off, please!

ROBERT WARWICK ADMIRER.—Antonio Moreno was Harry, Muriel Ostriche was Kate in "Kennedy Square" (Vitagraph). Lorraine Huling was Gladys Lorimer in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" (American). Mary Pickford and Harold Lockwood in "Tess of the Storm Country." Come right along, and don't be afraid.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Hope you were not frightened when you saw the Answer Man. You see, you still live. Thank you for the little visit.

HERMAN.—Is this it? How many sick ones wish they were healthy? How many beggars wish they were wealthy? How many ugly ones wish they were pretty? How many stupid ones wish they were witty? How many bachelors wish they were married? How many benedicts wish they had tarried? Single or double, life's full of trouble; riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

ESTHER S., MEMPHIS.—I don't know, either, what the trouble is. Earle Williams has been playing in "The Scarlet Runner" ever since he finished "The Goddess." I know the public want to see him, and he is anxious to see the public, but somehow Vitagraph aren't ready to release it. Why don't you complain? Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn in 1888.

A RANCH GIRL.—Mary Malatesta was the girl in "Count Twenty" (Biograph). No to your second. Julie Cruze played in "A Million Dollar Mystery." No. Helen Gibson with Kalem and Helen Holmes with Signal. The latter was formerly with Kalem. Billy Elmer was Rafferty in "Kindling."

MARIE T., DELAWARE.—Why don't the modistes (they used to be "dressmakers" when prices were lower) wake up? Of Elizabeth Drew, I think it was Oscar Eagle who said, "Give me a woman, regardless of looks, who can wear clothes, and I will make a star of her in six months." Of course he could not have been thinking of Miss Drew with "regardless of looks."

IVAN W. DICKSON.—No, I did not work on the 4th of July. My day out shooting off firecrackers. Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot" (Universal). She was born in Hoboken, but she has gotten over it. When you said the girl with the wink, I knew you meant her or Cissy Fitzgerald.

ELTON T.—On account of the studios in and around New York being widely scattered, there is no large screen colony such as there is in Los Angeles. Many of the players of New York live on Long Island, N. Y., and in various suburbs. Pearl White is one of the most recent ones to set up as a "country gentleman," her home being at Bayside, L. I. Lubin's first picture was a half-reeler, entitled "Horse Eatin' Hay."

MARTIN T.—Norma Talmadge is playing in the East. You want to see her on the cover, do you? Well, we haven't room for them all.

MERMAID.—The average Moving Picture exhibitor around here is a man of few words, and these are generally disagreeable ones. Glad to hear that you are so cool. How could I help keeping cool with so many fans?



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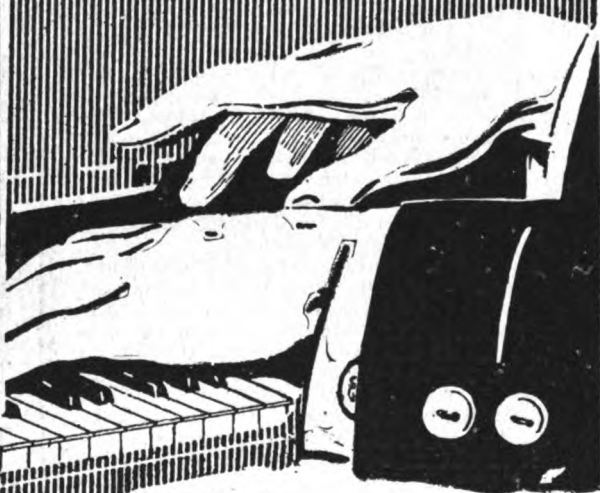
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LEAPING FISH.—Yes, I liked those Leaping Fish in that play. Fairbanks was real funny. Of course he is popular. Yes, he looks to be in fine health, and I guess he is a pretty good sort of fellow. Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Yes, everybody is free to give his opinions, except lawyers, and they sell theirs. Lawyers are a necessary nuisance.

RACHAEL D., MIDDLEPORT.—Men like Griffith, Ince and Sennet have not always had smooth sailing. Genius is an infinite capacity for overcoming the opposition of mediocrities. Triangle is not prospering.

EDITH T.—Violet Cameron in Victor. Yes, she used to Salome it with little Gertie Hoffman; and Salome, if she were living, would be mighty catty about it, too. Helen Case in "The Kick-out" (Knickerbocker). She is "horsey," and last year was Western Vitagraph's rough-rider.

DOLPH.—The real can never equal the imagined, and it is easy to create ideals, but difficult to realize them. That was Marie Empress in "The Firefly" (Famous Players), not Lina Cavalieri, to whom she bears a remarkable likeness and for whom she is often mistaken.

MARION.—Antoinette Walker, supporting Henry Walthall, is a cousin of Walker Whiteside, and formerly played with him on the stage. Alas, alack! Woe is me!

Dor O. G. A.—Good-morrow! Heap much thanks for the pencils.

### POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

Here is some advance information on how the leaders stood, on July 26th, in the contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

Mary Pickford.....	76,295
Marguerite Clark.....	68,826
Warren Kerrigan.....	52,940
Francis X. Bushman.....	50,650
Anita Stewart.....	39,280
Pearl White.....	39,085
Theda Bara.....	39,045
Edward Earle.....	38,335
Henry Walthall.....	37,140
Wallace Reid.....	35,514
Earle Williams.....	30,760
William Farnum.....	29,725
Harold Lockwood.....	29,240
William Sherwood.....	28,555
Wm. S. Hart.....	27,985
Grace Cunard.....	27,675
Pauline Frederick.....	22,715
Alexander Gaden.....	22,710
Ruth Roland.....	22,350
Nellie Anderson.....	20,635
Beverly Bayne.....	19,840
Blanche Sweet.....	18,755
Mary Fuller.....	18,080
Mary Miles Minter.....	17,765
Crane Wilbur.....	17,685
Marguerite Snow.....	17,500
Robert Warwick.....	17,290
Mary Anderson.....	16,965
Dustin Farnum.....	16,260
Nell Craig.....	14,920
Florence LaBadie.....	14,685
Carlyle Blackwell.....	14,520
Olga Petrova.....	13,200
Norma Talmadge.....	11,750
Clara K. Young.....	11,500
Bryant Washburn.....	11,355
Creighton Hale.....	11,090
Cleo Madison.....	10,735
Edna Mayo.....	10,710
Charles Chaplin.....	10,675
Antonio Moreno.....	10,640
Edith Storey.....	10,510
Francis Ford.....	10,450
Marguerite Courtot.....	10,420
Ella Hall.....	10,225
Lillian Gish.....	10,120
Harris Gordon.....	10,070

(Sixty-four)



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Herbert Brenon, the director par excellence who produced "Neptune's Daughter" and "A Daughter of the Gods," featuring Annette Kellermann, has agreed to disagree with the Fox Company, and will start a studio of his own. He is partial to women stars, and his first picture will probably introduce Mary Garden, who out-Salomed Salome in grand opera.

Bathing-suit pictures are now the vogue, and Mary Miles Minter is the latest star to succumb to the charms of being "shot in the wet." In "Youth's Endearing Charms" the pony favorite insisted on swimming far out, until after nightfall, much to the consternation of the special beach patrol who were her sea chaperons.

The early fall migration of players has begun, and the following changes of players are of noteworthy interest: James Young, after a series of lightning changes, is now with Lasky to direct Blanche Sweet; Cyril Chadwick has wended from Thanhouser to Famous Players; Harold Vosburgh has deserted Terriss Films for Famous Players; Keystone has captured Charles Arling from Lasky; the Kalem Company has persuaded Priscilla Dean to come over from the Vogue forces; Mahlon Hamilton has decided that his chances are better with Metro than with Famous Players; Billie Quirk will direct Max Figman and Lolita Robertson for the Rolma Company; Alice Hollister, in association with William Howell and George K. Hollister, is going in for juvenile pictures to be produced in Jacksonville; the Ivan Company has persuaded Louise Vale to transfer her baggage from the Biograph camp, and Frances NeMoyer has fittted from the Lubin breastworks to the Kalem trenches. Quite a little merry-go-round in these days of rapid changes.

The admirers of Alice Joyce will know where to find her for some time to come. Recently she joined the Vitagraph Company to play the feminine lead in one picture only, "The Battle Cry of War"; but now Miss Joyce has decided to make the Vitagraph Company her permanent studio home.

It is with deep sorrow and reluctance that we announce that Roscoe Arbuckle, the beloved roly-poly of the films, has been sent to Sing Sing prison, N. Y. Roscoe's confinement is voluntary, as he can get out whenever he wants to, and it's simply a case of "putting another star in stripes."

The vast army of Little Mary Pickford's friends will be pleased to hear that she is already back in harness, and is now rehearsing a new Famous Players' picture, after an absence of several months. Her rôle will be entirely new, and the scenes are laid in India.

Valkyrien, the Danish beauty, has joined the Fox Company, and her first venture will be a deep-sea drama.

Another important capture from the footlights is Ralph Herz, who was last seen on Broadway in "Ruggles of Red Gap." He will brighten a series of one-reel comedies for the Metro Company, the first of which is "The Lady Killer."

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne, co-starring in Romeo and Juliet, recently had a discouraging if not thrilling experience at Brighton Beach, N. Y. During the taking of a scene "on the streets of Verona," a terrific storm arose and demolished the medieval Italian city, driving the stars to cover in the nearest shelters. The toppling walls and vivid flashes of lightning all around them were hazardous and untoward realism.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has returned to Los Angeles, where he will fill a three months' engagement with the Fine Arts Company, starting in and producing a repertoire of Shakespearian photoplays.

The clandestine marriage of Bernice Selbeck, a famous dancer, to Earl Page, of the Universal Company, has just come to our ears. The wedding was performed at midnight after a hurry call upon a justice, and contained all the thrills of a runaway couple.

Eleanor Woodruff, who starred in Vitagraph's "Island of Surprise," has just returned from a long tramp thru the Green Mountains, and has joined the Frohman Amusement Company. Her first production will be in "Jaffrey," from the William J. Locke novel of that name.

Herschel Mayall, of Kay-Bee; Edwin Cecil, of Biograph; Joseph Levering, of Solax; Glen White, of Universal, and Marian Swayne, of Thanhouser, have all been gathered into the Fox encampment in one fell swoop.

Fritzi Brunette, the charming Selig comédienne, known in private life as Mrs. William Robert Daly, recently entertained the Selig West Coast players at a dinner party in her Los Angeles home. The occasion was the second anniversary of her marriage.

In appreciation of their charming work in a recent picture in support of William S. Hart, this portrayal of rugged western parts has sprung a delightful surprise upon little Frances Carpenter and George Stone, two of the Fine Arts child players. Each received a silver loving cup, monogrammed with their initials and those of their likable donor.

Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are in a hurry to finish up the remaining episodes of "Peg o' the Ring." With the finis of the serial the co-stars are looking forward to a location-hunting trip to Honolulu.

Charles Richman and Arline Pretty, who are the headliners in Vitagraph's coming serial, "The Secret Kingdom," are putting some rather lively action into their work. Some of their adventures are as hazardous and risky as Keystone comedy stuff—aerial swings from house-roof to house-roof, etc.—but they have been accomplished so far without an accident.

All reports to the contrar, Fanny Ward, who starred under the Lasky banner with such success in "The Cheat" and "The Gutter Magdalene," is on her way from New York to the West Coast to resume her connections, and to begin a production of a photodrama entitled "Each Pearl a Tear," which apparently is in the sob-story class.

(Sixty-six)



Marguerite Clark is not yet lost to picturedom, and in her coming production, "Little Lady Eileen," a raft of little studio children in the guise of fairy folk will support her.

May Allison, at present in the Thousand Islands, N. Y., was delightfully surprised by a dinner party given in honor of her eighteenth birthday. She was led blindfolded into the dining-room, and her eyes were unmasked, to discover her friends around the beautifully decorated table, with glasses raised for a toast.

The super-courageous Douglas Fairbanks is recovering from a recent painful accident in which he was shot in the eyes at close range with the charge from a blank cartridge. Begoggled and bandage-covered, the only Douglas threatens to return to the studio at once, despite his damaged optics.

The shark scare we hope is transitory, but the original studio fish is dainty Marguerite Clayton, of Essanay, who has not missed her daily swim since the first day of June. She takes her dip at sunrise, too.

Helene Rosson is a naturalist. Her love of birds caused her to build some twenty little homes for stray song-birds in the mountains around Santa Barbara. These are now becoming as overcrowded with feathered tenants as the city tenements, and the municipal authorities have agreed to enlarge and assume Miss Rosson's work.

Carlyle Blackwell is off on a well-earned vacation. He has made himself a veritable "knight of the road" by starting to hoof it from Fort Lee, N. J., to Lake George, N. Y., a distance of some two hundred miles.

Alice Brady recently conducted a series of lectures in Chicago on "How to Get In," which were attended by some three thousand young girls with studio ambitions.

J. Warren Kerrigan has blossomed forth with an autobiography in book form, entitled "How I Became a Motion Picture Star." 'Tis said that it is grabbed off the counter like hot-cakes.

The Universal Company is deeply indebted to Marie Walcamp for her recent actions during a real fire in Universal City. Miss Walcamp not only succeeded in getting a lot of the animals out of the danger zone, but braved the flames to rescue a lot of recently completed films that the firemen had forgotten.

Mary Fuller is the first screen star to appear in "sport trousers." They are tight-fitting, dainty little striped affairs that peep beneath a short skirt, and are rounded out with white silk stockings. She carries a cane with them, of course, which is modeled after the "swagger sticks" of the English Tommy Atkins.

Edna Mayo has been adventuring in the dells of the Wisconsin River, in the taking of her coming feature, "The Return of Eve," a charming modern fantasy of the Garden of Eden type.

Ruth Stonehouse is the first woman to be electrocuted in screenland. In her latest play, "The Saintly Sinner," she undergoes all the terrors of the Sing Sing death-chamber; but, of course, she isn't shocked.

Clara Williams, the petite and appealing ingénue of the Kay-Bee wigwam, has been raised to the rank of a full-fledged star, and will hereafter play title rôles, name parts and emotional leads in the film firmament.

Claire McDowell, for over five years a sterling favorite with the Biograph Company, has been secured by the Universal Company, and will make her first appearance in a romantic drama, "Sea Mates."

(Sixty-seven)



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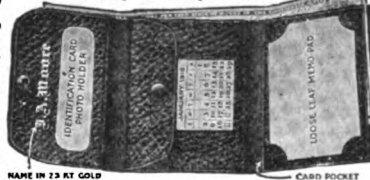
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## Marin "Versatile" Sais

(Continued from page 56)

passed to the prize photograph of the collection. I looked my doubt. "Yes," declared Miss Sais, "it's a cake I am making, and it was a real cake, too. If you don't believe me, ask any of the players around the studio, for they all had some of it, and they cried for more. Now I'm becoming boastful, but it's because I am getting to something I like to boast about—my home. I could talk all day about the pretty bungalow, the Rhode Island Reds, the pigeons, and what not. They take every minute of my spare time when I am not riding 'cross-country on Blue Devil. Now that I am getting plenty of riding in the making of the pictures, the bungalow gets all my spare time."

Until a few months ago Miss Sais had thirty-five head of horses in the Kalem corral at Glendale, but in May she completed the purchase of a ranch in Utah and shipped the horses to that property. It is her ambition, Miss Sais states, to some day play in real life the part she is now taking in "The Girl from Frisco," and guide the destinies of a big stock farm just as the heroine of the Kalem series manages her father's vast irrigation, mining, oil and cattle interests.

"But I suppose," she sighed, "that, like all other players, I'll never be able to tear myself away from the studio. We all have our ambitions, and like to talk about them till we bore people, but there's a fascination and charm to the screen work that we are never able to give up. We just keep on playing day after day and telling ourselves that soon we will realize our pet ambitions. Like as not, we wouldn't be away from the studio two months when we would be seeking to get back into the harness again. But, then, there is a lot of fun in looking forward to these ambitions, anyway, even if we never do realize them."

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(Sixty-eight)

## When the Stars Appear

An Up-to-the-Minute Résumé of Popular Players' Plays During August

At the request of thousands of readers who desire to find out, at a glance, when and in what photoplays the leading players will appear, we give here with a condensed list of releases during August, but it is impossible to cover all.

Dorothy Davenport (Universal)—"The Yoke of Gold," a tense portrayal of the pitfalls of wealth.

Marie Doro (Lasky)—"Common Ground," modern character-drama.

Hazel Dawn and Owen Moore (Famous Players)—"Under Cover," a picturization of the society crook stage-play.

Helen Holmes (Signal)—"Judith of the Cumberlands," mountaineer drama.

Charles Chaplin (Mutual)—"One A. M.," Charlie's adventures in the home of a millionaire naturalist.

William Russell (American)—"The Man Who Would Not Die," the "man-who-finds-himself" type of drama.

Gertrude McCoy (Gaumont)—"Gates of Divorce," divorce problem drama.

Vivian Rich and Alfred Vosburg (American)—"Pastures Green," a refreshing love pastoral.

Edward Coxen (American)—"Out of the Rainbow," romantic intrigue-drama.

Anita Stewart (Vitagraph)—"The Daring of Diana," emotional drama, dealing with politics and the press.

Marguerite Clayton (Essanay)—"According to the Code," romantic Civil War drama.

Marin Sais and True Boardman (Kalem)—"The Girl from Frisco," a red-blooded serial of the West.

Hughie Mack (Vitagraph)—"A Cheap Vacation," a comedy camping misadventure.

Billie Burke (Kleine)—Installments of "Gloria's Romance," the romantic, adventurous career of a girl.

Bessie Barriscale (Triangle)—"The Payment," modern-life sex drama.

Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley (Balboa)—"The Grip of Evil," a serial melodrama.

Lina Cavalieri (Pathé)—"The Shadow of Her Past," emotional drama.

Kathlyn Williams (Selig)—"The Ne'er-Do-Well," a picturization of Rex Beach's novel.

Annette Kellermann (Fox)—"A Daughter of the Gods," a super-feature with Oriental and sub-sea atmosphere.

Harold Lockwood and May Allison (Metro)—"The River of Romance," an idyllic love-adventure drama.

Henry B. Walthall (Essanay)—"The Sting of Victory," a character-study intense drama.

Edna Mayo (Essanay)—"The Return of Eve," a pastoral fantasy.

Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore (Famous Players)—"Rolling Stones," a comedy-drama of modern life.

Alice Brady (World)—"Miss Petticoats," a New England character-study drama.

Gail Kane and Gladden James (World)—"Paying the Price," a romantic sea drama.

Carlyle Blackwell and Muriel Ostriche (World)—"Sally in our Alley," an East Side heart-interest drama.

Earle Williams (Vitagraph)—"The Scarlet Runner," an automobile serial of romantic and adventurous interest.

Dorothy Gish (Fine Arts)—"Gretchen Blunders In," a N. Y. slum and crook story.

Lillian Walker (Vitagraph)—"Hesper of the Mountains," a city girl's Western heart triumphs.

Clara Kimball Young (C. K. Y. Corp.)—"The Story of Susan," emotional, heart-interest drama.

(Sixty-nine)



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## Shakespeare in Masque and on Screen

(Continued from page 30)

"In the acting of the play we had the tremendous advantage of Sir Herbert Tree's profound experience, and his excellent supporting cast, including Constance Collier, Wilfred Lucas, Spottiswoode Aitken, Mary Alden; and George Hill, the recognized camera expert, as the photographer.

"In spite of the fact that this was practically Sir Herbert's first picture experience, his adaptability and dramatic intelligence were of such a high order that, a week after the picture was started, he was playing like a screen veteran."

A further insight into the elaborate detail of the screen performance and the amount of research involved in its preparation is commented on by Ellis Wales, the studio librarian.

"A peek into Scotland in the early eleventh century," said Mr. Wales, "thru the microscopic glass of research, reveals so little of working material that the researchist is put to the utmost resourcefulness of research when attempting to supply accurate historical detail for 'Macbeth.'"

"All lovers of Shakespearean drama have often sought, by book and imaginative fancy, to picture the actual historic scenes of the time of Macbeth and Duncan, yet have found it difficult to reconcile historic facts with Shakespearean imagery and convenience.

"Shakespeare has Duncan the hoary-headed saint, yet history pictures him as a youth with a penchant for conquest and power. Shakespeare has Duncan murdered in Macbeth's castle, yet history has him assassinated by hirelings in a roadside inn.

"It is the purpose of Director John Emerson to reconcile the photoplay with the familiar stage version of 'Macbeth,' yet in a general way portray history in all its accuracy of detail, particularly in fabric and design of costume; war, court and household paraphernalia.

"The drama is of the period of barbaric festival, conquest of tribes and clans, physical supremacy, and masses of dramatic and chaotic incident that go to make history for the textbook. The photodrama, 'Macbeth,' therefore, is essentially an educational presentation of history, delineated with all the fire and skill of the world's greatest Shakespearean tragedian, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and the graceful, majestic, ambitious Lady Macbeth, by Constance Collier.

"In this photoplay panoramic scenes will be revealed, showing at one time five hundred camp-fires, thousands of torches, great cataracts of boiling pitch, marching masses of men at mid-

night, the terrific onslaught at Macbeth's castle, the weird, picturesque witches, who dominate the story, and Macbeth and Duncan walking directly out of the historic past, in all their eleventh century grandeur and fierceness, surrounded as they were by half-naked barbarians and gorgeously be-decked noblemen and women.

"Witches play dominating parts thruout the play, and in the cavern some of the most wonderful electrical and mechanical effects will be seen, and the apparition of the naked child, the tree and the crown, the skeletons, and the bubbles from the ground exploding in the air.

"On the heath the vivid display of storm and lightning, Macbeth riding in his own element. The battlefield—the beheading of Cawdor—the wild highlanders who fought in the old days stark naked. In the picture also are shown some wild dances of highlanders.

"We secured some special, large greyhounds, obtained at great rental expense—each dog valued at \$1,000—for use in the picture. We reproduced accurately the great gates and portcullis of Macbeth's castle—exact copy of the ancient gates, that work in full view of spectators—and the huge draw-bridge of Dunsinane Castle and the terrific battle there, scores of men falling from high walls into the moat below.

"The approach of Birnam Wood—always merely suggested on the stage—but in this photoplay the forest actually moves to Macbeth's castle at Dunsinane, thus fulfilling the witches' prophecy that Macbeth would meet his death with the 'coming of Birnam Wood.'"

## Deep-Sea Stuff

(Continued from page 25)

dashed off these lines, or else he could have commanded a director's fat salary. When the Mutual Company recently decided to picturize Wilkie Collins' tragic novel, "Armada," they were both literally and figuratively at sea as to how to stage the big scenes in which the false Allan Armada meets his death by drowning in the flooded stateroom of a steamship. The necessity for a large tank and elaborate mechanical devices stared them in the face, until the inspiration of building the stateroom set on dry land at ebb time, and of taking the picture during a rising tide, came to Director Richard Garrick. Time and tide wait for no man, but in the still hunt for deep-sea stuff the camera-man has taken both these aged impediments to man's progress by the forelock and led them a merry and submerged jig right under the eye of his camera.

(Seventy)



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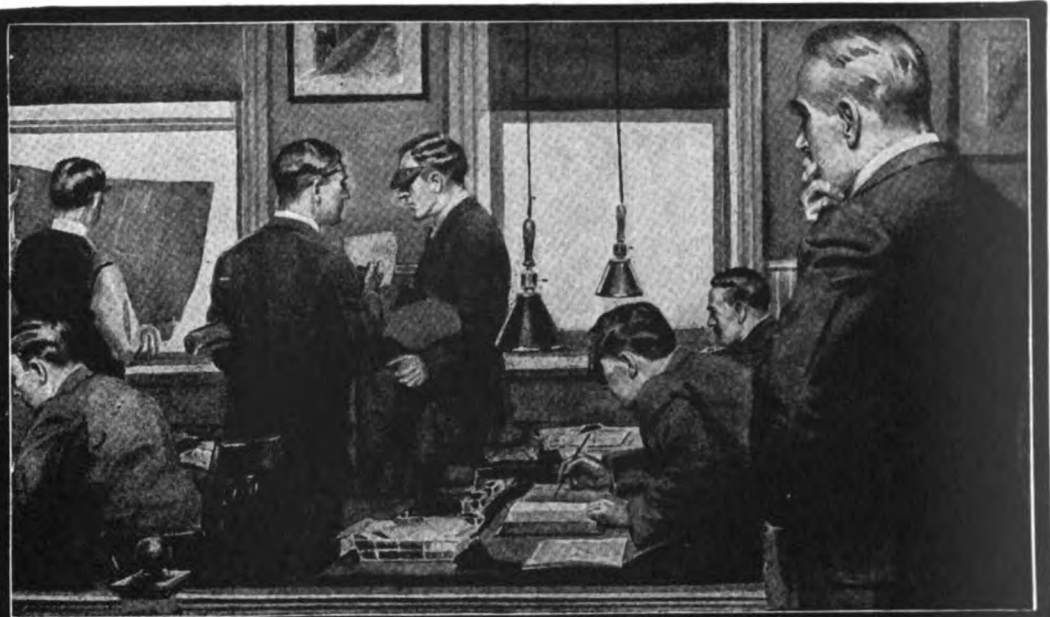
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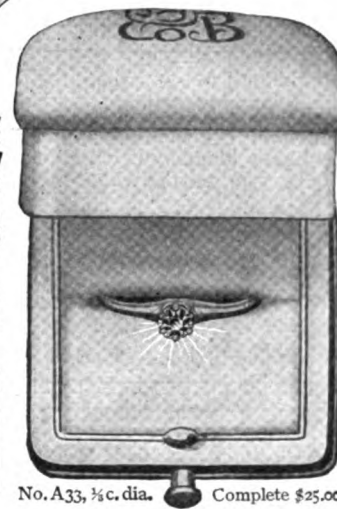
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# MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1916 NO. 2

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# "The Big Sister"

By Edwin M. La Roche

It is solemnly said that many a rose of a lass is born in the tenements to blush unseen and waste her sweetness on the refuse, venerable vegetable and factory-tainted air. Perfectly acceptable romance writers also aver that gilded and blue-blooded youths have a predilection for slumming after tenement roses, and wiving them after a month of higher education and antiseptic soap.

It listens good, but it isn't true to

(Thirteen)

form, nor to that other big policeman of good romance—life.

If said rose isn't level-headed, and the chances are she isn't, she sours on the honest job in the pickle-works and pines for her gilded youth to enter her life. And when he does, she's as soft as a jelly-fish, and in due time shatters herself all over the rocks.

Adjectives were made to express what we see in the other fellow. To

begin with, Betty was dirty and work-a-day and blunt. Besides that, she harbored valuable real estate under her finger-nails, and had the habit of snuffling skillfully on her sleeve. She gave what she got, and if told to depart to the Nether Regions asked the inviter to accompany her. She had read, while others slept, a novel by Laura Jean Libbey and was inclined to be persuaded.

A stray cat is brighter by far than

a milk-fed grimalkin, and Betty's wits were sharpened to the point of animal cunning. Her mother had died, bent stiffly over the tubs—a fitting recession for a drudge—and her father, "Big Tony," who never drew a sober breath, was the girl's chief bone of contention.

Where the tenement girl showed clean and rang true was in her care of her little brother, Jim. He had come into the world, friendless, long after his parents had fallen into their rôles of master and drudge, and his advent pained the weaker one and enraged the stronger.

After his mother's drab death, the destiny of little Jim was inherited by Betty. If any one had asked her why she was such a good big sister, she might have said, "Aw, he's me kid brudder—see?" And there's a lot of philosophy in that—as old as maternity, and a heap more helpful than the sorosity of kisses and confections.

She liked it. Sometimes of nights she read "Lovers Once But Strangers Now," and now and then Joe Kelly, the husky, young, Italian dock-hand, took her to the movies, or for a trolley-ride to the Bronx.

At the barge-trip up the Hudson, of the Longshoremen's Union, she had met "Nifty" Mendez, who owned a string of saloons and dance-halls, and was known as a "regular guy" by his envious patrons. He came around to the tenements afterwards, and, in the presence of the humbled Joe, invited her to a "swell blow-out."

Betty had been a bit dazzled since their first meeting. She had a few doubts about Nifty measuring up to the hero in the novel, and he didn't seem to have quite all the manner of the lovely men in the movies; but he certainly wore beautiful clothes and a swell diamond pin, and had his hair wonderfully combed and oiled in waves by a Bleecker Street tonsorial artist.

After the door had closed on his shapely back, Joe eased his feelings. "Dont go, kid," he advised with more or less self-interest; "dat dump of Nifty's 'll git youse in queer."

"I'm wise, Joe," she said. "I aint de kind wot'll fall f'r de soft stuff." Just the same, she had decided to go.

The eventful night swung around quicker than her makeshift finery.

"Gee, kid!" Nifty exclaimed at first sight of her, "yuh got th' goods, aw'right, aw'right. Where did yuh cop th' style?"

Her round, young arms shimmered in the gas-light before him. The swell of her bare, young bosom rose and fell with the tide of pride.

"I seen de glad-rags on Mar-ec Pickford," she flashed. "Aint dey de goods?"

Hours later, the pureness of her white gowns was somehow

she lighted the gas and drew off her gaudy, lace jacket.

"Yuh're there, kid," he beamed toothsomely, "from hoof to wether, an' yuh showed up like a cherry in a bunch of rotten dills."

Suddenly his hand clasped the roundness of her arm and stroked it assuringly.

Something in her said "That aint right," and she drew back warily. But Nifty was used to women, and the defenses of the sex piqued his artistry.

"Come, kid," he said quietly; "yuh and me is differunt—yes? I make my cush with them others, but yuh—well, yuh know!"

"I gotta little kid brudder," she managed to say in the whirl of her thoughts, "an' he aint got no one but me."

"Easiest thing yuh know," he countered. "Me fren', th' judge, 'll put him in th' reformatory, an' yuh f'r th' glad life."

His hot, impatient breath beat against the iron of her resolve. "Youse dont understan'," she said wearily—"youse dont understan'."

His arm went quickly around her waist and drew her toward him. "I do; yes, I do," he declaimed. "Yuh want a kid of your own!"

She shuddered against the sudden unscreening of her thoughts. The pounding on the door beat in rhythm with her heart. Before she quite realized it, she had turned the lock and opened the door to Joe Kelly.

"I heard it all," he cried; "it's his reg'lar way, an' yuh're a gull tuh fall f'r his chewin'. Dont yuh con, Bet, that Nifty is layin' pipes f'r yuh?"

Nifty lowered his appraising eyes softly; he knew when his play was ended.



HIS HOT, IMPATIENT  
BREATH BEAT  
AGAINST THE  
IRON OF HER  
RESOLVE

spotted with doubt as Nifty sped her home. The sound judgment, the wariness in her quick, defensive eyes had read "defeat" in the thirst-ridden, flaccid faces of the "belles" under Nifty's care.

She could never have defined dishonor, hopelessness, booze-fighting; but the beat of their sinister lilt was there, and she instinctively cocked the weapons of distaste and caution.

Nifty's eyes followed her closely, as

His cue called for a quick exit without a "fat" line.

"Yuh think yuh've got it on me," he sneered, "but yuh're dead wrong. To show yuh I'm wise, I'll give yuh a squirt of th' gas on your road to th' hay."

Joe followed him down the talkative stairs and into the taxi. It hummed around a corner and set its lungs for a trip across town. They were nearing, in the gas-splotched night, Nifty's bailiwick. With a quick call to the chauffeur, and a grinding of brakes, the machine drew up at a corner abreast of a row of glistening brass buttons.

"Hey, bo!" called Nifty, sharply,



"th' fare I picked up in Charles Street has lifted me clock. Will yuh give him th' once over?"

In sleepy scrutiny, the policeman ran his hands across the stupefied Joe's front, and pulled a dangling watch and chain from his vest-pocket.

"Climb down, yuh!" the watch-dog ordered; "an' it's Jefferson Market f'r youse."

Having planted his man with the goods on him, the rest was easy. With the air of injured innocence,

lonely room took flighty panic on what might happen to little Jim, and knowing she was licked she turned to flight.

Nifty would find her if she stayed in the city; she had a deep respect for the sweep of his drag-net, and the country was a land of flowers and fruits and teeming wealth.

At daybreak she was dressed, and Jimmy stood a-tremble beside her in his armor of corduroy.

"We're goin' out," she advised, "where de pineapples hang from de trees, an' de ger-ranimums grow all over de roads, an' de fields is full of spaghetti."

Rodney Channing, poloist and master of the hounds,

across the road, his arms filled with flowers. Fairyland, its flowers, its smells and its enchanted woods had come to him at last.

Betty, her lush hair unfurled to the cool breeze, sat by the roadside, her lap filled with sweet-scented flowers. As the boy sprang across to her, Channing's car bore swiftly down on him, caught the little figure and whirled it in its wheel.

There came the roar of grinding brakes, the shrill scream of a child, and the



and that of a thwarted business man, Nifty appeared in court the following morning and told the Magistrate how Joe had "grafted a fare" and "glommed his clock" in gratitude.

"Next case," said the Magistrate, determinedly—"three months on The Island for yours!"

With Joe framed up and behind the bars, the barriers were down for Nifty.

That night he called again, and Betty met him, woman-like, with a smile.

"That kid," he explained, "is sourin' your chances of breakin' in. I'm goin' to push you for a job on th' stage—your shape will hold down th' part—and th' kid is goin' to be in your way."

Her eyes were on guard. "Dere aint half enough mudders now," she objected; "who's goin' tu take him in?"

"Jes' a little trick, a little plant," he said, "an' th' kid's in the House of Correction—yu've got to hurry up Gawd on those things."

After Nifty had gone she began to believe him. Her thoughts in the

"HE SHALL HAVE THE VERY BEST OF CARE," SAID CHANNING

loll'd at the wheels of his multi-lunged car. To eat up space is exhilarating; to diet at will on smooth roads and the speed limit is digestive. It helps to prick a jaded mood.

As he spun down the road on a sun-spangled morning, he had not the slightest warning of the great changes about to enter his life. Three remarkable things waited athwart his wheels for the pleasant malingering—a Mood, a Motive, and a Manifestation.

Jimmy, pitched to exotic bliss by the laurel bloom, darted, shadow-quick,

powerful car drew up, panting, in front of the girl. Even before he had leaped out to pick up the crumpled boy, the Mood had broken thru his crust of satiety. The flash of the roadside girl's wide eyes into his—their terror and appeal—shot deep into the dry spots of his heart.

"Here is some one to protect," he thought—"a fawn—a stricken thing that believes me a god in a machine."

He lifted the faintly breathing boy in his arms and snuggled him into the roomy tonneau. Without a word, the girl leaped in after him, and the car was turned and tore madly back thru the leafy vista.

Betty remembered shooting between great, stone gate-posts, the lurch of the car up a wooded drive, and the cool flaunt of brilliant awnings over a long, stone veranda.

Servants in white and ladies in wonderful, lacy dresses flitted about her, and then came the doctor.

"It's a broken leg," he pronounced,

"and the child is suffering from shock; he ought to pull thru with good care."

The Mood took hold of Channing, desperately. "He shall have the very best of care," he said; "my household is at the boy's service."

The telephone summoned two nurses, trained vigilants in white, who hovered over the patient in day and night relief and quite awed Betty with their sheaf of charts, thermometers and antiseptic bandages.

Channing was the indefatigable generalissimo of Jimmy's campaign. The humor of the thing became his one fixed aim. Bit by bit, in their walks in the Japanese garden, Betty told him of her life—the drear exit of her mother and the drunken antics of Big Tony. For Joe Kelly and Nifty she felt a sadness and shame that omitted them.

The rawness of her expression amused him—part gutter, straight from the

gave place to a shining softness, and the strident fierceness in her voice melted to deeper, sweeter tones.

Channing was responsible. The girl had made a god of him, and it was almost pathetic to see how she copied his tricks of gesture and speech.

The weeks lazied on, with Channing setting his wits to work by procuring an eligible suitor for Edith.

His candidate was a dashing young attorney,

niceties intervened. But he desired. No woman of a hundred knowledges was so strong, so keen, and so vibrant as this rose of the tenements.

She was completely his; she made no disguise of it. He came to need her strength, pitted against his in the gleam of her eyes and the swell of her young breast.

The matter of getting Edith engaged was simple. Channing ordered a princely engagement present of a matched pearl necklace, and dangled it under Edith's eyes. A day or so after this she came to him, leading in Colton, and a modest solitaire signaled its story from her third



heart or from a blunt emotion.

An intimacy was gathering. The big-boy laugh, the level eyes and sunburnt

cheeks of the man, and his open, laughing heart, gave her a confidence, a sense of rest and unguardedness she had never known before. And the girl was a treasure to him; wide-eyed, reliant, pure at heart, yet wary to the touch, she was the anti-type to those he was accustomed to meet.

Channing's aunt and her daughter, Edith, looked upon the strange intimacy with unmixed distaste and a sense of smarting defeat. The big poloist was his aunt's one best bet. Edith had been carefully groomed to his fancy, and their visit had been nicely timed.

And now this impossible roadside creature had pricked their well-laid plans. The girl blossomed; the hunted, measuring look in her eyes

CHANNING HAD ORDERED A TWIN NECKLACE FOR BETTY

one Robert Colton, who was strong on tennis and parlor arts and short on cash and opportunity. Channing supplied the cash, in a trumped-up lawsuit, and Edith obligingly gave him the opportunity.

The Mood was waning in Channing, but something stronger was taking its place. The agile sleekness, the animal perfection of the girl, with the wonder of her adaptability, had taken hold on him. He watched her round out—physically, socially, mentally—as a mother-cat watches her blind and groping kitten.

The Motive, step by step with her advancement, came to him. Marriage was impossible—the barriers of generations, prejudices, of inherent pride, of a race set apart, of a thousand

finger. In the rosiness of his motive, Channing had ordered a twin necklace for Betty, which he placed around her captive neck and drew her to him. She made no resistance, nor saw that her soul hung on the price of the toy. Unblushing, joyant, with eyes flashing into his, she came to him quickly.

The news of rare pearls travels quickly—a ghostly, underground scent—and Nifty Mendez soon had the information that started him on a journey to the north shore of Long Island. Betty was past and forgotten, but Channing's gift to his cousin hung on an easy branch for the light-fingered. Nifty's easy access lay thru a maid who had formerly been a bright light in one of his dives.

Betty's triumph was told to him by this maid. Of the tenement girl he

felt easy. Here was no elaborate robbery, but a simple case of going in by the front door.

With Channing out of the house, the maid admitted him, and he met Betty alone.

"Well, kid," he said, "you and me is thru after I get that necklace."

"Where do yuh git off!" she cried, her voice coarsening with the old, animal passion; "it's mine, hones' an' square."

"Hand it over, kid," he commanded.

"I aint gointer make a muss, but listen: if you dont cough up

After he was gone, Betty took stern counsel with herself. She gritted her teeth and scorned Nifty's insinuations, but he was right. She did not belong there; only chance and Mr. Channing's kindness had kept her on so long. She wanted to leave him thinking well of her; she had tried so hard to climb, and then the grime and vileness of the slums had swung round her again, coarsening

sign displayed the awesome fact that a case of infantile paralysis had come at last to the tenement.

She had no money, but that did not worry her. The feeling that she was different, perhaps better, with the smiles and moods and the enchanted sayings of a great man still in her eyes and ears, distressed her terribly.

There came days of reveries, of deep thought, of search for work, and she even went against herself by scorning the factory and getting a place as a dress-manikin in a swell, uptown establishment. And there she was nothing—neither the natural, blunt rose of the tenement, nor even the fringe of the higher life.



THE HAUNTING, MEASURING LOOK  
IN HER EYES GAVE PLACE TO A SHINING SOFTNESS

quick I got a girl here who's gointer tell th' h—ll of a life you led in my Bleecker Street dump."

The smells and taints and old fears of the tenements crowded around her; she saw only with the eyes of the chanceless girl. "Here, take th' rocks," she said; "I suppose I gotta kick in."

Nifty slipped the necklace-case into his pocket and gave a free word of parting advice. "You better beat it, kid, while your shoes is good; this rich guy aint fattenin' you up with three squares a day for nothin', and when you're ripe to pick, I'll hand him the dirty tale."

(Seventeen)

her dream in a moment's contact with the dive-keeper.

She knew that explanations would be too hard for her to give, with Channing holding her hands and looking and probing deeply into her eyes.

So, in the end, her going, like her coming, was unexpected—stealthy, a folding of grimy tents. She left all her new finery behind; the retreat was complete, and at nightfall she led Jimmy up the long flight of tenement stairs to the forgotten rooms.

It was musty and smelly and unkempt inside—a place of distaste now—and on the silent floor below, a red

Channing puzzled over the case for a week. He missed her more than he could ever imagine the simple exit of a woman. She was common clay, he knew, fashioned to suit his fancy. Perhaps in that lay the harrowing sense of loss: he had created, and longed for his own creation.

With her physical disappearance the Motive was lacking. He drew mental pictures of her nimbleness to learn; her dog-fondness for him; her wide, straightforward eyes.

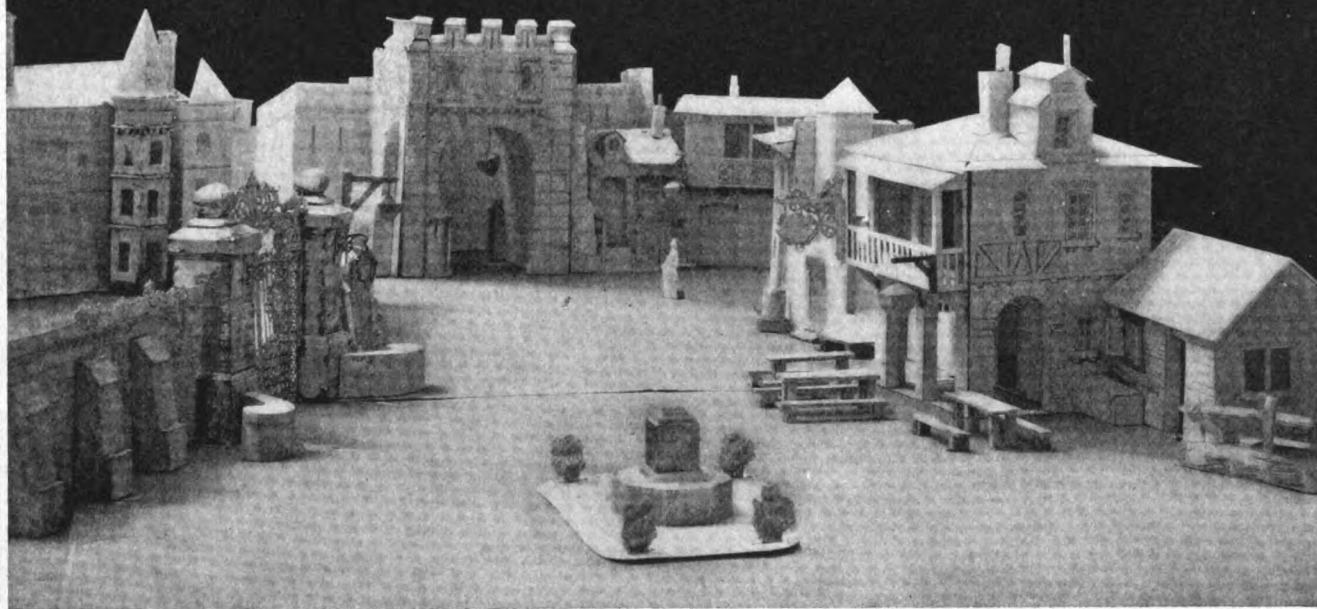
And, with only a bright recollection to amuse him, the details of Edith's

(Continued on page 70)



# Making Cities for the Movies

by Robert F. Moore



"GEORGE, I want a Moorish city, big enough for twenty thousand people, on this site," said Herbert Brenon, director for William Fox.

"All right, chief," said George, waving his wand, and where but a few days before had been a waste, appeared a thriving city, teeming with the atmosphere of the Orient. White-robed, dark-skinned men and veiled women walked the narrow, crooked streets and lounged in the bazaars. High-prowed galleys, with queer red, triangular sails, lay anchored at the great stone wharves. In short, nothing was lacking which history tells us belonged to an ancient Mohammedan town.

Nor was this city merely a shell of lath-and-plaster, but solidly built of steel and concrete. The palace of the Sultan was as ornate within as without, and it included a harem of a hun-

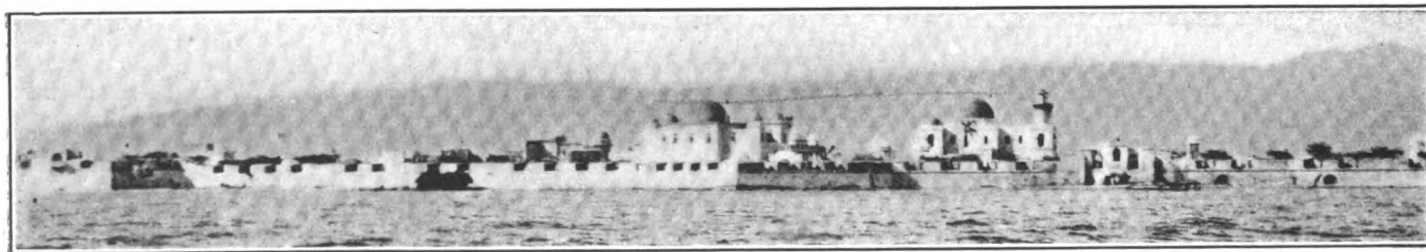
dred women, with such a luxury of decoration as might have kindled a spark of envy in the heart of an Abdul Hamid.

Even excepting its magnitude and minuteness of detail, the difficulties of building this particular set were much greater than the average. The site selected was an old marsh, surrounding an ancient, half-submerged Spanish fort, on the shore of the island of Jamaica. Technical Director Schneiderman had first to pump out the water, drain the land and kill the mosquitoes before he could even begin the real construction work. Then, of course, came the designing, piece by piece, of the whole city.

There is another little "location" story told of Mr. Schneiderman's scene-magic, which is rather interesting. While working on this same picture, "The Daughter of the Gods," Mr. Brenon required a gnome vil-

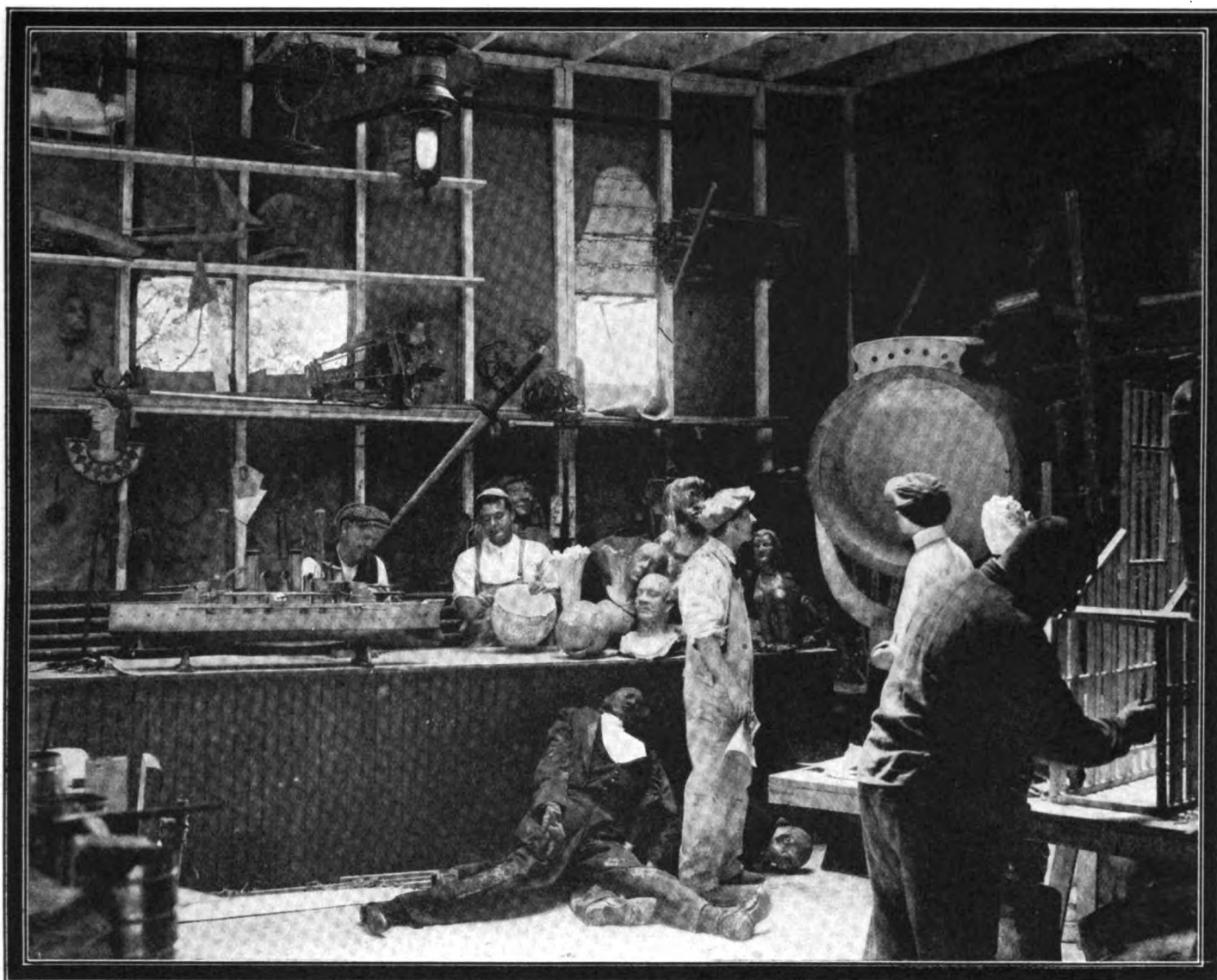
lage, which was to be peopled by children. Also, the scenario called for a waterfall in this set. A site was selected some forty miles away at St. Anne's Bay. However, no waterfall fell artistically enough at that point to suit Mr. Schneiderman. But a modern technical director doesn't let a little thing like that bother him. He just went up into the forest about three miles, dammed up a river and turned it over a bluff in his location, making a waterfall such as might have delighted Diana. There's nothing to it if you have the nerve.

Elaborate set-building in the photoplay is advancing with the strides of the seven-league boots. Just as each producer and director is striving to outdo his contemporaries in action of pantomime, so each technical director strives to vanquish his rivals in the massiveness and in the exquisite taste of his sets. Each new feature that is



HERE IS A WHOLE CITY BUILT FOR A SINGLE PRODUCTION—"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS"

(Eighteen)



INTERIOR OF A MODERN STUDIO PROPERTY-ROOM (VITAGRAPH). NOTICE THE HARD-WORKING DUMMIES



THIS IS ONLY A "BACK DROP" CURTAIN, BUT IT GIVES THE EFFECT OF A CITY SQUARE (WORLD)  
(Nineteen)



A REAL BUILT-TO-ORDER WATERFALL COURSING THRU A FANTASTIC VILLAGE

released tries to go the last "one better."

The new Ince production, "Civilization," is another feature which furnishes a striking illustration of this advance in scene-making. The sets are massive, built to order, and complete to the last detail of construction and properties. Of course, Mr. Ince does most of his own technical directing, but his right-hand man is Robert Brunton. The great set in this spectacle is the royal palace and plaza, with the village surrounding it. It is typically European in structure and atmosphere and marvelously exact as to detail.

Each company employs a man, some a corps of men, whose duty is the designing and periodizing of these sets. These men are artists in their profession—a combination of civil engineer, mechanical draughtsman and interior decorator. They must know the photographing values of colors and color combination in draperies.

The majority of these technical directors work from models. That is, after reading the action of the scenario, and finding out the location

and types of the scenes, they draw out each scene on cardboard, cut it out and mount it in the form of a model, painting it in exactly the colors that are to be used. Thus they get an accurate idea of how the scene will look when actually set up, and also, if there is any doubt about the colors used, the model can be photographed and the results compared with the effect that is desired.

Then, using this model as a guide, the art-technical director goes to the selected location and stakes out the set, according to scale. Now he calls in the stage carpenters and directs the construction, and, lastly, attends to the painting. If he is doing an interior set, he must also work out the color schemes of draperies and furniture, and also the most advantageous placing of the latter. In short, he is on the job from the first great conception down to the last, smallest detail.

These creators of illusions have a knowledge of period furnishings which would overawe a curio collector. They speak carelessly of Louis Quatorze bedroom sets and Empire ballrooms, of Tudor fireplaces and

early Renaissance tapestries. Of course, the public libraries furnish a large part of this information, but all of them keep files of old prints and scrapbooks, and some have large libraries of their own.

I asked Thomas O'Neill, who has charge of this work at the big Eastern studio of the Universal, how he had arrived at this position.

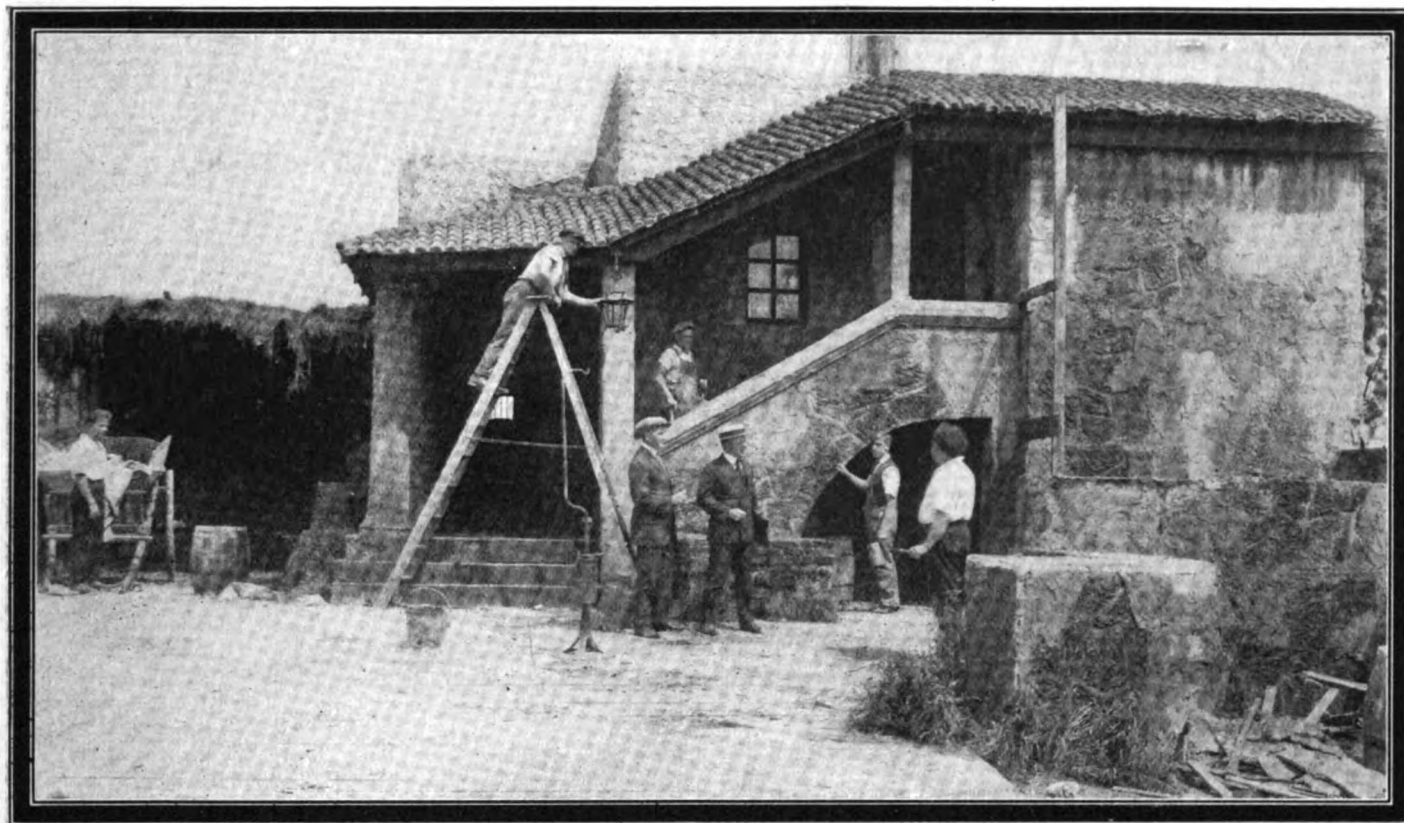
"Well," he said, "I started as property-boy, as most of us do, and just worked up thru all the various stages. Naturally, I picked up information on the way, and by collecting books and doing outside reading, gradually fitted myself for this line of work."

In fact, this is the way in which most of these men have started. Some have come from the legitimate stage; others started green in the studio. Jean Hornbostel, of the World-Peerless, began as property-boy, and, by taking night courses in interior decorating, arrived at his goal.

There is no limit to the trouble and expense to which they will go to get properties which exactly fit the set. Here again, Mr. Technical Director,

(Twenty)





HERE WE HAVE CHARLES CHAPMAN, TECHNICAL DIRECTOR; WALLIE VAN (WITH STRAW HAT), FILM DIRECTOR, AND THEIR WORKMEN, BUILDING A HOUSE FOR A VITAGRAPH PLAY

it's up to you! For his responsibility covers properties and costumes, as well as the set itself, and his is the blame if anything is wrong. George Schneiderman wanted ten camels for his Moorish city in "A Daughter of the Gods." Camels don't grow in Jamaica, as the climatic conditions are bad for their health. Mr. Schneiderman made an arrangement with a circus to furnish him with ten camels at a cost of seven thousand dollars, and they show in the picture for just about ten seconds—seven thousand dollars' worth of atmosphere!

A few days ago I was roaming about the Vitagraph property-room,

and noticed an excellent copy of "The Chatter" tucked away in a corner. Having never seen it outside of the Metropolitan Museum, I was rather interested, and asked Mr. Chapman, who holds down this strenuous position for the Vitagraph Company, where he had found it.

"Oh, I didn't find it," he replied. "You see, we needed a painting of a slave-market, and when I looked it up, 'The Chatter' seemed to fit better than any other. We scoured New York for a copy of it, but there was none to be had. So I just gave an artist a commission to make one. It's rather a fine piece of artistic work, isn't it?"

To such lengths do they go in the pursuit of the fitness of things!

With the steady advance of the photoplay, the scope of the technical director's art is broadening. The days when his field was restricted to two sides and a back drop surrounding a couple of pieces of tawdry or moth-eaten furniture are gone, and a new era of scenic magnificence is dawning. So long as the company's money-bags are well filled, these brains, which can conceive and carry out the construction of scenic masterpieces, will continue from one triumph to another, until even the most blasé of the picture fans whispers to his neighbor, "Gee! that's *some* set!"



## The Picture of Experience

By STOKELY S. FISHER

No tramp, he just had lost his way  
In the great world—a spirit cowed.  
He slouched into the play-world,  
bowed  
With sin, not years; with failure  
gray—  
He might find solace in the play,  
Or pick a pocket in the crowd.

He sees a little cabin home  
Nestling among green trees.  
Beside the path old-fashioned flowers  
And homely hives of bees.

(Twenty-one)

Behind it climbs a wooded hill,  
A fence set thick with vines;  
And thru lush leaves a tumbling brook  
Clear in the sunlight shines.

A grape-vine, matted o'er a bush,  
Embowers a mossy seat—  
An Eden tent for youth and love  
While still the heart is sweet!

He sees the happy youth and maid,  
Their rapt betrothal kiss;  
He sees the picture of their dream,  
Love's apotheosis!

Beside the picture on the screen,  
Lo! his dead years arise:  
It is as if some pensive tune  
His heart heard thru his eyes!

He dreams of one far, far away,  
He knows her waiting yet;  
Oh, fiery shame burns on his face,  
His eyes with tears are wet!

A battered wreck, long had he drifted;  
But now his will is all awake,  
He knows the course that he must take,  
And turns toward home a face uplifted!

# The ART of

## And How I Learnt It -

~by~  
**Richard Leslie**

Make-up Manager of the Vitagraph Company

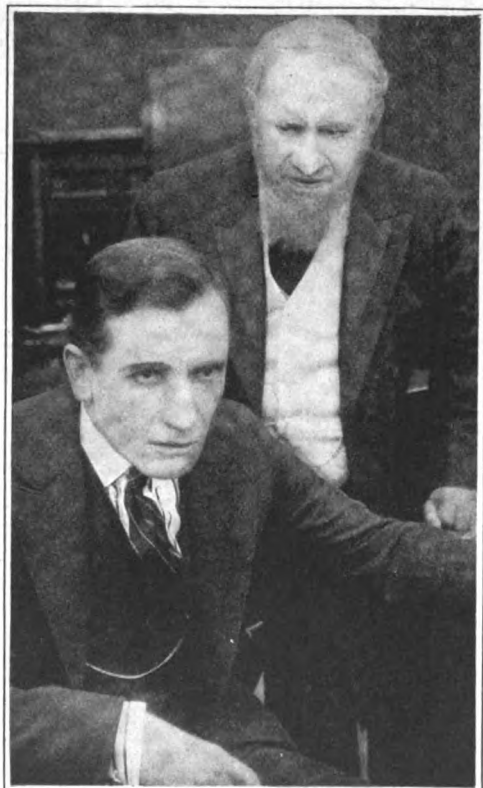
THERE is no particular connection between tea and Motion pictures, but I was born in Liverpool, England, thirty-three years ago, and early in life I entered the employ of a tea company, having at that time no strong inclination toward the theater. When, however, I became sales manager for the company, with a territory covering the north of England and all of Ireland, I formed the habit of type study, which, altho then but a pastime, has since become a life-work.

About seven years ago I became interested in Motion Pictures, and I went over to the Vitagraph Company and tried for a position. After the usual discouraging waits that every "extra" has to go thru, I finally got my chance as Lord Beaconsfield in "Beau Brummel." That was the beginning. Other small parts followed in rapid succession, until now I am jocularly known as the official drunk, parson, and butler of the Vitagraph Company.

Now it came about that that faculty which I had tried to develop, and which had been ridiculed by my friends as a waste of time, became immensely valuable to me. During my two years' stage experience, naturally, I had made a study of make-up, and now turned my attention to bettering that in Motion Pictures. In a short time I was installed as make-up manager for the company, and since that time, five years ago, have put on over forty thousand different make-ups, my record day being that in which I made up seven hundred and thirty-eight persons.

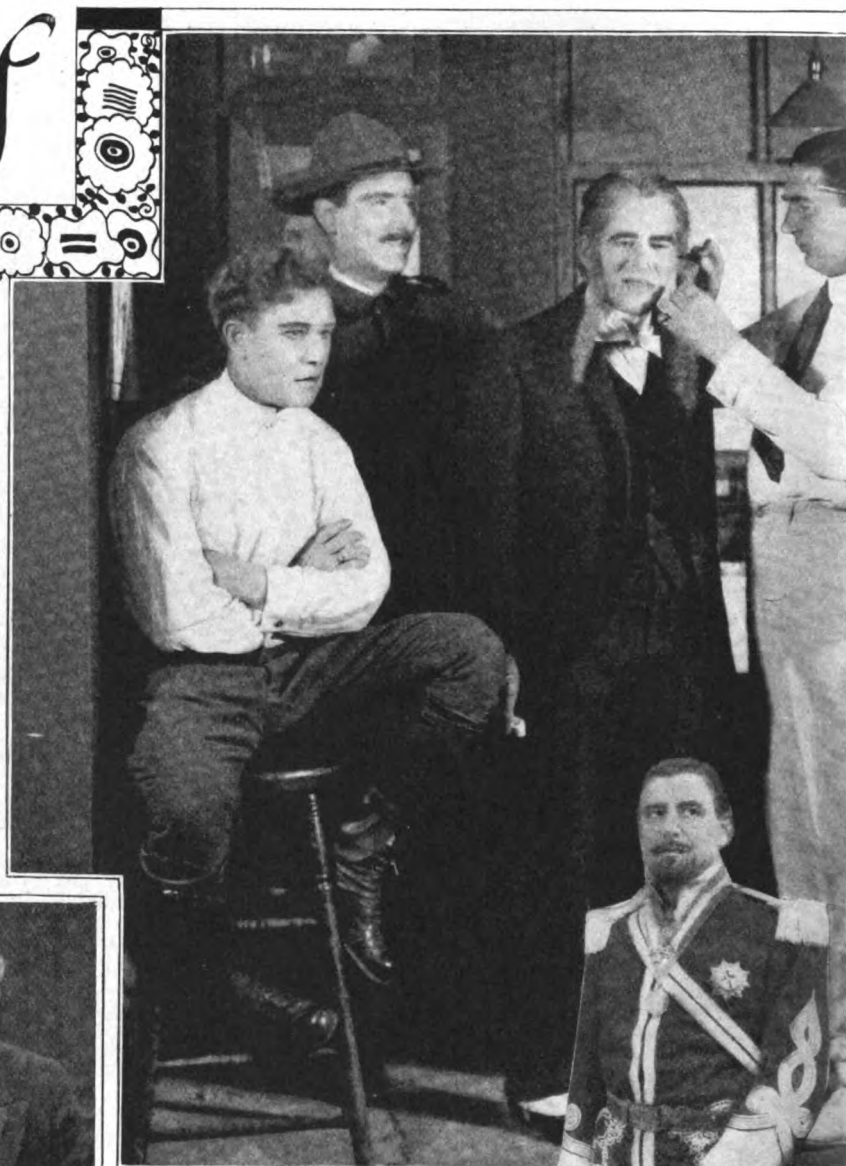
Photoplays have reached such a degree of excellence, that we can no longer afford to offer the public actors with poor and out of period make-ups.

Here is where the real work of the make-up manager comes in. He must look up the period of the scenario and find out how the hair was worn at that time, and, if they wore beards and mustaches, what was their style. The public library furnishes



BARNEY BARNARD

me a large part of my material of this kind. However, my real reference book is "The World's Progress," which is a dictionary of dates and periods. I also keep a scrap-book picture collection, to which I am constantly adding. In this book I keep



THE AUTHOR, MAKING UP THE  
ENTIRE CAST FOR A VITAGRAPH  
PLAY

all pictures of celebrities, actors, and old newspaper and book cuts. When I go away I carry a camera, so that now, by my own efforts and the help of my friends, I have pictures from all over the world. These are particularly useful, as for instance, when I made up Clara Kimball Young as a Hindoo in "The Test," I did it directly from a photograph which

I took in India of a native girl. I still manage to spend a portion of my time in search for types. If we are to do scenes in which we use dock-rats and stevedores, I spend an hour or two at the wharves and get the material first-hand, and then go back and copy my mental pictures, for I never carry a sketch-book, and couldn't use

CHARLES  
RICHMAN

# MAKE-UP



FRANK HOLLAND AS THE  
CZAR

(Twenty-three)

it if I did. I find my greatest pleasure in attending public functions and in standing in theater lobbies, and here and there picking out a striking or peculiar face. I never copy another man's make-up, but create my own, either from memory or by the study of old photographs.

I think the picture that I enjoyed working on most was "Daniel in the Lions' Den," in which there were five hundred Biblical characters to be created. My best

piece of individual work, I think, was "Death," played by Arthur Day in "Father Time." I do Oriental ups best, as there scope for the imagination, and also there are less Oriental types. I will try to give you some idea of the importance and theory of make-up in the Motion Pictures. In the first place, stage make-up and screen make-up are two very different processes and must not be confused. The heavy lighting on the



FRANK  
DANIELS

stage all comes from the front, while in the studio the lights are equally heavy on the front and sides. These side-lights cause shadows to appear on the faces of the actors, and naturally this brings about a difficulty in making up not experienced on the stage. Photo-play make-up usually should be about one-third as heavy as that used on the stage.

The effect that is accomplished on the stage by lines of gray or brown for accenting wrinkles or features, on the screen must be brought about by the use of shadows. The camera is from twelve to thirty feet away from the player, and any hard lines on his or her face are simply black marks on the negative. This shadow effect is



gotten by using a gray or a brown grease-paint, with the lines set out in lake combined with a little purple. There are no high-lights used on the screen. For instance, Barney Barnard, in his stage appearance in "Potash and Perlmutter," used very heavy lines for wrinkles. On the screen, however, he uses a lake-and-purple line surrounded by a pale gray.

Dead-white should not be used on the face, as it throws back the reflection of the light and causes a loss of detail in the features, often giving the edge of a feature the appearance of having a halo about it. Reds, from rose-pink up, cause a recession of the feature so accented. If one wishes to do away with a double chin, it is merely covered with a fairly strong red grease-paint, and when photographed blends into the neck. The eyelashes should never be beaded, as the beading shows distinctly in a "close-up." French mascaro, either in liquid or block form, should be used. This comes in gray, brown and black. Also the shading about the eyes should be done in gray or brown. The universal color for men is a yellow grease-paint with a slight touch of pink underneath. Blondes should be a little more yellowish than brunettes. Ladies should use a light pink or yellow with pink powder. The grease-paint must cover all blood corpuscles and freckles, which, if not properly hidden, will photograph black.

In connection with this, I want to warn those ambitious of doing "extra" work, of the seriousness of making up the face and forgetting the ears and neck. The face simply photographs like a mask. Also in this connection, the old cry of everything goes in the movies is a thing of the past, and a well-cut and well-pressed suit or dress photographs as such, which is worth remembering.

Outside of the extraordinary character parts, I have but little occasion to make up the ladies. In fact, they seem to take naturally to the make-up box, and really need to be shown only once. Yet there is some little advice that I would like to give. When wearing an evening dress for the screen, do not use any liquid white on the arms and neck, but try the same powder that you have on your face, otherwise your arms and shoulders will look like a piece of marble. Don't use lip-rouge, unless it is transparent, or the lips will photograph black.

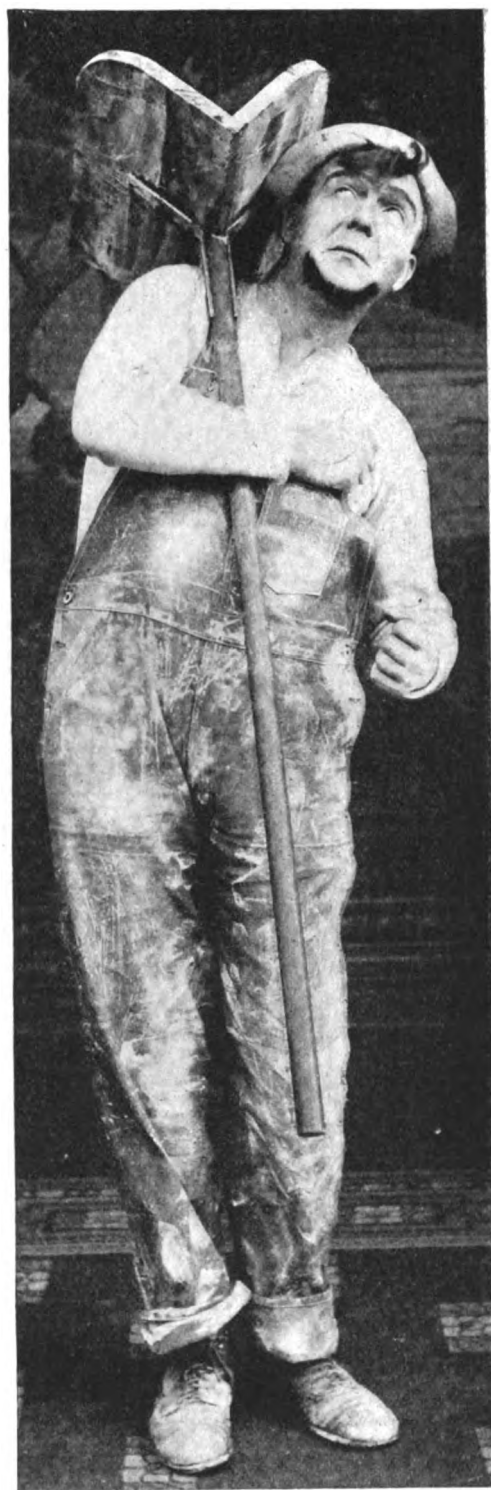
There are several types of lights

used in the studio. Those most in use are the Cooper-Hewitt, the Aristo and the Allison. The Cooper-Hewitt gives out more violet rays, and hence when working under these lights the make-up must be deeper. The other two types are yellow-ray type, and the make-up does not need to be so heavy. Some of these lights, however, require a deeper yellow than others, so that in taking feature productions it is often well to rehearse two or three types of make-up. Then, too, in scenes tinted for night-work the make-up must be deeper.

False hair for beards and mustaches comes in two ways, either made up on gauze or as braided crêpe hair. On the stage the gauze beard is more practical, as the audience are at some distance. On the screen, however, with the camera so close, the hard edge shows up against the skin and looks "faky." Therefore the crêpe hair, which can be twisted and cut to any shape, is almost universally used. When, however, it is necessary to have a more durable whisker, for use in comedies and water work, the gauze beard or mustache is substituted and built up with crêpe hair, so that the raw edge does not show. I always put a touch of light gray in the center of a mustache, as this forms a shadow and covers the joining. Do not blend wigs, if it is possible to avoid it. There are very few in which blends do not show. If a bald wig is necessary, blend with nose-putty and grease-paint, but avoid making it any thicker than is necessary.

In negro make-up, I have found by experience that black cork, such as is used on the stage, becomes shiny when photographed. Hence, I use a creole cork or dark brown. When I made up Frank Daniels the other day as a Zulu, I used this creole cork, and did the eyes and mouth in a bluish white.

To the photoplayer his make-up is far more important than to the actor, for altho the actor's make-up may be poorly done on Monday night, he can remedy its defects on Tuesday, and the ill effect is counteracted; but the screen player is made up for all time, and his make-up becomes a part of his personality. Therefore he must be doubly careful. In the old days, when the pictures were young, and actors and actresses were inexperienced before the camera, the ordinary make-up of the stage was used. That is why some of the old releases show hard,



HERMAN KERNAN IN  
"THE MAN WITH THE HOD" (VOGUE)

blotchy, and patched-looking faces. But as we have progressed along all other lines in making photoplays, we have also advanced in experience in making up, until now it is little short of an art.



# Theda, Misunderstood Vampire

Theda Bara's Greatest Wish Is to Play  
the Part of a Sweet, Essentially Feminine Woman

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



Photo by Bradley

THE VAMPIRE MOURNS OVER THE REMAINS OF ONE OF HER FORMER VICTIMS

IT started way back in her girlhood. Because her eyes were so big and black and strange-looking, because her face seemed unnaturally small because of the eyes, and because of the strange, sometimes weird fancies that possessed her, her schoolgirl companions were afraid of her. In the ages from ten to fifteen, to be at all odd, or in the least bit different from the rest of one's schoolmates, is fatal to any chance of "chumship" or intimate friendship. Theda Bara had an odd name, to begin with. Then her eyes, her ways, her fancies and moods were all rather strange and queer to the other girls. Therefore she had few intimate friends.

As she grew up, this deepened somewhat, until now she says that she has very few friends—she can count them, so she says, on the fingers of her hand.

"I grew afraid of making advances towards friendliness when I was a child. And, as I grew up, this deepened," she said to me. "I think this condition of my schoolgirl life gave me my first insight into real heart tragedy. For such things as being shunned and feared by one's schoolmates is one of the bitterest tragedies that can happen to a child. When the other girls chummed together, making fudge and going to parties, I was left out. And it made such a deep impression upon me that I am never the one to seek a friendship for fear I may be rebuffed. If others make the first advance, I will meet them half-way—if I like them. But I like few people."

We were seated in the living-room of

Miss Bara's apartment. She had just come from the studio, and I had met her downstairs. So we came up together, and she called for tea, as we sat in the dusk of a summer evening far up above the lights and noises that are New York. Miss Bara wore a house-dress of dark material, loose-fitting, showing but a modest V of her white throat, and with sleeves that came almost to the tips of her fingers and fell away in voluminous folds of softness. It was a dress in which one could rest and invite one's soul. And, by the way, it was a dress that has never been seen in pictures, for Miss Bara has a few gowns that she absolutely will not put on for picture purposes.

"I like to get quite away from my studio presence," she explained. "When I am at home and resting, I don't want to be clothed in a frock that will instantly recall some tense scene in which I was called upon to express some loathsome emotion. I don't want to go over and over, in my mind, the scenes that were played in that particular gown. So I have some that have never seen the light of a studio—and won't, either. They are home-dresses, and I keep them for such."

And then we were off on that magic subject that never fails to interest the so-called "weaker sex."

"There is one room here in my home," went on Miss Bara, as a white-capped and aproned maid deftly served the most fragrant of tea, with tiny little sandwiches, lettuce and mayonnaise, and tiny cakes, "that is filled to overflowing with

my studio clothes. It would be a tragedy to me if fire should destroy these gowns, for I could never quite replace them. I have lived a character in every one of them. When I chance to glimpse a certain frock, my mind quickly travels back to the scenes I have played in it, and instantly it seems to me the ghost of a well-loved friend, a tangible reminder of something that can never return."

The maid left the room, and Miss Bara sat back in her big chair, her face glowing eerily from the twilight that was filling the room.

"Tell me about some of your ideals of dress," I suggested, interested, as you can well imagine.

"I dress like the snake, the patron saint of the human vampire," she laughed. Then she sobered. "I have tried to give the lie to the tradition that a vampire always breakfasts in a very décolleté, chiffon, rose-budded tea-gown. Vampires couldn't exist in such a garment. It is only the rather florid blonde, whose dimples are beginning to suggest wrinkles, who could breakfast in such a frock. I have made a sort of specialty of the high-collared gown—the gown whose collar approaches the lobes of the ear. For this reason, for years the high-collared gown has been banned by fashion, and to wear one nowadays instantly attracts attention. And that is score one. I wear long, close-fitting sleeves that extend over my hands halfway. I learnt the value of such sleeves from Sarah Bernhardt when I played in Paris. Truly, beautiful hands are the



Photo by Bradley

THEDA BARA AS SHE APPEARS OFF THE SCREEN

greatest, and rarest, gift of Nature. Rather than call attention to possibly ugly points, Bernhardt says 'Cover them.' She has always clung to the long, close-fitting sleeves, and they are beautiful—at least hers are. Therefore I copy her in that, as I should like to do in a number of other points.

"The psychology of the long, clinging, revealing robe is to suggest the sinuosity of the serpent, the patron saint of the

human vampire. Most people loathe snakes, and anything that suggests them repels the audience. And that is what a vampire must do—make people hate her as desperately as possible."

Here her voice dropped, and she sat silent for a moment. On her face was an expression of grief as keen and unaffected as it was unexpected by me.

"Oh," she cried, suddenly, "why do people hate me so? Why don't they real-

ize that my wickedness is merely to show that, in no matter what guise it may come, sin is always horrible and always brings its own penalty? They refuse to believe that I, in real life, am not as I am in my screen life. Just because, in a play written for me by some man who wishes to show sin as it really is, I am forced to win men from their wives, to wreck lives, to torture good women and drive men frantic, they think that my life off the screen must be much the same. If you could see some of the letters that I get from people who have seen my work, you would appreciate what all this hatred for me means. I have had women write me that I should be driven from the screen in disgrace and shut up somewhere, so that I could do no more harm to mankind. Some women mutilate my photographs when they are placed in front of a theater. And, more than anything else in all the world, I want people to like me, to look on me with understanding and tolerance, rather than loathing and disgust. That is why I want to play some 'good' parts. I want to play a part that has human qualities and human frailties—one who is good, but yet subject to the temptations of the flesh. I want, in short, to play the part of a woman in real life, instead of the incarnated spirit of wickedness and sin."

I was rather aghast at this outburst, but immediately I saw its justice. It must be awfully hard to be always hated by her audiences, and I sympathized.

"If your fairy godmother appeared before you, Miss Bara, and asked what wish you wanted most in all the world, what would you wish?" I asked, leaning forward to watch her face in the fading light.

"My fairy godmother? Oh, of course; we all have them. I'm afraid mine should be a witch, tho, to accord with my supposed character," she said, a little bitterly. Then she seemed to repent, and her big, dark eyes glowed. "To play the part of a sweet, essentially feminine woman. And I should ask to be allowed to live, for one week, the life of a rational, unprofessional woman. Even one day of such a life would be wonderful to me."

"What would that day be like?" I challenged.

"My ideal day is this: Nine—breakfast in bed and read my mail; ten—rise, bathe and dress; eleven—go shopping with one of my women friends; one—luncheon; two-fifteen—matinée; five—afternoon tea with some friends; six—go home to rest a bit; seven—entertain some friends at dinner in my own home; ten—informal music; eleven-thirty—retire. That is my ideal day. And I have never yet been able to indulge in it."

Truly, a picture vampire gives up much in order not to step out of her character.

(Twenty-six)





A TYPICAL "VAMP" PICTURE OF THEDA BARA, BY BRADLEY

Just put two women together long enough, and, if one of them be a Motion Picture actress and the other an outsider, the question of inspiration will come up, and so will that of love. Naturally enough, in the course of our chat these both came up. Inspiration was the first to bob up. I had asked Miss Bara

(*Twenty-seven*)

if she did not miss the inspiration of an audience when she worked for the camera.

"Inspiration? Goodness! that's a mis-used word! Do you suppose I ever see that camera before which I am giving the very best that is in me? Do you suppose I ever hear its click? No!

When I am acting, I picture to myself the audiences who will watch that picture. It has been figured that more than one million people a day, all over the world, see me. Can you realize what that means? The average Broadway star, in the course of a year in New York, plays to five hundred thousand people.

That is a liberal average, for it takes a most successful star to fill the house at every performance for a whole year. Therefore the Motion Picture player's audience in one day doubles that of the stage star for a year. Isn't that inspiring? Would one need greater inspiration than that? I have received letters from tiny, unknown spots of the world's surface, queerly written letters with strange stamps, written sometimes in Japanese, Italian, French—in half-a-dozen languages. The people who write those letters are my inspiration."

The subject of love was broached next. Of course it was bound to come. The room was almost in total darkness, save for the glimmer at the windows—reflections of the lights in the streets. And by these I could watch the face of the woman who spoke of love.

"Love? What a funny question for you to ask me, who am known and hated for the unworthiness of my love, and for the fact that I seem to seek the love that belongs to some one else. There is but one love that I cannot imagine myself coveting. That is the love that is won by foul means. By 'foul means' I mean the love that belongs to some one else, that is won by trick tactics against the will of the victim. In love one must be aboveboard. Altho love has to do with

one's emotional nature, still the brain can be called in to direct a love campaign—and must, to carry it to success. Competition puts an edge on everything, which means love as well. Competition is the breath of life to me. I thrive on it. To me the only love worth while is the old-fashioned love—the love of men who are chivalrous and gallant for the women who are pure and sweet; the love that has made famous the Southland with its air of romance. And the old-fashioned love-stories are, to me, the best of all books."

She spoke of love with a cool, aloof interest, an air of calm, judicious wisdom that, once and for all, convinced me that, despite her much-talked-about love-scenes and all, for the screen, she still remains untouched by that warmest, most human and direct emotion known to mankind—love.

We sat silent for a moment in the shadows. Then a maid entered and turned on the lights. Whereupon the spell of fascination that had held me, unwitting of the hours I was taking up of Miss Bara's time, had vanished, and I realized that even the warmest welcome may be ruined by too eager acceptance, so I rose to go.

I have tried to tell you something of the real thoughts and ambitions, the

aspirations and ideals of this, "The Wickedest Woman in Filmdom," "The Ishmaelite of Domesticity," "The Love Pirate," and scores of other unpleasant names. She is just a warmly human woman, with a woman's loves, desires and ambitions.

And her greatest ambition is to be a world-famous tragedienne on the legitimate stage. That is why she is going to give her whole life to the building up of this ambition. She believes that the Motion Picture studios are the greatest training-schools in the world for this art. She is fighting to gain fame, and she will succeed!

"I am going to fight to the last ditch to make my fame echo to the four points of the compass. I want to be famous while I am still alive and young enough to glory in it."

And that finishes an interview in which there isn't one word about where she was born, educated, or anything else. It's just an appreciation of a woman who has tried to make good as a vampire, a werwolf, a she-devil, who feasts on the souls of men and who has succeeded far better than she had ever expected to. But the vampire is an exaggerated type—a witch symbol to scare children—and Theda Bara can, and will, rise above it.



GRACE CUNARD, ANOTHER FAMOUS VAMPIRE OF THE SCREEN, IN "BORN OF THE PEOPLE" (UNIVERSAL)

(Twenty-eight)

# A Moving Picture - Romeo & Juliet *Metro -*

THAT same day, about noon, Romeo's friends, Benvolio and Mercutio, walking thru the streets of Verona, were met by a party of the Capulets with the impetuous Ty-

balt at their head. This was the same angry Tybalt who would have fought with Romeo at old lord Capulet's feast. He, seeing Mercutio,

By CHARLES LAMB

This story was begun in the September issue and is here concluded

disgraceful appellation of villain. Romeo wished to avoid a quarrel with Tybalt above all men, because he was the kinsman of Juliet, and much beloved by her; besides, this young Montague had never thoroly entered into the family quarrel, being by nature wise and gentle, and the name of a Capulet, which was his dear lady's name, was now rather a charm to allay resentment, than a watchword to excite fury. So he tried to reason with Tybalt, whom he saluted mildly by the name of *good Capulet*, as if

wives; and soon after arrived the prince himself, who being related to Mercutio whom Tybalt had slain, and having had the peace of the government often disturbed by these brawls of Montagues and Capulets, came determined to put the law in strictest force against those who should be found to be offenders. Benvolio, who had been eye-witness to the



FRANCIS BUSHMAN AS ROMEO

accused him bluntly of associating with Romeo, a Montague. Mercutio, who had as much fire and youthful blood in him as Tybalt, replied to this accusation with some sharpness; and in spite of all Benvolio could say to moderate their wrath, a quarrel was beginning, when Romeo himself passing that way, the fierce Tybalt turned from Mercutio to Romeo, and gave him the

(Twenty-nine)

he, tho a Montague, had some secret pleasure in uttering that name: but Tybalt, who hated all Montagues as he hated hell, would hear no reason, but drew his weapon; and Mercutio, who knew not of Romeo's secret motive for desiring peace with Tybalt, but looked upon his present forbearance as a sort of calm dishonorable submission, with many disdainful words provoked Tybalt to the prosecution of his first quarrel with him; and Tybalt and Mercutio fought, till Mercutio fell, receiving his death's wound while Romeo and Benvolio were vainly endeavoring to part the combatants. Mercutio being dead, Romeo kept his temper no longer, but returned the scornful appellation of villain which Tybalt had given him; and they fought till Tybalt was slain by Romeo.

This deadly broil falling out in the midst of Verona at noonday, the news of it quickly brought a crowd of citizens to the spot, and among them the old lords Capulet and Montague, with their



BEVERLY BAYNE AS JULIET



fray, was commanded by the prince to relate the origin of it; which he did, keeping as near the truth as he could without injury to Romeo, softening and excusing the part which his friends took in it. Lady Capulet, whose extreme grief at the loss of her kinsman Tybalt made her keep no bounds in her revenge, exhorted the prince to do strict justice upon his murderer, and to pay no attention to Benvolio's representation, who being Romeo's friend, and a Montague, spoke partially. Thus she pleaded against her new son-in-law, but she knew not yet that it was her son-in-law and Juliet's husband. On the other hand was to be seen lady Montague pleading for her child's life, and arguing with some justice that Romeo had done nothing worthy of punishment in taking the life of Tybalt, which was already forfeited to the law by

her love and her resentment: but in the end love got the mastery, and the tears which she shed for grief that Romeo had slain her cousin, turned to drops of joy that her husband lived whom Tybalt would have slain. Then came fresh tears, and they were altogether of grief for Romeo's banishment. That word was more terrible to her than the death of many Tybalts.

Romeo, after the fray, had taken refuge in friar Laurence's cell, where he was first made acquainted with the

ness which he had shown. He had slain Tybalt, but would he also slay himself, slay his dear lady, who lived but in his life? The noble form of man, he said, was but a shape of wax, when it wanted the courage which should keep it firm. The law had been lenient to him, that instead of death, which he had incurred, had pronounced by the prince's mouth only banishment. He had slain Tybalt, but Tybalt would have slain him; there was a sort of happiness in that. Juliet was alive, and (beyond all hope) had become his dear wife; therein he was most happy. All these blessings, as the friar made them out to be, did Romeo put from him like a sullen misbehaved wench. And the friar bade



FRIAR LAURENCE—TILL HOLY CHURCH INCORPORATE TWO IN ONE

his having slain Mercutio. The prince, unmoved by the passionate exclamations of these women, on a careful examination of the facts, pronounced his sentence, and by that sentence Romeo was banished from Verona.

Heavy news to young Juliet, who had been but a few hours a bride, and now by the decree seemed everlastingly divorced! When the tidings reached her, she first gave way to rage against Romeo, who had slain her dear cousin; she called him a beautiful tyrant, a fiend angelical, a ravenous dove, a lamb with a wolf's nature, a serpent-heart hid with a flowering face, and other like contradictory names, which denoted the struggles in her mind between

prince's sentence, which seemed to him far more terrible than death. To him it appeared there was no world out of Verona's walls, no living out of the sight of Juliet. Heaven was there where Juliet lived, and all beyond was purgatory, torture, hell. The good friar would have applied the consolation of philosophy to his griefs; but this frantic young man would hear of none, but like a madman he tore his hair, and threw himself all along upon the ground, as he said, to take the measure of his grave. From this unseemly state he was roused by a message from his dear lady, which a little revived him; and then the friar took the advantage to expostulate with him on the unmanly weak-

him beware, for such as despaired (he said) died miserable. Then when Romeo was a little calmed, he counseled him that he should go that night and secretly take his leave of Juliet, and thence proceed straightway to Mantua, at which place he should sojourn, till the friar found fit occasion to publish his marriage, which might be a joyful means of reconciling their families; and then he did not doubt but the prince would be moved to pardon him, and he would return with twenty times more joy than he went forth with grief. Romeo was convinced by these wise counsels of the friar, and took his leave to go and seek his lady, proposing to stay with her that night, and by daybreak

(Thirty)

pursue his journey alone to Mantua; to which place the good friar promised to send him letters from time to time, acquainting him with the state of affairs at home.

That night Romeo passed with his dear wife, gaining secret admission to her chamber, from the orchard in which he had heard her confession of love the night before. That had been a night of unmixed joy and rapture; but the pleasures of this night, and the delight which these lovers took in each other's society, were sadly allayed with the prospect of parting, and the fatal adventures of the past day. The unwelcome daybreak seemed to come too soon, and when Juliet heard the morning song of the lark, she would fain have persuaded herself that it was the nightingale, which sings by night; but it was too truly the lark which sang, and a discordant and unpleasing note it seemed to her; and the streaks of day in the east too certainly pointed out that it was time for these lovers to part. Romeo took his leave of his dear wife with a heavy heart, promising to write to her from Mantua every hour in the day; and when he had descended from her chamber-window, as he stood below her on the ground, in that sad foreboding state of mind in which she was, he appeared to her eyes as one dead in the bottom of a tomb. Romeo's mind misgave him in like manner; but now he was forced hastily to depart, for it was death for him to be found within the walls of Verona after daybreak.

This was but the beginning of the tragedy of this pair of star-crossed lovers. Romeo had not been gone many days, before the old lord Capulet proposed a match for Juliet. The husband he had chosen for her, not dreaming that she was married already, was count Paris, a gallant, young and noble gentleman, no unworthy suitor to the young Juliet, if she had never seen Romeo.

The terrified Juliet was in a sad perplexity at her father's offer. She pleaded her youth unsuitable to marriage, the recent death of Tybalt, which had left her spirits too weak to meet a husband with any face of joy, and how indecorous it would show for the family of the Capulets to be celebrating a nuptial feast, when his funeral solemnities were hardly over: she pleaded every reason against the match, but the true one, namely, that she was married already. But lord Capulet was deaf to all her excuses, and in a peremptory manner ordered her to get ready, for by the following Thursday she should be married to Paris: and having found her a husband, rich, young and noble, such as the proudest maid in Verona might joyfully accept, he could not bear that out of an affected coyness, as he construed her denial, she should oppose obstacles to her own good fortune.

In this extremity Juliet applied to the friendly friar, always her counsellor in

distress, and he asking her if she had resolution to undertake a desperate remedy, and she answering that she would go into the grave alive, rather than marry Paris, her own dear husband living; he directed her to go home, and appear merry, and give her consent to marry Paris, according to her father's desire, and on the next night, which was the night before the marriage, to drink off the contents of a phial which he then gave her, the effect of which would be, that for two-and-forty hours after drinking it she should appear cold and lifeless; that when the bridegroom came to fetch her in the morning he would find her to appearance dead; that then she would be borne, as the manner in that country was, uncovered, on a bier, to be buried in the family vault; that if she could put off womanish fear, and consent to this terrible trial, in forty-two hours after swallowing the liquid (such was its certain operation) she would be sure to awake, as from a dream; and before she should awake, he would let her husband know their drift, and he should come in the night, and bear her thence to Mantua. Love, and the dread of marrying Paris, gave young Juliet strength to undertake this horrible adventure; and she took the phial of the friar, promising to observe his directions.

Going from the monastery, she met the young count Paris, and modestly dissembling, promised to become his bride. This was joyful news to the lord Capulet and his wife. It seemed to put youth into the old man; and Juliet, who had displeased him exceedingly by her refusal of the count, was his darling again, now she promised to be obedient. All things in the house were in a bustle against the approaching nuptials. No cost was spared to prepare such festival rejoicings, as Verona had never before witnessed.

On the Wednesday night Juliet drank off the potion. She had many misgivings, lest the friar, to avoid the blame which might be imputed to him for marrying her to Romeo, had given her poison; but then he was always known for a holy man: then lest she should awake before the time that Romeo was to come for her; whether the terror of the place, a vault full of dead Capulets' bones, and where Tybalt, all bloody, lay festering in his shroud, would not be enough to drive her distracted; again she thought of all the stories she had heard of spirits haunting the places where their bodies were bestowed. But then her love for Romeo, and her aversion for Paris, returned, and she desperately swallowed the draught, and became insensible.

When young Paris came early in the morning with music to awaken his bride, instead of a living Juliet, her chamber presented the dreary spectacle of a lifeless corse. What death to his hopes! What confusion then reigned thru the whole house! Poor Paris lamenting his bride, whom most detestable death had

beguiled him of, had divorced from him even before their hands were joined. But still more piteous it was to hear the mournings of the old lord and lady Capulet, who having but this one, one poor loving child to rejoice and solace in, cruel death had snatched her from their sight, just as these careful parents were on the point of seeing her advanced (as they thought) by a promising and advantageous match. Now all things that were ordained for the festival, were turned from their properties to do the office of a black funeral. The wedding cheer served for a sad burial feast, the bridal hymns were changed for sullen dirges, the sprightly instruments to melancholy bells, and the flowers that should have been strewed in the bride's path, now served but to strew her corse. Now, instead of a priest to marry her, a priest was <sup>1</sup>eded to bury her; and she was borne to church indeed, not to augment the cheerful hopes of the living, but to swell the dreary numbers of the dead.

Bad news, which always travels faster than good, now brought the dismal story of his Juliet's death to Romeo, at Mantua, before the messenger could arrive, who was sent from friar Laurence to apprise him that these were mock funerals only, and but the shadow and representation of death, and that his dear lady lay in the tomb but for a short while, expecting when Romeo should come to release her from that dreary mansion. Just before, Romeo had been unusually joyful and light-hearted. He had dreamed in the night that he was dead (a strange dream, that gave a dead man leave to think), and that his lady came and found him dead, and breathed such life with kisses in his lips, that he revived, and was an emperor! And now that a messenger came from Verona, he thought surely it was to confirm some good news which his dreams had presaged. But when the contrary to this flattering vision appeared, and that it was his lady who was dead in truth, whom he could not revive by any kisses, he ordered horses to be got ready, for he determined that night to visit Verona, and to see his lady in her tomb. And as mischief is swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men, he called to mind a poor apothecary, whose shop in Mantua he had lately passed, and from the beggarly appearance of the man who seemed famished, and the wretched show in his shop of empty boxes ranged on dirty shelves, and other tokens of extreme wretchedness, he had said at the time (perhaps having some misgivings that his own disastrous life might haply meet with a conclusion so desperate), "If a man were to need poison, which by the law of Mantua it is death to sell, here lives a poor wretch who would sell it to him." These words of his now came into his mind, and he sought out the apothecary, who, after some pretended scruples, Romeo offering him gold, which his poverty could not resist, sold him a poison, which, if he

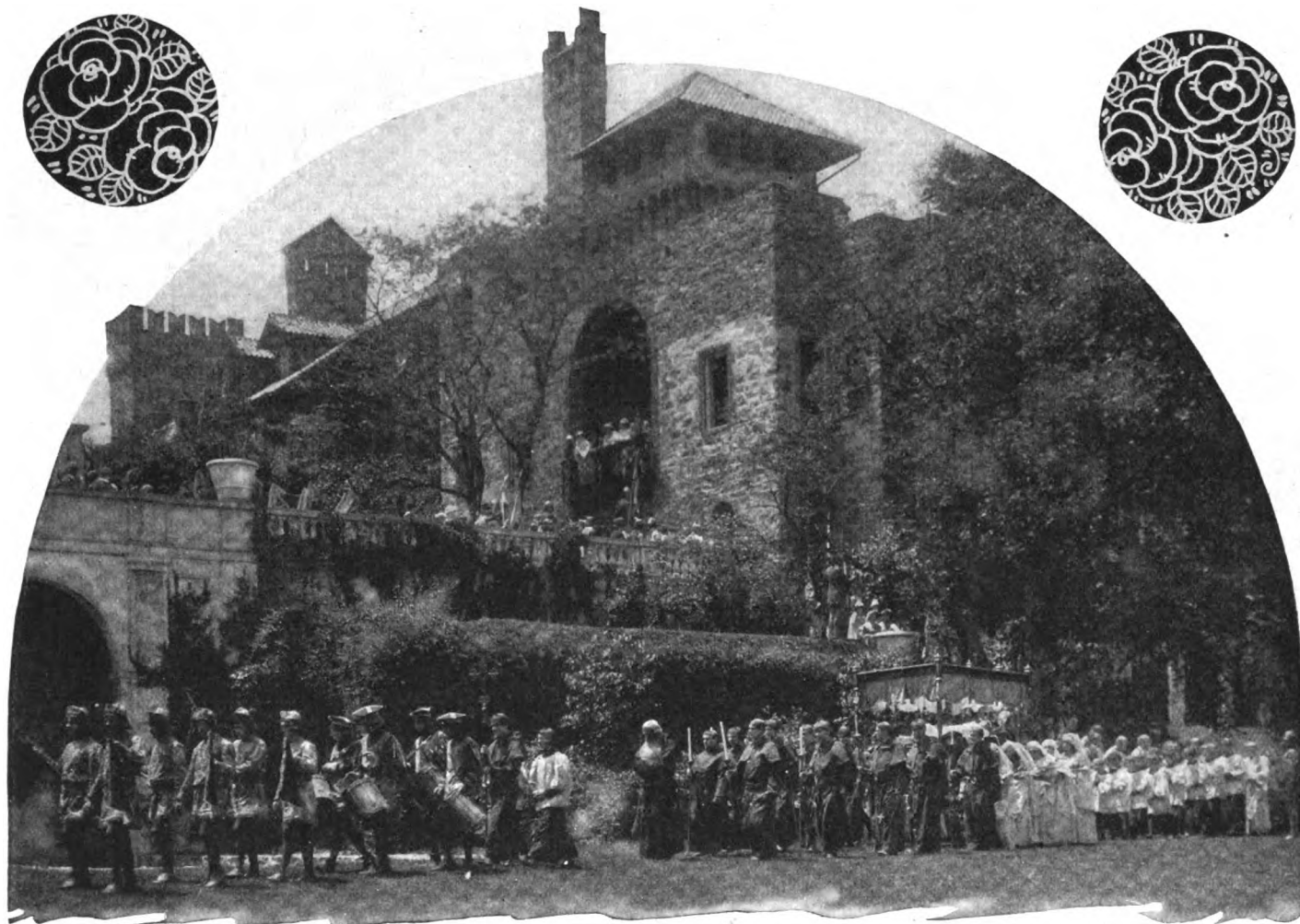
swallowed, he told him, if he had the strength of twenty men, would quickly despatch him.

With this poison he set out for Verona, to have a sight of his dear lady in her tomb, meaning, when he had satisfied his sight, to swallow the poison, and be buried by her side. He reached Verona at midnight, and found the churchyard, in the midst of which was situated the ancient tomb of the Capulets. He had provided a light, and a spade, and wrenching iron, and was proceeding to break open the monument, when he was interrupted by a

urged Paris to leave him, and warned him by the fate of Tybalt, who lay buried there, not to provoke his anger, or draw down another sin upon his head, by forcing him to kill him. But the count in scorn refused his warning, and laid hands on him as a felon, which Romeo resisting, they fought, and Paris fell. When Romeo, by the help of a light, came to see who it was that he had slain, that it was Paris, who (he learnt in his way from Mantua) should have married Juliet, he took the dead youth by the hand, as one whom misfortune had made a companion, and said

lady's lips, kissing them: and here he shook the burden of his cross stars from his weary body, swallowing that poison which the apothecary had sold him, whose operation was fatal and real, not like that dissembling potion which Juliet had swallowed, the effect of which was now nearly expiring, and she about to awake to complain that Romeo had not kept his time, or that he had come too soon.

For now the hour was arrived at which the friar had promised that she should awake; and he, having learnt that his letters which he had sent to Mantua, by



THE BURIAL CORTÈGE OF JULIET. "OUR WEDDING CHEER TO A SAD BURIAL FEAST, OUR SOLEMN HYMNS TO SULLEN DIRGES CHANGE"

voice, which by the name of *vile Montague*, bade him desist from his unlawful business. It was the young count Paris, who had come to the tomb of Juliet at that unseasonable time of night, to strew flowers, and to weep over the grave of her that should have been his bride. He knew not what an interest Romeo had in the dead, but knowing him to be a Montague, and (as he supposed) a sworn foe to all the Capulets, he judged that he was come by night to do some villainous shame to the dead bodies; therefore in an angry tone he bade him desist; and as a criminal, condemned by the laws of Verona to die if he were found within the walls of the city, he would have apprehended him. Romeo

that he would bury him in a triumphal grave, meaning Juliet's grave; which he now opened: and there lay his lady, as one whom Death had no power upon to change a feature or complexion in her matchless beauty, or as if Death were envious, and the lean abhorred monster kept her there for his delight; for she lay yet fresh and blooming, as she had fallen to sleep when she swallowed that benumbing potion: and near her lay Tybalt in his bloody shroud, whom Romeo seeing, begged pardon of his lifeless corpse, and for Juliet's sake called him *cousin*, and said that he was about to do him a favor by putting his enemy to death. Here Romeo took his last leave of his

some unlucky detention of the messenger, had never reached Romeo, came himself, provided with a pickaxe and lantern, to deliver the lady from her confinement; but he was surprised to find a light already burning in the Capulets' monument, and to see swords and blood near it, and Romeo and Paris lying breathless by the monument.

Before he could entertain a conjecture, to imagine how these fatal accidents had fallen out, Juliet awoke out of her trance, and seeing the friar near her, she remembered the place where she was, and the occasion of her being there, and asked for Romeo; but the friar hearing a noise, bade her come out of that place of death,

(Thirty-two)



and of unnatural sleep, for a greater power than they could contradict had thwarted their intents; and being frightened by the noise of people coming, he fled; but when Juliet saw the cup closed in her true love's hands, she guessed that poison had been the cause of his end, and she would have swallowed the dregs if any had been left, and she kist his still warm lips to try if any poison yet did hang upon them; then hearing a nearer noise of people coming, she quickly unsheathed a dagger which she wore, and stabbing herself, died by her true Romeo's side.

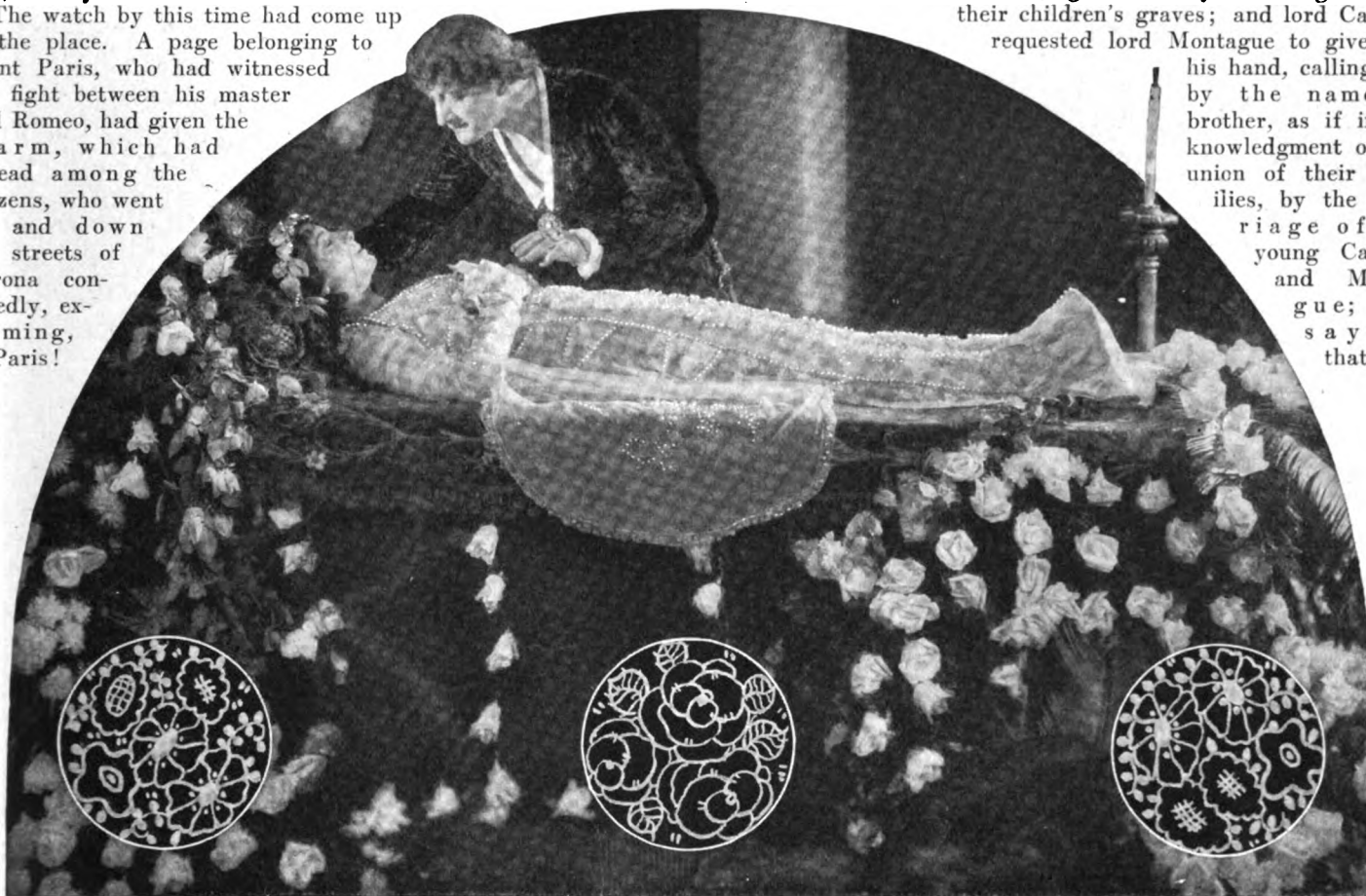
The watch by this time had come up to the place. A page belonging to count Paris, who had witnessed the fight between his master and Romeo, had given the alarm, which had spread among the citizens, who went up and down the streets of Verona confusedly, exclaiming, A Paris!

how Romeo, there dead, was husband to Juliet; and Juliet, there dead, was Romeo's faithful wife; how before he could find a fit opportunity to divulge their marriage, another match was projected for Juliet, who, to avoid the crime of a second marriage, swallowed the sleeping-draught (as he had advised), and all thought that she was dead; how meantime he wrote to Romeo, to come and take her hence when the force of the potion should cease, and by what unfortunate miscarriage of the messenger the letters never reached Romeo:

he could be supposed to have in these complicated slaughters, further than as the unintended consequences of his own well-meant, yet too artificial and subtle contrivances.

And the prince, turning to these old lords, Montague and Capulet, rebuked them for their brutal and irrational enmities, and showed them what a scourge Heaven had laid upon such offenses, that it had found means even thru the love of their children, to punish their unnatural hate. And these old rivals, no longer enemies, agreed to bury their long strife in their children's graves; and lord Capulet requested lord Montague to give him

his hand, calling him by the name of brother, as if in acknowledgment of the union of their families, by the marriage of the young Capulet and Montague; and saying that lord



ROMEO —O MY LOVE! MY WIFE! DEATH, THAT HATH SUCK'D THE HONEY OF THY BREATH, HATH NO POWER YET UPON THY BEAUTY

a Romeo! a Juliet! as the rumor had imperfectly reached them, till the uproar brought lord Montague and lord Capulet out of their beds, with the prince, to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. The friar had been apprehended by some of the watch, coming from the churchyard, trembling, sighing and weeping, in a suspicious manner. A great multitude being assembled at the Capulets' monument, the friar was demanded by the prince to deliver what he knew of these strange and disastrous accidents.

And there, in the presence of the old lords Montague and Capulet, he faithfully related the story of their children's fatal love, the part he took in promoting their marriage, in the hope in that union to end the long quarrels between their families;

(Thirty-three)

further than this the friar could not follow the story, nor knew more than that coming himself, to deliver Juliet from that place of death, he found the count Paris and Romeo slain. The remainder of the transactions was supplied by the narration of the page, who had seen Paris and Romeo fight, and by the servant who came with Romeo from Verona, to whom this faithful lover had given letters to be delivered to his father, in the event of his death, which made good the friar's words, confessing his marriage with Juliet, imploring the forgiveness of his parents, acknowledging the buying of the poison of the poor apothecary, and his intent in coming to the monument, to die, and lie with Juliet. All these circumstances agreed together to clear the friar from any hand

Montague's hand (in token of reconciliation) was all he demanded for his daughter's jointure; but lord Montague said he would give him more, for he would raise her a statue of pure gold, that while Verona kept its name, no figure should be so esteemed for its richness and workmanship as that of the true and faithful Juliet. And lord Capulet in return said, that he would raise another statue to Romeo. So did these poor old lords, when it was too late, strive to outgo each other in mutual courtesies: while so deadly had been their rage in past times, that nothing but the fearful overthrow of their children (poor sacrifices to their quarrels and dissensions) could remove the rooted hates and jealousies of the noble families.

# When they Go

ON days when there isn't very much doing at the Lasky studios, and when Wally Reid doesn't have to work, he telephones his wife, Dorothy Davenport, known as Dot, over at the Universal studios. And if Dot isn't working, Wally gets out his new car, stops at a big downtown café, has a luncheon hamper prepared, and off he and Dot go for a gypsy-day in the woods.

They discover many good locations, and are of great assistance to their respective directors when it comes to outside locations — tho some of the directors are inclined to wonder why it is that the prettiest locations they find are some distance from the studios.

(Hint: Both Dot and Wally are very fond of motoring. On a very warm morning it makes a cheerful break in the monotony of acting, if one may first have a nice

BILLIE  
BURKE



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VIVIAN MARTIN'S HOBBY IS  
COOKING AND PREPARING  
DAINTY VIANDS FOR HER  
FRIENDS



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND THREE  
MEMBERS OF HIS SUPPORTING CAST  
IN "THE ASSASSIN" (TRIANGLE) PLAY-  
ING PSYCHE TO HIS OWN REFLECTION



MARY KENNEDY LOVES TO WONDER  
WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING

(Thirty-four)



# A Pleasuring.

by  
*Roberta Courtland*

MR. AND MRS.  
WALLACE REID  
(DOROTHY  
DAVENPORT)



cool spin of several miles!)

Myrtle Stedman takes a great delight in golfing, and most of her pleasure days are spent on the links. It never gets too warm for her to accept, enthusiastically, a challenge to a golf-battle. And she's a formidable foe, too, in this gentle art. She says that golfing and long walks keep her trim and fit. And keeping in perfect physical condition is one of the most important things an actress for the flickering shadows has to observe. Thus she combines business and pleasure, to the ultimate benefit of her health—and beauty!

There isn't a more virile, happy-hearted player with the Triangle Company than their recent acquisition, Douglas Fairbanks. He has appeared in but five or six pictures, and yet he is a greater favorite than many players who



MABEL TRUNNELLE HAS  
FALLEN IN LOVE—BUT  
IT IS ONLY WITH  
THESE BEAUTIFUL,  
SNOW-WHITE  
PIGEONS



ARTHUR ALBERTSON IS AN EXCELLENT  
CANOEIST AND ENJOYS THE SPORT IMMENSELY

(Thirty-five)

THIS PEKINESE DOG COST ANNA HELD  
A SMALL FORTUNE



have been screeners all their lives. Every leisure minute at the studio is spent in some sort of recreation. Here he is shown with three of his supporting cast, including W. E. Lawrence and Dorothy West, in a new production, showing just how much fun can be gotten out of playing Psyche to his own reflection, in a lotus-budded pool that is an irresistible temptation to directors. Evidently, "Dug," as he is familiarly known, is enjoying himself hugely, and his companions aren't so solemn-looking, at that! "Dug's" grin has a reputation for being infectious.

Much has been written of "The Lady with the Eyes," Anna Held, and her capture, for picture purposes, by the Oliver Morosco Company. Not the least important of her possessions (excepting the eyes) is her famous Pekinese, who rejoices in the euphonious title of "Ting Ting!" (No, Gladys, *of course* he wasn't named in honor of the famous New York resort which you mention! The idea!) It is rumored that the chain which holds the dog captive in the picture is by no means one to which he is unaccustomed, for he is said to own jeweled dog-collars, and so forth, to the amount of many thousands. Miss Held's imported touring car forms an impressive background for His Dogship and Miss Held herself.

When Billie Burke went to Florida, as star of the George Kleine serial, "Gloria's Romance," she was delighted with everything she saw. That's one

of Billie's charms—her eagerness and enthusiasm over things that other people consider trifles. Billie was terribly busy, what with her acting, her exercise, and her bicycle rides. But she did find time, when she was "just *too* tired to walk another step," to roll luxuriously about in a one-man-power "Afromobile" rolling chair.

Mary Kennedy, ingénue of the Kalem Company, finds some use for every moment of her busy day. When she isn't being an actress and playing opposite Rose Melville, the famous "Sis Hopkins," she's water-nymphing. Mary is an expert swimmer, and her repertoire of dives would make a professional jealous.

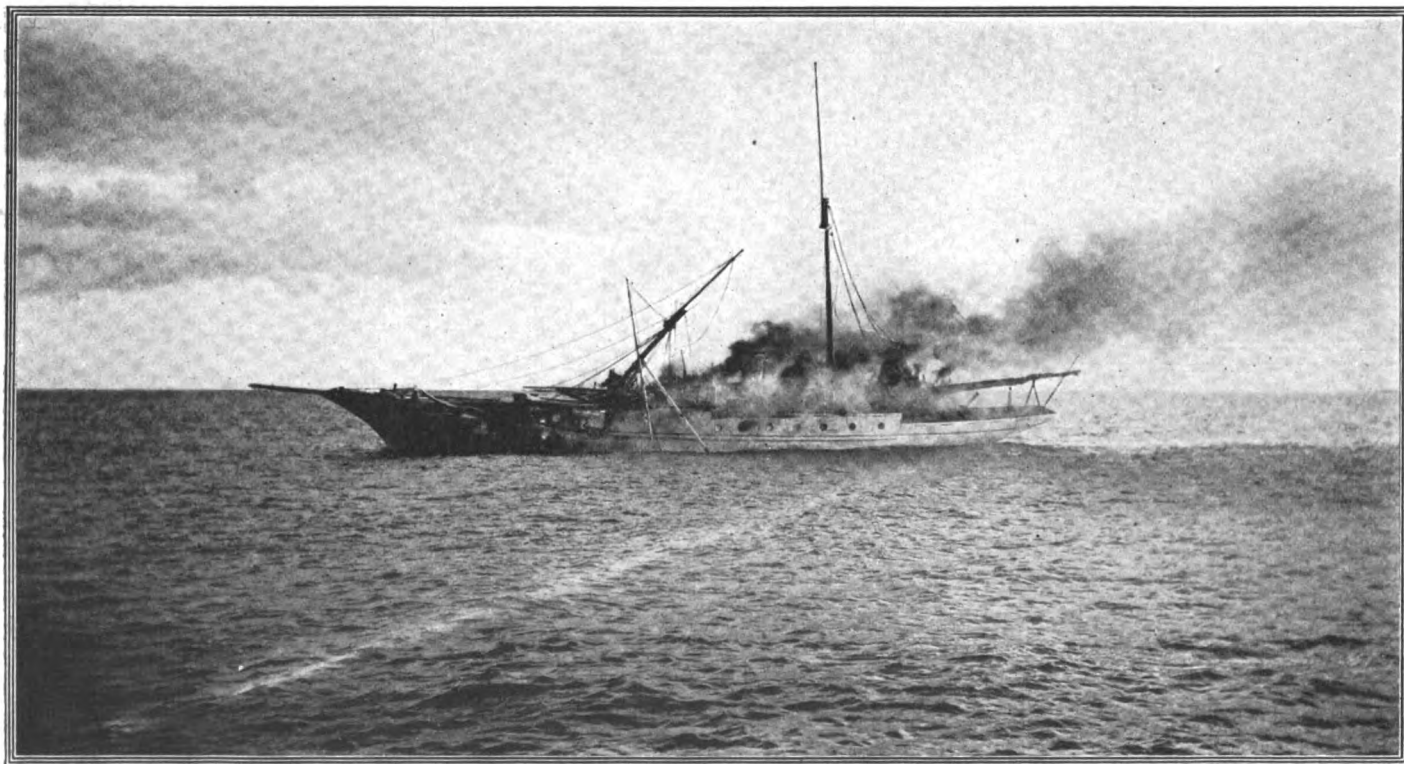
Pleasuring, for Vivian Martin, means entertaining her friends at dinner. And she loves to prepare the dinner herself, too. Her chafing-dish is one of her dearest possessions, and with its aid she can concoct a Welsh rarebit or a plate of toothsome chocolate fudge with equal ease and skill. Of course, Welsh rarebit gives one a lifelike imitation of what a sufferer from D. T.'s must enjoy; but who *wouldn't* see pink monkeys with jade eyes and purple striped snakes, if, to do so, meant that one might dine on a meal cooked by Vivian Martin?

When Mabel Trunnelle was in Cuba, recently, as star for the Edison Company, she fell in love with the gorgeous, snowy pigeons which make beautiful the city square in Havana. She spent the greater part of her

leisure time with them, and it finally grew so bad that her director, when he missed her, sighed in a long-suffering way, and gave a boy a peseta to entice Miss Trunnelle from her feathered friends. The pigeons grew to know Miss Trunnelle, and to perch on her shoulders, her outspread fingers, even in her hair, to accept the bits of bread which she had brought them.

Arthur Albertson, who plays particularly attractive juveniles, in the Sis Hopkins Company, at the Kalem studio in Jacksonville, and who is to be prominent in the support of Ivy Close, the famous English star who has recently signed with Kalem, is strongly addicted to outdoor sports. But the intervals of his strenuous acting give him scant opportunities for football, baseball or such sports; so he takes it out in the comparatively mild sport of canoeing—tho, somehow, it doesn't seem mild when one watches him skim swiftly over the ruffled surface of the St. John's River in a bright green canoe.

It's a far cry from the placid (?) waters of the St. John's to the white-capped breakers of the Pacific. But it is in the latter that we find Mae Andrew, of Pallas Pictures, Morosco. Miss Andrew, in a black and white suit designed for business, strictly, and for no "beach bathing," swims swiftly and cleanly, far out "among those waters, cold, unseeing"—but the waters look neither cold nor unseeing to charming Mae!



SCENE FROM A FORTHCOMING UNIVERSAL SUPER-FEATURE SHOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF A YACHT BY A TORPEDO. THE WHITE STREAK SHOWS THE PATH OF THE TORPEDO ON ITS DEADLY ERRAND

(Thirty-six)

# Entertaining the Indians

Hobart Bosworth's Company Gives a Unique Entertainment in the Mountains Which Attracts All People of Bear Valley

By HOBART BOSWORTH

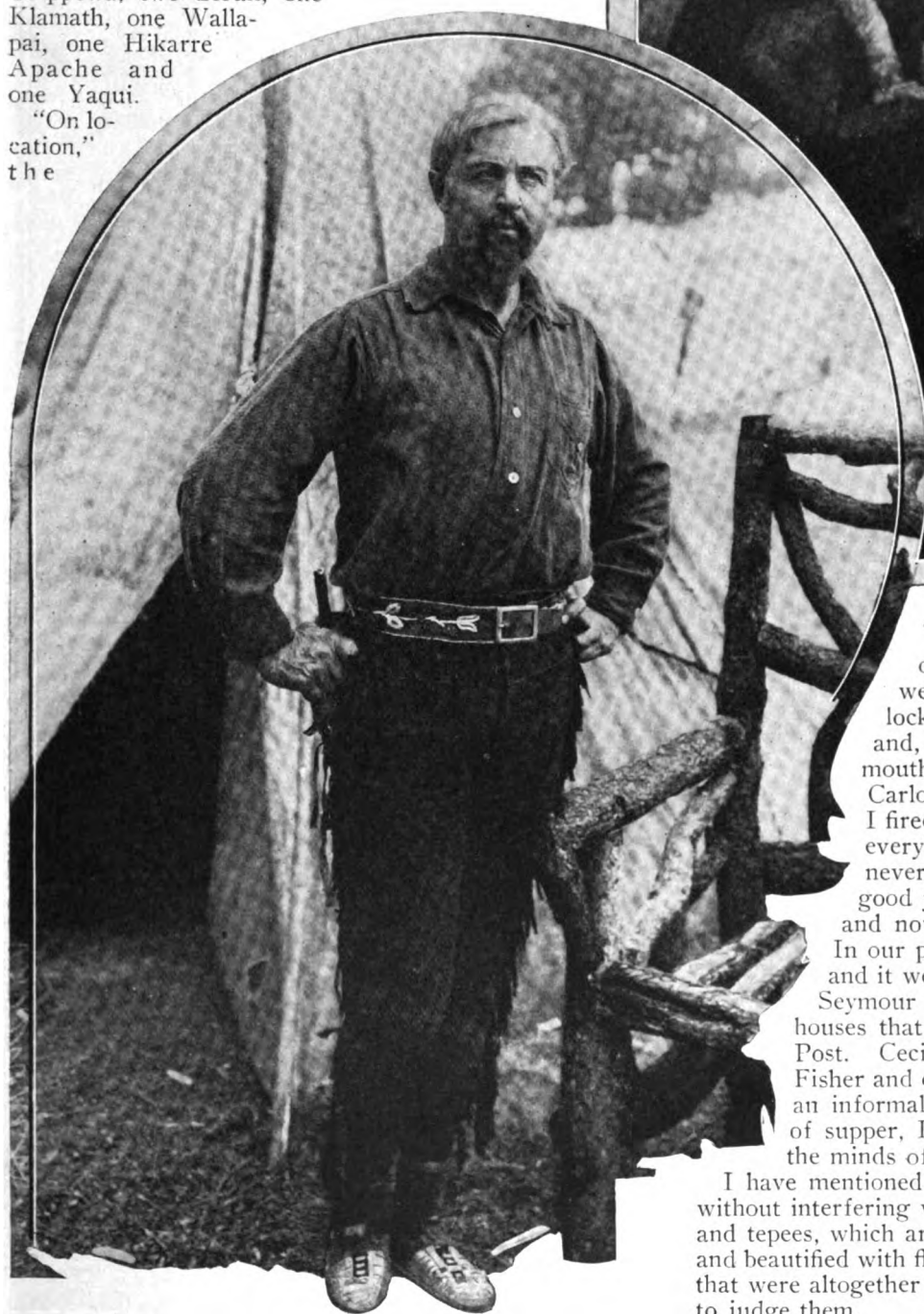
HERE I am, at Pine Knot Lodge, Bear Valley, California, with a company of seventy people, filming the exteriors of an Indian play.

We have a Seneca Indian, Big Tree, the handsomest Indian I ever saw—weight 198, height six feet one, good actor, and the model for Frazier's "End of the Trail" at the Fair; also one Chippewa, two Sioux, one Klamath, one Wallapai, one Hikarre Apache and one Yaqui.

"On location," the



BOSWORTH AND HIS BEST FRIEND



HOBART BOSWORTH AS HE DRESSED IN BEAR VALLEY  
(Thirty-seven)

other day, I had my old rifle. There were some visitors. Quietly I told Carlock, my property man, to light a cigaret, and, when I fired, to blow it out of his mouth. I loaded, carefully faking the bullet. Carlock was nervous, but acted beautifully. I fired, and down fell the cigaret. It fooled everybody—even the Indians said they had never seen such shooting. It was such a good joke that I told them how it happened, and now they are all doing the same thing. In our party last night I tried the trick again, and it went big.

Seymour Tally has a point here with five log houses that we are using for our Hudson's Bay Post. Cecil De Mille, Donald Crisp, John H. Fisher and others were to be here, so I thought of an informal party for Saturday night, with a bit of supper, Indian dances and log fires to occupy the minds of my people, and invite the few guests

I have mentioned. The results were really marvelous, without interfering with our work in any way. The tents and tepees, which are in a lovely location, were garnished and beautified with flowers, ferns, little lanterns, signs, etc., that were altogether so attractive that I called a committee to judge them.

Two vast fires were built, one on a platform, which acted



BOSWORTH AND HIS COMPANY ENTERTAINING THE INHABITANTS OF BEAR VALLEY

as a spotlight in a gallery behind the audience. We had a stage, which was tastefully decorated with skins and a large Indian painting by Valencia. The flags and camp lanterns made a charming showing, with the immense trees as background. There were trophies and throne-chairs, made with our cannon and balls and skins, and "prop" chairs, and all the Indian weapons, and, in addition, my own personal guns, tomahawks, etc., were used.

A special skin tepee which John Fisher, a millionaire hunter and companion of Stewart Edward White on his trips, said was the most perfect thing of the kind he had ever seen, also added to the attractiveness of the scene. Our commissary department furnished a lunch that all the guests said would have made the chef of the great Alexandria turn green with envy. Then there were cigarets and cigars galore, and autos for our guests, many of whom had no means of transportation.

News of our party got abroad, and, instead of the thirty invited guests, all Bear Valley turned out, and there must have been fully three hundred present. We began at 8:15 with tent

inspection; all our people were in their make-ups and occupied the tents as the guests filed by. We had twenty fires along the front to light up the tents. The showing of the company was splendid, and Bud Osborne and Skipper Zelff, as trappers, attracted especial attention. I never saw a lovelier effect than those tepees, outlined by the fire-glow against the rocks and forest, with the real Indians standing or sitting in picturesque groups. With the tap-tap of the Indians' drums, it was all weirdly beautiful.

At 8:30, Charlie Hickman, made up as a cattle king, and who acted as announcer, called the guests to the stage and introduced us in a very funny circus speech that made a big hit, as he did by his announcements all thru. Then we marched in procession around the fires. After an informal welcome to an informal party by the writer, the following program was given:

Imitations, by "Big Slim" Cole.  
Spanish dance and rope-twirling, by Ed Valencia.  
War-dance, by Big Tree and Willow Bird.  
Russian dance, by Mrs. Eagle Wing.  
Song, by Shorty Brandenburg.  
Recitation—Holmes' "Last Leaf on the Tree," by Hobart Bosworth.

Fancy rifle-shooting at can on head of Carlock, by Hobart Bosworth.  
Indian dance, by Eagle Wing; drums, by Willow Bird.  
Romeo and Juliet burlesque, by Cole and Miss Frieze.  
Song, by little Anna Lehr.  
Bull-fight, with Valencia as matador, assisted by Indians; the bull played by a Yaqui warrior.  
Indian song and dance, by "Big Minnie."  
Japanese dance and acrobatics, by Frank Tokanaga.  
Contortions and balance act, by Mr. and Mrs. Eagle Wing.  
Cannon-ball catching and juggling, by Sam Polo.  
Indian eagle-dance, by Little Chief.  
Grand opera, by "Big Slim" Cole.  
"Milking" and throwing the bull, by Big Tree and Bud Osborne.  
War-dance, followed by scalp-dance, by Big Tree and all the Indians.  
Scalp-dance, by Bud Osborne.  
Epilog—"If We Shadows Have Offended," from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Hobart Bosworth.

From 8:30 to 10 o'clock that long program was given without a wait or a hitch. Big Tree, stripped to his breech-clout, was quite the wildest and most beautiful figure I have ever seen, and he certainly was the *pièce de résistance* of this unusual occasion. Valencia's Spanish dance was very graceful, and aroused the audience to a

(Continued on page 70)

(Thirty-eight)



# HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

By Pauline Frederick, Myrtle Stedman, Fay Tincher and Marguerite Clayton

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors are being published in the *MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC* and *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, showing what the chances are for outsiders getting into the pictures and how to go about it. Every publication, producer, director and player is constantly flooded with inquiries asking How to Get In, and these articles are to cover the field exhaustively and conclusively by the greatest experts in the business. We urge every reader who is interested in the subject to read each and every article in the series, because we find that the opinions differ widely. Some of the writers seem to encourage beginners, while others plainly discourage them. We also urge parents to read these articles carefully because, sooner or later, they may have the problem to solve in their own household. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting persons to try to get into this already overcrowded business; but at the same time we wish to show that there is still room for certain classes of applicants, and we desire to point out the best methods to bring their qualifications before the proper persons.

PAULINE FREDERICK,  
the Famous Players Emotional Star,  
Tells What It Means to Play Upon  
Human Heart-Strings

**G**REAT actors and great artists—those who create—are born, not made. Few are great; each generation leaves only a few famous names behind it; and if the art of a Garrick, a Bernhardt, a Siddons or a Booth had been common knowledge—an open book for all to read from—their fellow players would all have been great.

It is the something within one, the divine spark, that, according to how brightly it flames, is the measure of dramatic genius. If it could be transferred from actor to actor, then, indeed, would all the world be a stage.

But we can at least admire and, by close study, learn to know the elements of greatness. Thus do the army of players have a constant inspiration before them.

(Thirty-nine)

True art, then, is personality, part of oneself. It cannot be stored like fuel in an engine, nor film in a magazine. One can-

taste. The late Richard Mansfield was domineering, egotistical, selfish, hot-headed, but a man of fine feelings and fastidious tastes. He had a natural eye for crudities of gesture or speech, unreality of settings and costumes, harmony of colors, and, greater than all of these, the unerring sense of detecting "true" emotions. And now we are getting "underneath the paint." Costumes, make-up, lights, settings, music are accessories only; they aid, but do not create. Gesture, facial play, the walk, the pose, the carriage of the hands and the head are but the externals of stage and Motion Picture art. The well-spring lies underneath; it is the feeling and taste, the "refined



PAULINE FREDERICK, OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS COMPANY

not be a diplomat by cramming all the law in the world!

What, then, is dramatic personality? I will try to stare the bright flame in the face, and to separate it into its parts. The good actor is a man—or woman, mayhap—of feeling and good

emotionalism" of the actor himself. There you have the bed-rock; after that must come its development, and, in this commercial age, its exploitation. It is true that some players, both on the stage and in the studios, have been developed, or "made," rather, and clev-



MYRTLE STEDMAN  
(MOROSCO)

erly exploited, but this is not the true artist, and his value is only commercial and short-lived.

There must be many other natural qualifications to Motion Picture success besides true feeling and good taste. Good health, good looks, a clear complexion, and expressive eyes are important physical assets.

Given these things and the development stage may be started. Motion Picture acting consists of harnessing the face and body to the trained mind. There have been great natural musicians and painters, but they have had to undergo a long period of training before their art was ready for expression. It is the same with the studio stage. Its technique must be learnt. Not one "natural born" actor in a thousand could walk out before the camera and properly convey his thoughts and his emotions to his audience, without the proper training. Acting a bit under-

done is commonplace; overdone is burlesque; and it takes not only true feeling and good taste, but a trained judgment to tread the narrow path between.

My argument may be tiresome, but I think my conclusions are persuasive. Don't take up Motion Picture work unless you are gifted—a person of stronger feeling, better taste and with a better and stronger physique than your friends. Be a "being set apart" at the start. I myself started in amateur theatricals in Boston, and by the hardest sort of work gained access to the professional stage. My Motion Picture advent was sudden and flattering, but it could not have come about as it did without the necessary qualifications and years of dramatic experience. I was chosen by the Famous Players Company to go to Italy and play the female lead in Hall Caine's "Eternal City." There were few preliminaries, and I named my own price.

The natural place for Motion Picture development is the studio. Stage training is not necessary at all. But, remember that you knock at the door as a chrysalis—the gorgeous butterfly can spread its wings only after months and years of training. The studios are not overrun with too many gifted players. Their schooling will try you out or find you out. If the personality—the divine spark—is within, no matter how tiny, it will be seen and will be husbanded and made to grow by discerning directors.

#### MYRTLE STEDMAN

the Selig and Morosco Star, Defines  
Attractiveness

Perhaps this is theory; but, when all is said and done, I believe that it is a practical theory and the secret of success of many of our leading picture players. Why is Mary Pickford a household word? And why does every one speak of her with admiration, if not with love? It is her quality of attractiveness.

There is something in each one of us that either repels or attracts at first sight. We can't always explain it, nor analyze it, but this quality exists in a superlative degree in most of the favorites of both the screen and the stage.

The dramatic "heavy" or the adventuress must win two classes of audience: the unintellectual, by the feeling of dislike that they inspire, thus, by contrast, creating a feeling of affection for the hero and heroine; the intellectual, by the finish and naturalness of their art. But, strange to say, even with the handicap of unlikable rôles, the quality of attractiveness is still apparent.

The screen will read your character much more freely and infallibly than

thru the lines of your hand. If you are abounding in good nature, the lines of your face can't help but reveal it to your audience. No matter what your likable traits are, with proper direction they will be revealed to your friends in the audience; so I say that mental and spiritual attractiveness, as well as physical, has much to do in the making of a popular player.

Some students of human nature claim that personal magnetism is the secret of success with many players, but I believe that the intellectual and moral qualities can be clearly read on the screen, and in the end that they breed a stronger admiration.

The work of most picture players is not forced; it is usually only themselves picked up and carried along for a time at a higher emotional pace. If you sit down and talk with Mary Pickford and most of our other favorites, you could not help but notice that the same little charming bits of facial play, tricks of gesture, and methods of "thought" that they express on the screen are part of their very selves. The attributes of attractiveness are perhaps vague; but they are surely the qualities that first start you on the road to success, which is to bring you to the attention of studio directors and man-



MARGUERITE CLAYTON  
(ESSANAY)

(Forty)

agers, and eventually, according to the degree of your attractiveness, help you to become a successful photoplayer.

The face that lights up with animation and that mirrors the thoughts beneath is a printed page from which all may read with delight. Some people are handicapped with faces that lack the ability to clearly register attractiveness. The receding chin, the narrow, angular face, the flat face, small or sunken eyes, bad or illy placed teeth are poor mediums of expression.

The expression of heavy emotions distorts thin faces into a mere grimace, and the flat or flaccid face is incapable of bringing out expression sharply. Strong features that are not too pronounced, eyes of size and lustre, with regular and harmonious facial lines, are strong requisites for proper expression.

If you have this almost indefinable quality of attractiveness and a face and appearance to properly interpret it, nature has endowed you with the elements of a successful dramatic career. Serious endeavor, the determination to succeed and the strength to stand the strain of hard work are also necessary.

Casting directors are not altogether governed by cold analysis, and I think it an excellent plan to obtain a letter of introduction to directors or their assistants. It certainly makes the plunge a bit less cold for timid and inexperienced people, and it will give you, in most cases, an opportunity to discuss your qualifications more thoroly. In all cases it is well to submit photographs, the best obtainable—one or two of the face, and also full-length pictures. A brief physical description should be written on the back of these for ready reference, also your address and telephone number. Directors are very busy men, and must get in touch with their casts at a moment's notice. I have known lots of actors, and also inexperienced people, to miss employment by not being readily accessible.

The brief physical description should include your height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, weight and characteristics of appearance. Many extras have advanced rapidly, and this has been due to their attractiveness, their latent ability, and their power to learn quickly.

The very best school of experience I know is the opportunity extras have of observing the well-known players of the screen at work, and carefully noting the attributes of stardom. Of course, the mannerisms of the well-known player should never be imitated exactly, but should be shaped to agree with a person's own individuality.

(Forty-one)

# MARGUERITE CLAYTON

## the Essanay Leading Woman, Believes That Good Dressing Is of Supreme Importance

I started playing very small parts myself when I first entered pictures just a few years ago, so I will speak from my own experience, that it may aid newcomers to the studios.

No matter how insignificant a young person's part is, if he or she dresses well, and his or her physical appearance is neat and well-groomed, such a beginner has a marked advantage to win preferment. The larger and better your wardrobe, the better your chances with a director for a



FAY TINCHER  
(TRIANGLE)

steady engagement.

Plays of modern life, and especially society plays, are at least three-quarters of current productions. So that a young person who carries herself or himself well and makes a good appearance will be quickly picked out for the best place before the camera, and will be sought after for future work.

Some beginners are engaged by the week, and others only as occasion arises. In the latter case, a week might elapse before a second opportunity presents itself. It pays always to be on hand, and not to be discouraged by lapses of engagement. The young person who makes a reputation for being steady and readily gotten at, is the first one to pick up a "chance" when it comes.

Slender, stylish figures are most in demand, and large eyes are usually more expressive than small ones, especially those that are close-set. A bad complexion is a serious detriment to

straight parts, but in character and comedy parts it should not be a serious obstacle.

In seeking a first engagement, especially as an extra or for a minor part, a person's personality and ability have very little or no chance to show themselves. These things, of course, count for a good deal in the long run. Your physical appearance, your dress, and perhaps your carriage and deportment will be the first impressions to present themselves to a casting director. On that account I place a good deal of importance upon them.

# FAY TINCHER

## The Inimitable Comédienne, Thinks It Easy to Imitate Her

A girl has got to have a sense of humor in order to get into Motion Pictures. No one ever succeeded at the first shot. You have got to keep trying and trying until the ordeal becomes funny, and after a while you'll land.

If you take it too seriously, you will find it a cruel experience.

Breaking into the movies is like breaking into society; for some it is hard, and for others it isn't. It is said that burglars have set rules for breaking into a house; but there are no set rules for butting into a studio. As with Cæsar, it must be a case of "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The dressing-rooms and camera lines are chuck-full of people, which is one way of saying that the market is over-supplied; but they are not all actors in the true sense of the word, and the only way to find out if you are an actor, or just an actorine, is to take a chance. The trouble with most girls is—and I have talked to hundreds of them in the studios—that they seem to think Motion Pictures are a combination picnic-ground, dream-world and short-cut to fame. They are anything but that. The work, to talk plain English, is as strenuous as a laundry girl's; the hours are long; there is very little time for outside pleasures, and your E-string must be kept twanging at concert pitch all the time.

If you are an original style of boy or girl, it is going to show the first time you are "shot." It may be that your part consists of carrying a cup of tea for My Lady Star; but if originality lies within you, no matter how much you are coached by the directors on just how to carry in that cup of tea, it is bound to show in a dozen little ways to the expert eye.

The coming supply of players, in my opinion, will not be stage-trained actors. Rather, they will be home-made right in the studios themselves—from

(Continued on page 68)



The world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

**T**his little bit of Robert Louis Stevenson's good philosophy may be the secret of Mae Marsh's happiness, for she is always happy, and her unusual, gray eyes are invariably sparkling with fun. She is truly one of those to-be-envied personalities who always go around with a song in their hearts, and whom it makes one feel the better for having met and shaken the hand of.

The story of her rapid rise to stardom, after her first meeting with Griffith; her change from the ugly duckling into the swan, and all the other little anecdotes from those early days, have been written about

ing of her last finished production the merciless screen would reveal flaws in her acting. There was the chagrin of fault-finding on the part of the director and older members of the company, and, worst of all, the self-criticism, which is really the most unbearable to the sensitive mind, and which Mae Marsh lacked egoism enough to conquer at the first. But she rose sublimely above all those things, and we see her now a young actress securely perched upon the heights of stardom.

If we were speaking in the language of flowers, we would term her a California poppy, for the poppy—not so gorgeous perhaps as is the rose or orchid—is a modest little flower with a persuasive personality that commands recognition. The

only marked difference between the poppy and Mae Marsh is the fact that the poppy appeals in masses and she is a field in herself, being the only one of her distinct sort.

Her versatility is a by-word among her co-workers. In such parts as "Apple Pie Mary," the little waitress in "Home, Sweet Home," she has evolved a new

characterization that would be impossible for any one else but just Mae Marsh.

There is a grave, far-reaching appeal mingled with the comedy of the rôles that is characteristic of her, and that one has come to look for in her acting. There is art,



so often that we will pass on without any repetition of them and will tell only about the fascinating Mae Marsh that is—not the child phenomenon that was.

Altho her success was amazing in the rapidity of its coming, the path on which it traveled was not composed entirely of roses, for there were some very sharp thorns mingled among them. There was many and many a night that she would lie awake, torn between anxiety for the next day's work and fear that in the first show-



(Forty-two)

# of the Films

ZEIDMAN

and very great art, in being able to make a spectator laugh at some commonplace, little action, and then the next moment be gripped, even to the tear-arousing point, by a sudden reverse to the emotional. We have come to look for contrast in the work of this surprising young actress, and we bow before her appealing power of mingling smiles and tears and pity and love in such a deft manner that we ourselves are scarcely aware of how she is playing with our emotions.

She has a vivacious manner and roguish grace that are noticeable in all of her parts. "Love in an Apartment Hotel" is an old one-reel Biograph, but it is remembered still by many, and the little French maid flitting and caroling thruout it plays a large

part in that memory, for she is none other than Mae Marsh; and when once seen, who can forget her?

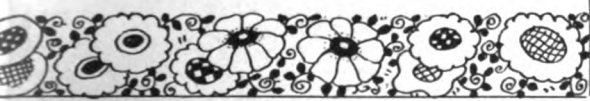
Nor is she lacking in daring, for she will stop at nothing

ism into her rôles. In "The Great Leap," a former Majestic release, she and Robert Herron, riding double, leap on horseback over a thirty-foot cliff into the river beneath.

(Continued on page 69)



to bring real-



(Forty-three)

# Pen Impressions by Carolyn Townsend



LILLIAN GISH



GEORGE BEBAN



CLARA K. YOUNG



CRANE WILBUR



VIVIAN MARTIN



PAULINE FREDERICK



ANNA PAVLOVA



MARY MAURICE



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

(Forty-four)





KITTENS REICHERT (FOX)

# Better Pictures for Children

How to Establish Special Shows for Children in the Motion Picture Theaters

By ELIZABETH RICHEY DESSEZ

**I**N the first article of this series, the necessity of giving the child his own place in the world of Motion Pictures was emphasized, and some of the difficulties encountered by those who attempt to withdraw him from the shows planned for adults were touched upon. The object of this article is to give helpful suggestions as to the present solution of the problem, with the hope of ultimately eliminating the difficulties that now loom so large before the sponsors of Motion Picture shows for young people.

Statistics show that five million children go into the Motion Picture theaters of the United States each day and carry home, firmly impressed upon their young minds, the message of good or evil flashed from the screens. Whose is the responsibility of seeing whether that message be good, evil, or merely futile and inane?

Some people who have given this matter thoughtful consideration feel that upon the educators of our country devolves the task of seeing into

what mould our future citizens are cast. Others say, arouse the parents to the realization of how tremendous is this influence upon the minds and characters of their children and the solution of the problem will be forthcoming.

The responsibility rests upon parents, educators, and all who have the welfare of the child at heart, whether from interest in the individual or as material for the making of future citizens. Active work in this particular branch of social service comes within the province of the women's clubs—in their capacity of community mothers. When the women of the country take up any question that affects the child and the home, and thru them the foundations of society, success must inevitably attend their efforts.

To establish the shows for young people in any community, three things are necessary—the active co-operation of the exhibitor in whose theater the special performances are given, as much publicity in the local papers as

it is possible to command, and a lively and permanent community interest in the project.

If a committee of three club members be formed, let each one assume the work of one of these departments, with as many assistants as she desires or can secure.

One should attend to the arrangement of the programs, using every opportunity to make herself familiar with the film situation, the output of the industry as a whole, the production of the different companies, and the work of popular actors and actresses. Lists of plays suitable for young people may be secured, and the plays recommended may be seen in advance in the theaters or in the projecting-rooms of the exchanges in the larger cities. Upon this member of the committee also will devolve the duty of arranging details with the exhibitor in whose theater the performances are to be given.

The second member should be publicity agent for the enterprise. Her

part will be to arouse the interest of the editors of the local newspapers and to secure their assistance in the forming of public opinion. Each week she should send to the papers an advance notice of the place and hour of the performance, with the program in full. Publicity is a potent factor in any undertaking, and, until the shows for young people are permanently established in every community, they should be brought constantly to the attention of the public. The exhibitor should be induced to announce them on his weekly program and with slides on the screen at every performance.

If it is possible to secure a public speaker of some experience as the third member of the committee, it will be of great advantage. Her task will be the arousing of public interest from the platform. She should make speeches to the mothers' clubs and

parents' associations of the public schools; to civic organizations, whether of men or women, or both; to church organizations, and in every community center that can be reached. If she is familiar with her subject, she cannot fail to be enthusiastic and convincing. No one can really study the Motion Picture problem without acquiring the vision of its tremendous potentialities for good in the spreading of culture, in the forming of ideals, in opening the doors of travel to the stay-at-homes, and in providing entertainment for a class that has never before had amusement within its reach.

The first step of the committee as a whole is to

shows for young people. The theater in a neighborhood of homes is best, as it is more accessible to the children



whether they attend the show alone or with parents or guardians. The audience will be larger if the effort to get to a distant theater is not required.

The class of people who attend a theater is not necessarily an important consideration. Very

MAE  
MARSH

often the manager who is desirous of improving the patronage of his theater will give more enthusiastic co-operation than the man who has an established clientele. Moreover,

it is quite as important to reach the children of the poor, for whom this is so great a form of amusement, as it is to cater to the needs of the well-to-do, for whom already so much is done. It is most necessary to see that the theater chosen is clean, well ventilated, properly heated, and that the emergency exits are always unlocked. The fire department has a watchful eye on this detail, but it is a part of the

decide in what theater in the community it will be best to hold the



LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE (BALBOA) IN VARIOUS POSES, AND MAE MARSH (FINE ARTS) IN THE TWO UPPER RIGHT PICTURES

(Forty-six)



ZOE RAE  
(UNIVERSAL)

committee's  
duty to be vol-  
untary assist-  
ants to the fire-  
men.

The next step to-  
wards establishing the  
special perform-



ances is to interest the exhibitor of the theater decided upon and to secure his co-operation. In the large cities, the only practicable time is Saturday morning. The exhibitor has his own audience of adults at the daily matinée, and he does not wish to change his regular bookings, nor to give up an assured audience for one

manager to have the show for young people on Friday afternoon after school-hours. The matter must be presented to the exhibitor not only as a business proposition, but as an opportunity to render a real service to his community. It is said too frequently that the manager of the Motion Picture house is



he feels must be created. In the smaller towns, where the matinée is not held each day, it is quite possible to persuade the theater



MORE PICTURES OF LITTLE 'MARY' SUNSHINE (BALBOA)

(Forty-seven)



in the business solely for the money he makes. Like every business man, he desires a fair profit on his investment, and presenting the "silent drama" is not always the gold-mine it appears to the casual observer who watches the dimes and nickels pouring in when the appearance of a popular actress has been well heralded. A well-capitalized company with a string of theaters may make money, but the man who invests his money in one theater does little more than make a living. The return on his investment is likely to be variable and irregular. With a few exceptions, the owner of a Motion Picture house is sincerely desirous of rendering a service to his community, and the request that he use his theater as a factor in the upbuilding of youth will make a definite appeal to him. If the only exhibitor in the neighborhood should be one who is deaf to any sound but the clink of coin, have as many of the regular patrons of his theater as it is possible to reach speak to him and insist that he show good programs for boys and girls on selected days. Popular demand will influence even the most reactionary exhibitor.

The member of the committee who selects the programs will find it to her advantage to work with the manager. Go over the theater's regular bookings of which he has had advance notification, and select the things suitable for young people. Films are rented by the day, and he can easily arrange with his exchange to pay a little more and use a subject for an additional performance. If he shows one of the current weeklies, have him book it for the day of the special performance. Young people are always keenly interested in the pictorial news films. They present accurately and vividly history in the making and give to young minds the breadth of an interest outside a limited locality. If the manager has a reel of travel on his regular bookings, this, too, may be used on the special program. If he has not, one may be secured from the many beautiful subjects photographed in every land.

The program for the young people should consist of eight reels, or seven at the least. Some of the sponsors of children's shows consider a six-reel show, lasting an hour and a half, quite long enough for the juvenile audience, but, as was pointed out in the preceding article, the children already addicted to the pictures will not forsake the adult show for the one arranged for them, unless it be as long and as attractive.

Films may be secured by two methods. Lists of subjects suitable for young people may be consulted and programs made up in advance. These programs should then be submitted to the exchange from which the manager of the theater makes his bookings. If the exchange has no prints of the films called for, the list can be revised and other subjects substituted. There are several general exchanges which furnish programs for entertainments in theaters, churches and schools. They do not handle the new features, but they have on their lists many of the children's comedies, one-reel subjects of travel, nature study and native industries, with many valuable re-issues of historical subjects, drama and fairy tales.

Care must be taken to comply with the local laws in conducting the special performances. The statute books of many states contain the wise and protective law which forbids the admission of young people under sixteen to a Motion Picture theater except when they are attended by adults. When the shows are given under responsible patronage, permission may be obtained from the local bureau of licenses to have enough patronesses at each performance to assume guardianship of the children who come alone.

Secure the co-operation of the local government, the board of education, and as many prominent people as possible. This gives weight and seriousness to the movement, and may serve to influence the large class that still regards the silent drama as a form of cheap amusement suitable only for those who can afford nothing better, rather than as one of the big forces of our generation.

The board of education, if properly approached, may allow the weekly programs to be posted on the bulletins of the public schools. Educators are keenly alive to the necessity of turning into constructive channels this tremendous influence upon the minds and characters of the young, because they deal with youth collectively and have wider opportunities to observe the effects of this popular form of recreation than the parent who deals with the child individually.

If the exhibitor can be persuaded to give the initial performance to the women of his community, it is an excellent beginning and furnishes the opportunity for widespread publicity. Let it assume the nature of a rally of the women's clubs and parents' organizations. Give a model performance to show what the committee is under-

taking, and let the member who is the public speaker make an address presenting the case and urging the assistance of the parents, that the work may be successful and permanent.

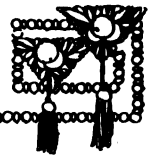
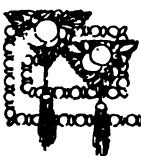
This gives material for a feature story in the newspapers and should give great impetus to the new movement. The exhibitor will find it well worth while to invest some of his money he allots for advertising in this way.

With the special performances well launched, the work of the committee is only begun. Public opinion is a slow growth and must be diligently cultivated. The interest of the children in their own shows must be kept up by making the programs lively and enticing. The offering of small, cash prizes for stories of subjects shown on the screens has proved stimulating in every way. Make the announcement at one performance that a prize will be given for a story two hundred words in length on the feature which will be shown the following week. The stories may be sent to the theater by the middle of the week, the winning story read and the prize awarded on Saturday.

When a fairy story or a dramatization of any of the classics is booked, get the librarian to put this book on the table in the children's branch of the public library during the preceding week. When a historical play is to be given, get the teacher whose grade is working in that department of history to announce it to his class.

If the receipts of the box-office fall below the sum necessary to repay the exhibitor for his time and trouble, get the women of the community to underwrite the performances. A small effort on the part of each woman will assure the theater manager of an audience and a reasonable profit.

Untiring efforts to awaken a community to a realization of this great need will have results that are both immediate and far-reaching. One never wearies of observing the enthusiasm and responsiveness of a child-audience, and the constructive nature of the work is its own reward. We who are pioneers in this new land of Motion Pictures must work for the present with the material at hand. Only by the creation of public demand will the intricacies of the film situation be unraveled, and the children have their own place in this new art, which lies just beyond their own doorsteps and lures them like the Pied Piper's pipes.



# The Shine Girl

By  
DOROTHY DONNELL

(Thanouser)

This story was written from the Photo-play of Agnes C. Johnston

SUCH a dark little, tight little shoe-shine shop as that of old Pete Ragolli it would be hard to find in a long day's journey, but the Shine Girl never thought about its darkness or its tightness at all. Sometimes, to be sure, she was a little sorry for Sally, who had to sit on the high, dusty window-sill, looking out all day at the feet of the passers-by and longing, no doubt, in her geranium soul, for a ray of sunshine that never peeped into the basement shop; but the Shine Girl did not once think of being sorry for herself. That was one reason for her cheery nickname. The other reasons were two busy, clever little hands, just now engaged in applying a bronze polish to a pair of ladies' shoes from the Big House up the Street.

"These are Happy shoes, Sally," she confided to the stunted plant on the sill beside her mop of tawny hair. "They's daddy ones, and mother ones, and darlin'-precious baby ones—a whole family o' shoes! I wonder what the Happy folks that wear dem look like, dont youse? Look, Sally; did youse ever see such teenie-weenie specks o' things?"

She held up a pair of little, stubbed ankle-ties, sudden wistfulness in her



A TINY PINK-AND-BLUE-AND-GOLDEN FIGURE

(Forty-nine)



"WOT'S DE MATTER, HEINE—IS BUSINESS BAD, MEBBE?"

small, pointed face; then, with a swift glance, to make sure she was unnoticed, she dropped a kiss into each tiny shoe. No one but Sally saw it, and Sally was used to the Shine Girl's queer little whims.

Over the way, a fussy old gentleman was scolding Billy, the littlest bootblack, because he hadn't put enough blacking on one of his heels; and inky drops, compounded of polish and discouragement, were coursing down across the fresh smears of today's toil and fainter yesterday-smears on Billy's cheeks. In a moment the Shine Girl was at his side, pushing him away.

"You leave me 'tend to him!" she said briskly, shaking the hair out of her way and picking up the brush with a grimy, capable little claw. Mischief sparkled in the great, gray eyes that met the fussy gentleman's scowling surprise.

"Jes' 'cause youse got swell, new shoes on aint no reason fer youse to do all dis kickin'!" she smiled.

The cross reprimand on the old gentleman's lips got tangled up in a sudden chuckle; the chuckle grew into a rusty, unused-sounding laugh, and, quite before he realized it, the fussy customer had changed into as pleasant an old grandpa-man as you could wish to see. When the Shine Girl announced that his shoes were finished, he never even glanced at them, but clambered down from the tall chair, still chuckling, and pressed a whole quarter into her hand.

"Share it with that careless youngster who cant black shoes, if you like," he said. "No doubt I was rather hasty with him—this damp weather always settles in my temper. But I think, by the feeling, the wind has changed, and we may have a bright day after all."

The Shine Girl was turning back to her Happy shoes, when Heine, the delicatessen-store boy, a regular customer of hers, came down the steps into the shop. His chubby, full moon of a face clouded, and his fat shoulders drooped in a disconsolate fashion as he clambered up into her chair. At intervals he sighed heavily.

"Wot's de matter, Heine?" asked the Shine Girl, as she applied blacking to his worn shoes with friendly lavishness—"is business bad, mebbe?"

"Nein," said Heine; "id is nod business dot iss a grief by me. Id iss mine Minna. She haf peen flirting mit dot pasty Yacob of der bakery. She comes no more by mine store."

"Pooh!" laughed the Shine Girl, comfortingly. "Jacob talks sweet as a frosted cake, but folks cant live on sugar. Sausages taste better when youse is hungry. Jes' wait, an' Minna will surely come back ter such a han'some man!"

Heine's small eyes disappeared behind a wide, chubby smile. He had come into Pete's shop as disconsolate a delicatessen boy as ever wore a broken heart beneath a white apron; he left it treading on the rubber heels of hope.

"Folks is like shoes, Sally," the

Shine Girl said wisely over the bronze shoes that had come from the Big House up the Street. "There aint any shoe youse cant make shine, no matter how dusty an' old it is, an' there aint no trouble that cant be polished up, either, till it looks 'most as bright as a happiness."

She added a final touch to the dainty shoe in her hand, and regarded it critically, head tilted, and suddenly a small voice shrilled in her ear:

"Why, dem's my muzzer's s'oes!"

The Shine Girl whirled about, to find a tiny pink-and-blue-and-golden figure standing at her elbow—a ruffly, lacy baby-creature all ribbon-bows and flat, shiny rings of hair and kiss-spots.

"Oh!" cried the Shine Girl, rapturously—"oh! it's a baby—a real, live baby! It's the baby that b'longs to the Happy Family's shoes!"

She sat down on the floor and held out her arms, blacking-brush and all. The baby promptly went into them, and plumped her small self down on the Shine Girl's knee with an air of great satisfaction.

"I 'ikes oo," she purred. "I 'ants to p'ay wiv dat b'ush, an' my name's Babby Kenyon, an' I'se free year ol' goin' on four, an' my daddy makes my muzzer cwy—"

In a breathless torrent she poured out her tale—the tale of a man's and woman's quarrels and unhappiness, seen thru a child's eyes; of a rich and luxurious home that was not a home; the tale of the Shine Girl's Happy Family, which was such a very unhappy family in reality.

An hour later, when a distracted nurse had rescued her charge from the fascinating task of blacking her curls with shoe-paste, and carried her away, blowing inky kisses from the tips of her chubby fingers, the Shine Girl finished the beautiful bronze shoes and wrapped them, with the man's patent leathers and the tiny ankle-ties, in a bundle for Pete to carry to the Big House up the Street.

"It's their hearts that need a shine!" she sighed. "Seems 's if I b'longed to a family—a reg'lar family—I wouldn't quarrel with it; but, Sally, youse de only family I ever had!"

That evening the Shine Girl left the dark room behind the shop, where the Ragolli family were supping sumptuously on spaghetti, and, with Sally in one hand and a mug of bread and milk in the other, went outside. But all the sunshine had gone from the narrow street.

"We'll have to climb up onto the roof after it!" she told Sally—"youse aint goin' to be disappointed!"

Up the fire-escapes toiled the thin little figure, clasping



CLASPING THE PLANT TO HER BREAST

the stunted, scrubby plant to her flat breast, and at every story the lamp-glow from other people's homes shone out, lighting the small face with its pointed chin and brave gray eyes and tawny mane of hair. But when she peered wistfully thru the curtains she saw scowling, sullen faces, heard bitter words, and went on, saddened to the soul.

On the roof the sunshine still lingered, and the Shine Girl held Sally up to get a deep drink of it.

"Breathe it like everything, dearie, and mebbe youse'll get a blossom some

day," she told her; then, loyally, "If youse'd had 'vantages like other geraniums, youse'd 'a' had a blossom long ago!"

When the last gilded fleck of light had faded, the Shine Girl set Sally down on the roof and sat down beside her, wrapping her lean, aching little arms around her knees. A rapt look softened the angles of her face into curves—at this moment the little Shine Girl was almost beautiful.

"Some day," she told Sally, shyly—"some day we're goin' to have a family that'll beat 'em all. There'll be a big, strong son an' two twins—I'd prefer 'em red-headed if it's jest 's convenient—an' a darlin'-precious baby like de one dis afternoon."

In fancy she could see them gathered around a supper-table, but the daddy's chair at the head was empty—a regular family would have a daddy.

She groped among the men of her acquaintance, but found no face that belonged in her dream-family.

"Never mind about a daddy, Sally!" she decided; "we'll find him when we need him, I guess—"

The words trailed into a gasp, as a woman's scream floated up from somewhere below her feet.

"It's Billy's father—drunk again," thought the Shine Girl. "Come 'long, Sally; we gotter see what we can do."

Every one in the tenement was afraid of Big Bill when the booze had him—every one, that is, except the Shine Girl. She was not afraid of anything in the world. Across the scrubby geranium she faced the shambling, blear-eyed man, pointing a scornful finger at the door.

"Aw, why doncher pick on some one yer own size, yer big bully?" she demanded. "Now git, and stay git till youse know how ter behave yerself!"

She set Sally on the table and caught up a convenient broom with a determined air that sent Big Bill whimpering from the room; then, triumphant, she turned upon the sobbing woman.

"Wot's de matter now?" she asked.

"She's cryin' cause Pop drunk up the supper money," explained Billy, briefly. "There aint nothin' t' eat in de house."





between angry thumb and forefinger. "Stalin' me bread, is ut? Oi'll larn yez to take what dont belong to yez."

He ripped a whistle from his pocket and blew it shrilly.

On the heels of the sound a policeman

"Aw, I jes' took one loaf f'r a friend what was hungry," protested the Shine Girl, indignantly. "I'll save up an' pay youse back—honest I will!"

But the baker was obdurate and the policeman unsympathetic, and presently the Shine Girl found herself led ignominiously back to Ragolli's under orders to appear in court the very next morning that ever was.

Judge Robert Clayton, of the Children's Court, was a man who had, in the opinion of his friends, everything; in his own opinion, nothing. His youth and honorable position, his reputation as a pathfinder in the prison reform movement, his health and wealth and good-looks weighed very little in the scale of his life against the cruel fact that the woman he believed he loved was married to another man.

He had not seen her for four years, until last night, and here she stood by his side now, in the dingy, stuffy little courtroom, beautiful, weary-eyed, with a subtle feminine helplessness about her that set the pulses pounding in the man's big, powerful body with an almost overmastering desire to pick her up and carry her away and protect her. Last night gossip had whispered to him that the Kenyons were unhappy, the husband neglectful, the wife indifferant, and that for years their marriage had been one in name alone. He remembered this now, as he stood talking to Margaret Kenyon, and it took all his will-power to keep his voice steady and his words conventional.

"I'm afraid this is going to bore you terribly," he said mechanically. "The children who are brought here are a pretty hopeless lot, and yet they will

"SHE STHOLE A LOAF OF BREAD OFF ME COUNTER!" HE ROARED

"Oh, I c'n fix *that* in a jiffy," said the Shine Girl, tucking Sally once more under her arm. "Come on, Billy; I'll get youse a loaf of bread, anyhow."

At the door of the bakery Billy prodded her arm anxiously.

"Say, has youse gotta nickel?" he asked. The Shine Girl stared at him in surprise.

"'Course I aint got any nickel," she said; "but the baker dont need all dat bread, an' youse *do*. If he was around I'd ask him t' loan me one, but there aint nobody in de shop, so we'll jes' help ourselves—"

Followed by the reluctant Billy, she marched into the shop and took a loaf of bread from the counter, thrusting it into the boy's hands.

"Here, take it home," she directed; "Sally an' me'll stay an' tell the storeman—"

"Ye small thafe o' th' worruld!" Patrick Maloney's voice rasped from the doorway as Billy disappeared. With two strides, the burly baker was around the counter, gripping the child's bony little arm

appeared in the doorway. "What's wrong here, Maloney?" he asked curtly.

The baker thrust forward the small figure, claspng her pot to her breast.

"She sthole a loaf of bread off me counter!" he roared. "Arrist her, officer. Oi'll make an ixample av her!"



THE SHINE GIRL MEETS THE KIND-EYED JUDGE



THE SHINE GIRL AND THE JUDGE  
JOURNEY TO HIS HOME FOLKS

be our citizens of the future. I try to remember that in my decisions; and last night, when you asked about my work, I thought you might be interested to see it for yourself."

"I *am* interested," said Margaret, glancing up at him with eloquent eyes. "If you knew how empty of interests my life is—"

From the bench, just below the Judge's desk, the Shine Girl's eyes fell on the small, bronze shoes of the lady talking so earnestly with the Judge, and recognition gleamed in them—the Happy mama shoes! But time for conjecture was short, for a moment after the discovery the Judge had ascended to his seat, and a big policeman was leading her before him. Patrick Maloney was represented by his wife, a lady whose temper—decided the Shine Girl, charitably, as she listened to her virulent tirade—needed a shine very badly. The Judge listened to her complaints in silence, and then beckoned to the child. Clasp- ing Sally to her chest for company, the Shine Girl shook the tawny mop of hair from her face, and smiled timidly up at the man looking at her so intently with the kindest, gentlest eyes she had ever seen.

"Suppose you tell me all about it," suggested the Judge quietly. And so the Shine Girl told him about Big Bill

and little Billy, and the children who were crying because their father had drunk up the supper money. And the Judge's eyes grew kinder and kinder with every word. When she had quite finished, he leaned forward and laid his hand on the tawny head.

"You must never take anything that doesn't belong to you, even to help some one," he said very solemnly. "It isn't honest; it isn't square. But as this is your first offense, I'm going to let you go, for I believe I can trust you."

In her hungry, lonely little soul the Shine Girl resolved then and there that she would be worthy of the Judge's trust, but aloud she only answered: "Youse can bet yer life on that, mister;" then the conversation becoming embarrassingly personal, she introduced Sally. "She's me pal, Judge," she said, displaying the graceless plant proudly. "I have t' take

her out oncet in a while 'cause she dont get much sunshine where I live. But dey's lots of sunshine in here. Dont it make youse all happy?"

She looked into the

beautiful, discontented face of the woman with the bronze shoes; at the Judge, behind whose smile lurked the shadow of an old sorrow; at the stolid policeman and the listless spectators; and then, holding Sally carefully, she went out, leaving the dingy room oddly dingier and darker for her going.

After that the Judge became a regular customer of the little Shine Girl. Every day he stopped at Pete's basement shop for her to put a shine on his shoes, and in his heart the Judge needed sunshine very badly these days. For the first time in his thirty-three strongly lived years he was afraid of himself; was conscious of dark under-currents in his soul, which threatened to sweep him off his feet and carry him and the woman who belonged to another man in on the flood-tides of passion to shipwreck. He had loved Margaret Kenyon, six years ago, as a young man worships his first idol of womanhood—sacredly, a little fearfully, imaginatively, with love that was like the spring air in his nostrils, or the white moonlight, lying pure and cold on the flowered bosom of July. But this that tortured his waking and his sleeping now was another love—a bitter, fevered thing that swept his being like wine-fumes or the dizzy rapture of drug-nurtured dreams. And, suddenly, he found that he could not bear the strain of her nearness any longer.

It was on a day when even the city decked herself in springtime, like an old, haggard courtesan who apes a young girl's freshness, when the Judge stopped at Pete Raggoli's for a farewell shine.



THE SHINE GIRL READS  
TROUBLE AHEAD

With the thought of the blossoming apple-trees and the starred grass of the boyhood home to which he was going, in his mind, the dark, damp little basement room almost stifled him, and the Shine Girl's sharp, pointed little face, in its shaggy setting of elf-locks, looked sallow than usual in the gloom of the place.

"Did you ever see the country, Shine Girl?" he asked abruptly—"like the park, you know, only miles and miles of it, with no policeman to keep you off the grass? The apple-trees are all great drifts of sweet pink-and-white petals, now, and the grass is starred with dandelions, and it's clean and healing—"

He broke off, aware that he had been thinking aloud. The Shine Girl had dropped her brush and was listening, lean little hands folded tightly on her breast.

"Is dat where youse live, mister?" she queried breathlessly.

"Where I lived when I was a shaver," answered the Judge. "I'm going back on a visit tomorrow, Shine Girl, to see whether I cant find the little fellow I used to be—the little chap who used to say his prayers every night and dream big, glorious fine day-dreams, lying on his back in the hay—"

"Is dere lots o' sunshine in de country, Jedge?" persisted the Shine Girl eagerly—"like on de roofs?"

"Lots of sunshine," nodded the Judge.

The Shine Girl hesitated; then, with a sudden great sob, she ran to the window, lifted Sally from the sill and thrust her into the Judge's astonished arms.

"Wont youse take Sally, mister?" she begged him—"she needs de sunshine, an' I aint got much time ter take her out. If she could git out all day in de sunshine she might git a blossom, but there aint no chanct fer her here! Flowers dont grow in shoeblackening shops, an'—an'—I'm awful 'fraid Sally'll die widout ever havin' had a posy—"

Great tears were rolling down the hollows of her meager little face, dripping from her pointed little chin, and suddenly the Judge saw how pointed it was, how big and prominent the bones of the frail child-figure stood out. "Dere aint no chanct here fer flowers to grow"—nor for children.

(Fifty-three)

"Shine Girl," he said slowly, taking the smudgy hands in his great, kind grip, "I'm afraid Sally would be lonesome without her chum; if I take her, you'll have to come along, too!"

Three days later, the Shine Girl, with Sally clasped in her arms, stood on the threshold of a new and beautiful world—a world in which there were flowers and great, green spaces, and mother-women, who kist her and petted her. She looked about her wonderingly—at the Judge carrying the glittering beer-sign that the boot-black had presented her for a farewell



THE "HAPPY FAMILY" ONCE MORE

gift, "a-cos youse likes bright things"; at the white-haired mother of the Judge, and the great, comfortable house half-buried in wild-rose vines and honeysuckle and other sweet-smelling things. Then she drew a great breath that lifted the dingy garment across her thin little chest.

"Dere aint nuthin' dat needs shinin' here!" cried the Shine Girl, ecstatically. Later she found that she was wrong.

Thru the sweet summer weather she and the Judge played together in the great out-of-doors. They went fishing; they climbed hills and explored the robbers' caves and pirates' dens that had been familiar to the little boy-who-used-to-be. It seemed almost as tho the Judge had found him again, for he romped, and grew brown, and lost the strained, anxious look he had worn when he first came. And the

Shine Girl grew plumper and redder of cheek every day, and even Sally put out new leaves and promised to have a flower-bud by and by. And then the lady of the bronze shoes came.

She brought the baby with her, and the moment that the Shine Girl and the Judge met her automobile on the road the child knew, with an uncanny wisdom beyond her years, that there was trouble ahead. If the Judge knew it, it was with his brain, not with his heart. That told him that he was glad—glad, and Margaret's eyes told him something else, altho her lips spoke only of the heat in the city that had forced her to bring Babby out to her sister's farm.

In the days that followed, the Shine Girl, with all her cheeriness, couldn't chase away the shadow from the Judge's eyes. He smiled as often as he had before, but it was with his lips, not his heart.

More and more often their walks ended at the farm where the lady with the bronze shoes was staying, and while the Shine Girl romped with the baby, the Judge and the lady talked to each other, or else sat silent, speaking only with their eyes.

One day the Shine Girl lagged behind the Judge to gather an armful of queen's lace from a meadow, and when she came up the path she saw, by the way the bronze-shoe lady and the Judge were talking, that they had quite forgotten her. Before she could decide whether to go on or turn back, she overheard something that made her stop quite still where she was. As she listened, a determined look crossed her small, pointed face—a look like the one she used to wear when she saw a pair of hopelessly scuffed-out shoes, but had a bottle of polish in her hand. The last words she waited to hear, before she darted about the corner of the house and across the fields home, prodded her on like tiny, vicious spurs—there was so much to be done; so little time in which to do it! For the words that rankled in her memory, as she ran, had been there, spoken in the dear, deep voice of the man who had been kind to her:

"Tonight, then, Margaret—I will send a note over by the Shine Girl to tell you just where I will meet you and when."

The moon was two hours up when



the Judge came out of his gate that evening and turned down the dusky road toward the station. A hundred tiny night-voices spoke in his ears, each with its warning to his harried soul—the crickets in the fields, the tree-toads and the whip-poor-wills; but he strode on, unheeding, for a stronger call urged him on—the call of a woman's need of him, and his need—oh, his cruel need of her! When he reached the place he had appointed in his note, and saw a slender, cloaked figure coming toward him, he gave a little, hoarse cry and held out his arms.

"Margaret!" he said—"Margaret—"

And then he stopped, and his arms fell to his sides, for the face that looked up at him out of the folds of the cloak was not the one he was looking for.

"She aint here," said the little Shine Girl, quietly; "I never give her de note youse told me to."

The Judge uttered a sharp exclamation,

turned suddenly, and began to run down the road; but he had gone only a few yards when he felt sharp little fingers on his arm.

"Jedge, it wont do youse no good ter go ter her," said the Shine Girl. She faced him, very white in the gray light, but dauntless. "I heard youse this mornin', an' I sent a tallygram ter her husband, an' he came. I took him up ter de house. 'Cant youse shine up the old love f'r each other?' I asked 'em, an', Jedge, I think dey're goin' ter try!"

The Judge bowed his head on his hands, and a hot drop trickled thru the fingers to the Shine Girl's arm.

"You've ruined my happiness," he muttered. "What right has a child to play with men's and women's lives that way?"

"Jedge," said the Shine Girl, sternly, "youse told me oncet it wasn't square to take anythin' that didn't belong to youse. How 'bout somebody else's wife?"

The man lifted his head and stared down into the upturned face strangely.

Something in it caught his breath—he had never guessed that the little Shine Girl was pretty before. Why, in two years, three, she would be a woman—and a beautiful woman—

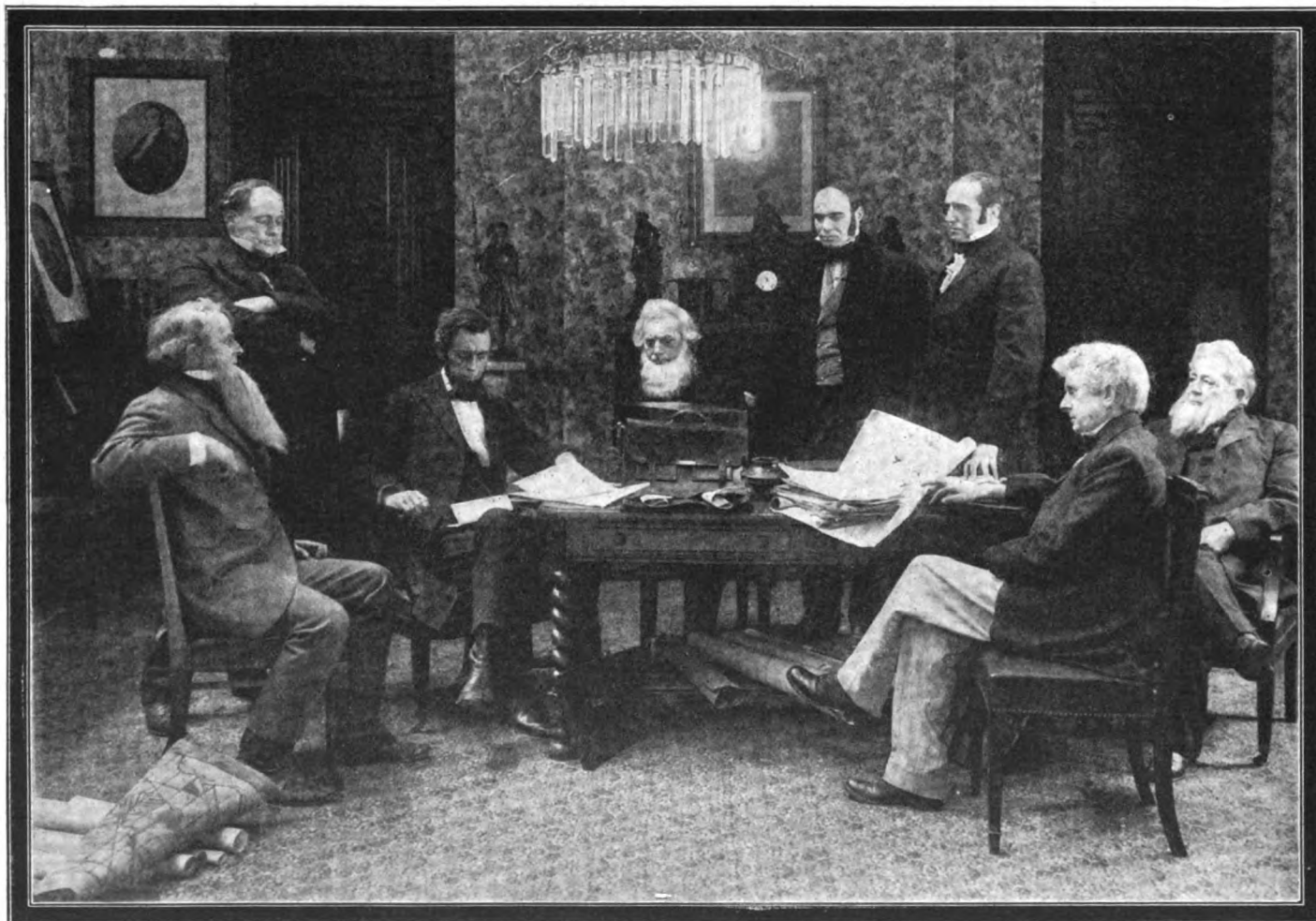
He put his hands out, touching the bright head with a shy caress.

"Little Shine Girl," he said slowly—"little, dear Shine Girl—you have made me ashamed. Tomorrow I will go back to the city and work hard and wait patiently, and some day I am coming back again. Will you think about me—a little—until I come?"

It was very late that evening when the little Shine Girl whispered a beautiful secret to Sally in her moon-white room.

"Sally," she told her wonderingly, "I think I've found a—a daddy-man for our family. Some day—"

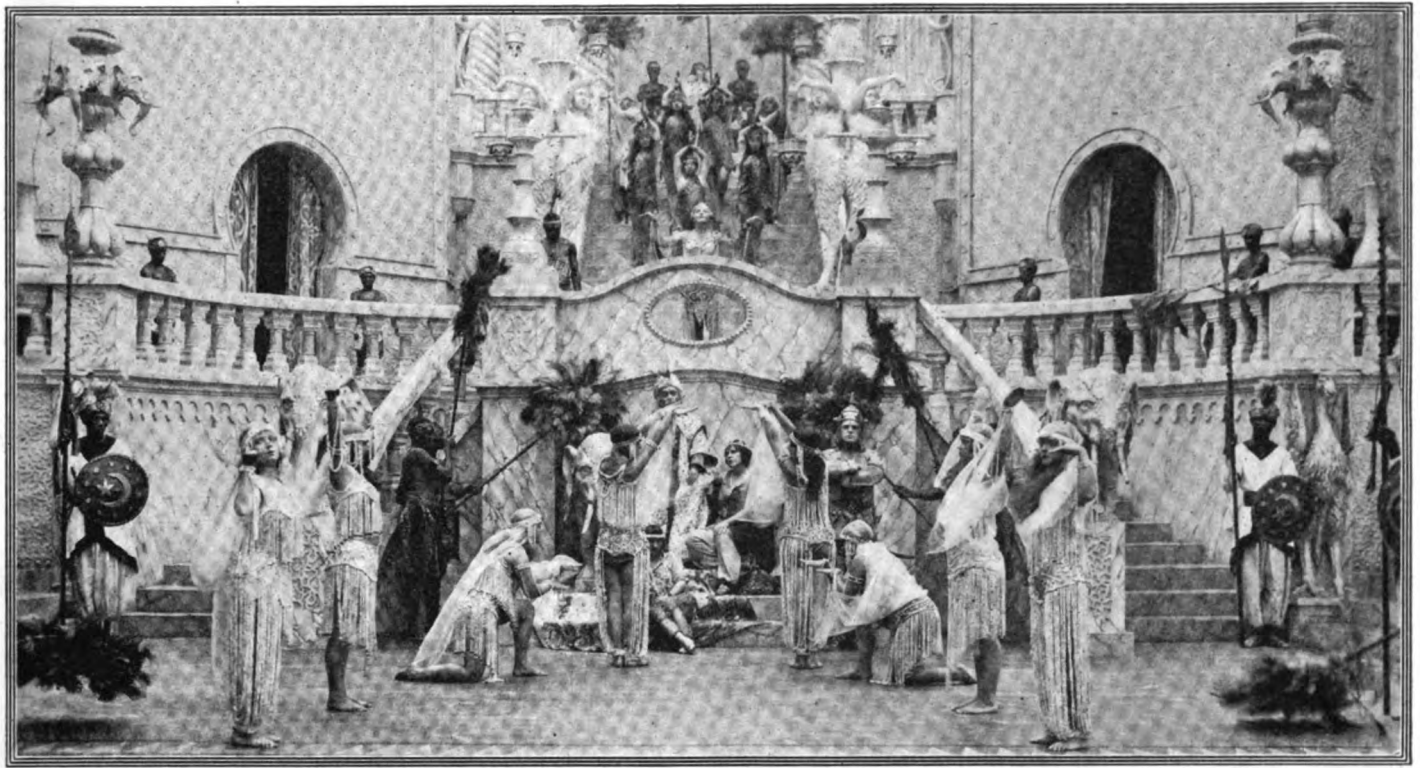
And then she gave a little cry of joy and bent closer, as if she could hardly believe her eyes. For there, in the faint moonlight that shone on Sally's leaves, hung a wee, white bud, just opening.



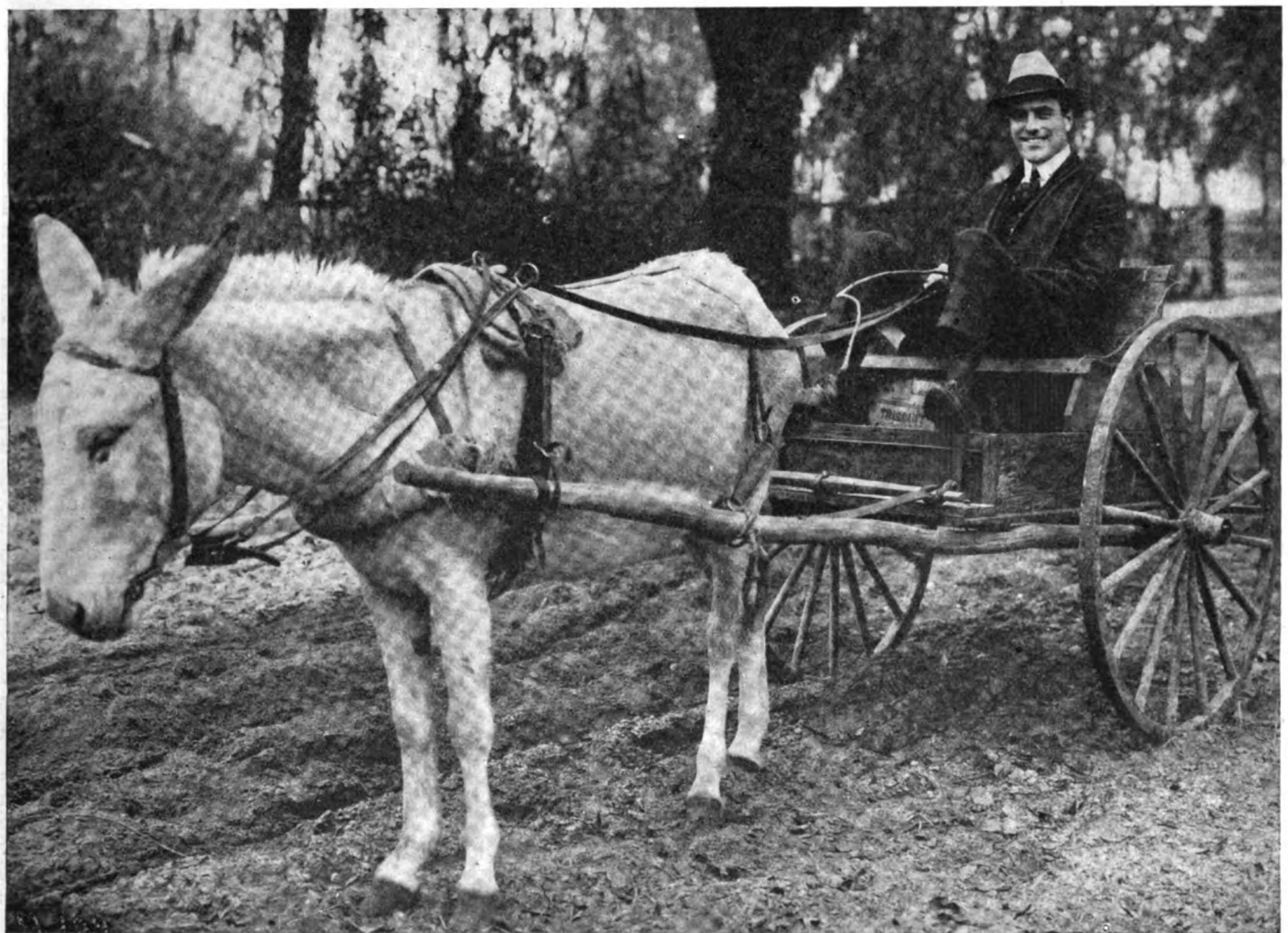
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A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET, FROM "THE CRISIS" (SELIG), SAMUEL D. DRANE AS LINCOLN

(Fifty-four)



SCÈNE FROM "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS" (FOX) FEATURING ANNETTE KELLERMANN



SIDNEY MASON (GAUMONT) DRIVING "OLD IRONSIDES" THRU THE STREETS OF JACKSONVILLE  
(Fifty-five)

# The Waking

Poet, Priest and Musician, with a Knotty

By PETER

Somebody asked me to talk to Chester Barnett, the young screen player, and as soon as I had felt the sure squeeze of his hand and looked into the vagueness of those deep-brown eyes beneath a high, full forehead, I knew that I had met another dreamer.

We sprawled in lounging-chairs in his library and lit pipes. I told him about my former friend, and he laughed.

"Yes, he was a dreamer, sure enough," he said; "for over ten years he wrote poems and little, homey stories in a hammock swung in a pine-grove on his father's plantation. One morning he went out at sun-up and found nothing but a big hole in the ground. The old Mississippi Gang of river thieves had cached their gold in the grove right under his hammock, and he had dreamed over it for ten years without knowing it."

There was a silence, and I said, "You can't expect a dreamer to smell out gold—the filthy lucre—he isn't practicable."

"But he's rich now in a different way," said Chester Barnett, running his fingers thru a thick crop of obstinate, chestnut-brown hair, "and is dreaming glorious dreams with the 'seeing' eyes of Mark Twain and O. Henry."

"Mark is also a dreamer from Missouri," I suggested.

The young player waved his hand



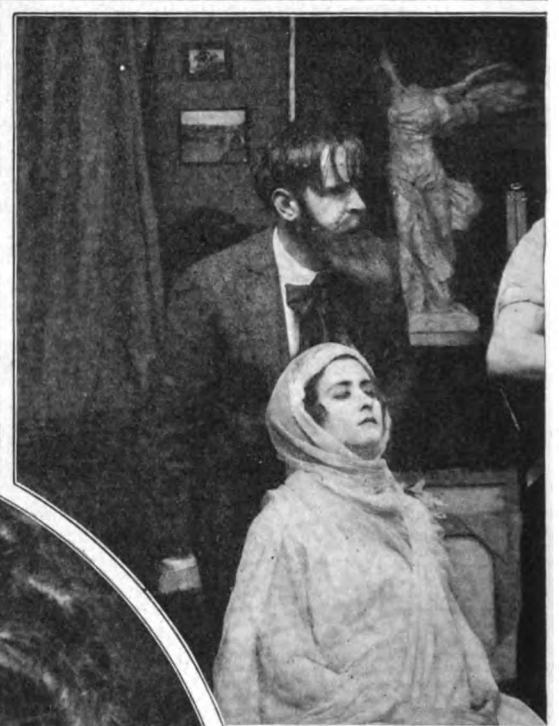
Photo by Bangs

CHESTER BARNETT

THE only man from Missouri that I ever got to know well was a dreamer, and he had such an open heart, and his dreams were so real, that in time he became a great poet, loved by everybody. That is the way with dreamers—they seem to stumble along like blind kittens, and we pity their feeble steps, until the first thing you know, they are great, lovable giants—marked men, head and shoulders above the crowd.



SCENE FROM "THE RACK"



AS LITTLE BILLEE  
CLARA K. YOUNG

along a row of serried, well-worn books. "Not when I can keep him here with me," he said, with a reverence in his voice that told its story. "I am somewhat of a book man," he volunteered, "and I get along much better with real people in real books than with sham ones in silly plays. Maybe I am a dreamer, an impracticable man, but unless I like another chap's creation and think it is a natural one, the part sticks in my crop."

(Fifty-six)



# Dreamer

Biceps, Make Up a Remarkable Man

WADE

He looked at me for encouragement, and I nodded. "Scenario writers," he went on, "are in most cases poor, underpaid hacks, and are told to turn out their plays with the precision of a sausage-machine. Ah!"—he dreamed—"for the feeling and human nature in photoplay stories that O. Henry and Mark Twain and a host of others have put into their

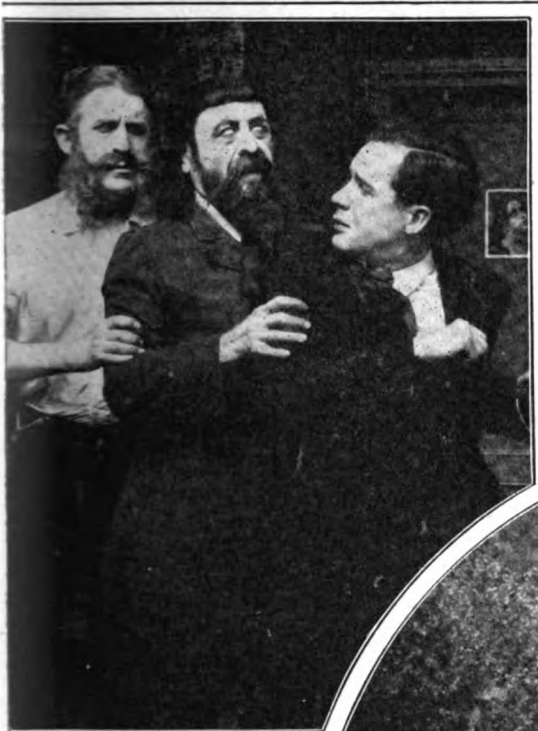
do one part over and over again until it sickened, if it were a human one, than have the star part in a hundred overdone features."

"Just for instance," I suggested.

"There was my part some years ago in 'The Climax,' a stage play in which I toured the country. I was cast as a young composer and each night did some rather spectacular piano-playing. But I *was* a composer. The part appealed to me. It was whimsical and sentimental, but a page from life, and each night I threw myself into it devoutly, often improvising a nocturne on the spur 'of the moment."

"Can't you say the same of the photoplay?" I asked.

"Yes, in rare cases. 'Trilby' was written by Du Maurier, who dreamed his dreams straight thru into men's souls, and the part of Little Billee, opposite to Clara Kimball Young as Trilby, particularly appealed to me. 'The Rack,' in



IN "TRILBY"  
AS TRILBY

dream-books. Why," he cried, "a real writer must know his characters like a mother, and laugh and cry and live and sleep with them for many weeks before they are fit to live."

"In other words," I said, "to be out and out about it, the average photoplay of today is either silly, sticky, sensational or untrue to life."

Chester Barnett nodded his head vigorously. "I had rather

(Fifty-seven)



SCENE FROM "MARRYING MONEY"



SCENE FROM "LITTLE DUTCH GIRL"

which I was the heavy, struck me as another leaf from life."

We puffed away in silence, and I saw his vague eyes scan the bookshelves in the half-light beyond.

"Why do you suppose you are a dreamer—an impracticable man?" I queried suddenly.

"For the same reason," he answered, "that our friend on the old plantation couldn't scent out the pot of gold. I was

(Continued on page 70)

# The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is directly traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 89 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in

comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superacidous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 7210, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

## CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY

Department 7210, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you \$3.

Name ..... Address .....

## Guide to the Theaters

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

**Longacre.**—"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Correspondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities which it takes full advantage of.

**Lyceum.**—"Please Help Emily." Ann Murdock and Charles Cherry in a racy farce comedy dealing with high life in high society. Exhilarating but rather suggestive. Ann Murdock is more fascinating than ever, and Billy Burke must look to her laurels. Her costumes are charming—particularly her pajamas and bath-suit.

**Empire.**—"Sybil." One of the big hits of last season returned. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

**Lyric.**—"Katinka." One of last season's successes that still lives. A musical comedy of merit and unusually good music.

**Belasco.**—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

**Harris.**—"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line, but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

**New Amsterdam (Roof).**—Ziegfeld Dance de Folies—the show-place of New York after midnight—offering a program of far above the average quality. Good music, excellent artists, and a multitude of pretty girls. Plenty of space for those wishing to dance, and well-arranged tables for the lookers-on.

**Casino.**—"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who alone makes it worth while.

**Criterion.**—"Civilization." Thos. H. Ince's marvelous film spectacle. The last word in photoplay.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1916." Clever, breezy, artistic, highly diverting musical burlesque, with wonderful scenery and costumes, but with very little good music.

**Cort.**—"Coat-Tales." A first-class farce-comedy so cleverly constructed that it is replete with surprises and unexpected situations, each one more laughable than the other. A clean, wholesome farce of the highest order and one of the best that New York has seen for many a moon. Tom Wise and the entire cast are excellent.

**Strand.**—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

**Rialto.**—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

**Loew's N. Y.**—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

**Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

## That Held Him

By CARRIE VOLKMAN

One night at the photoshow, where one of Theda Bara's vampire pictures was being shown, a couple had been arguing for several minutes, when the man finally raised his voice and said disgustedly:

"Bah! What is a woman?—A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair!"

"Well," replied the woman sweetly, "what is a man?—A drag, a drone and a tank of air."

(Fifty-eight)



# “The Count”

In Which Charlie Chaplin Bites Off a Taste of High Life  
(Mutual)

By JOHN OLDEN

IGNATZ PODOLSKY ran his hot goose up and down the crease of a pair of faultless trousers, thumping industriously with the iron at the end of each sartorial journey. Out of the window he could see the baseball scores on a bulletin board, and an eleventh inning tie held him in the fever of anxiety. He had bet a quarter with Moe Katzovitz, his boss and the proprietor of the “Gentlemen’s Valet,” and each goose-egg displayed on the bulletin caused beads of sweat to stand out on his forehead and a sympathetic and maternal groaning from the goose under his hand.

Suddenly the odor of burning paper filled the room. “Vot’s th’ matter?” cried Moe Katzovitz; “you’re a fine presser, aint it, making a smoke and a stink all over my store.”

“I t’ink it’s burning money in the customer’s pants’ pocket,” said Ignatz, excitedly.

“Vot!” shrieked Moe, “vy dont you make me have it yet before you burn it up in the customer’s pocket?”

Ignatz seized one trouser leg and Moe the other, straining the harmless garment to the bursting point, and each proceeded to examine the pockets. Moe drew forth the scorched paper.

“It aint money, Iggie,” he said, dis-

gustedly, “but there is writing on it. Be a good feller and make me a reading.”

Ignatz, who, while only a presser, kept the proprietor’s books and handled his mail, read the singed announcement in portentous silence.

“Vell, vot is it?” prodded Moe.

“It is a letter vot asks the customer to come to a party und eat dinner vid a lovely lady.”

“Vot’s dat? It says she is lovely? Does she say it herself?”

“It aint written on the writing that she is lovely,” explained Ignatz, “but the letter is all stuck-up vid red chewing-gum vid her trade-mark, and is sprinkled vid colone-vater.”

“Give me a schmell,” said Moe, rubbing it rapturously on his nose and emitting several loud and passionate “ahs!” with each whiff of the sachet. “Mebbe the customer forgot all about it,” he suggested.

“Here is his name on the top,” said Ignatz, “and he is a fine chentlemans, ‘Count Angelo Alfredo Uff Formaggio.’”

“Ach Gott!” said Moe, “vy is she asking all uv his partners?”

“Dey aint his partners,” exclaimed Ignatz; “anyway, she dont say it. All the names belongs to him, und the

letter says that she has hopes of making his acquaintance.”

“Vot kind of a business is dat,” said Moe, “inviting a bunch of names ven you dont know any ov dem.” But it gave him food for thought.

Ordering Iggie to press another garment, he covertly measured the nobleman’s trousers against the side of his leg and decided that they would be a beautiful fit.

“Iggie,” he said, suddenly, “I haint nefer ate a svell dinner and got it a lovely girl, and I got it a feeling I am going to Mrs. Downing’s party tonight. Aint that a lovely name, ‘Dulcina Downing’?”

“Vot are you going to do about it if the customer comes for his clothes?”

“Lock the door und hang out the sign, und,” added Moe, “take the rest ov the day off all by yourselluf.”

Moe Katzovitz at once became the center of activity. He bundled the swell customer’s clothes up in a newspaper package, pulled down the blinds, and took the cash out of the till.

Ignatz locked the door after him with many misgivings, but as soon as Moe’s back was turned he set off on a light-footed canter that carried him quickly to his little-room-under-the-roof on the swarming East Side. He



had kept back some information from the enterprising Moe that fairly made his simple little heart go pit-a-pat with emotion. His sweetheart, Katy Schlupsky, occupied the position of cook for Mrs. Downing, and drew down just three times the salary of her gay little gallant. If it were true that a big party was going to be held that afternoon, Katy would be the boss of the kitchen, and many wonderful tit-bits would find their way into his jowls.

In fond anticipation, Iggy decorated himself in his only change of clothes — a rakish and undersized derby hat that perched dizzily atop his tight curls, and a waiter's jacket, with its white-bosomed shirt, that had been

"Excuse me," he said. "I know ven I got a goot girl, aint it? Vot's the use of getting a lot more stuck-up over me?"

Katy laughed a dry little laugh that indicated she thought him a gay deceiver.

"T'ink of it!" she said, "vot a party! Der is vine, und sodyvater, und soup, und crackers, und lace fans for the ladies, und solid gold 18-carat cigaret boxes for the gents, besides cheese, und spinach, und toothpicks, und a diamond necklace for Mrs. Downing—und pickles."

"You forgot something, Katy," said Iggy, feelingly; "vere is the beer?"

"Gentlemens dont drink beer," she advised. "Der is vatermelon——"

nation as the little compartment came to a sudden stop. But no one opened the pantry door that gave access to it, and taking heart of courage, he edged the door open a few inches and peered out.

The reception-room was full of guests, with beautiful ladies in glittering décolleté gowns, and right in the very midst of them stood Moe Katzovitz, in a freshly pressed evening suit, with a broad red sash across his stomach, and a row of glistening medals dangling from his chest. Iggy gasped out loud with astonishment, but the sound was lost in the resounding smack which Moe planted fervently upon his hostess' hand.

Iggy thought quickly and to great



THE PORTION OF ROSY WATERMELON PRESENTED A PRANDIAL PROBLEM TO IGgie

left in the shop and never called for, and a flowing necktie and tuppenny cane completed his adornment.

Adopting the air of a gentleman of leisure out for his afternoon stroll, Ignatz sauntered up Fifth Avenue until he came to the Downings' street. In front of the house, a canopy proclaimed a festive occasion, and the gilded chariots of the rich were already discharging their cargo of guests on the curb. Iggy made an adroit entrance thru the basement door, after a stealthy walk along a dark passage, and revealed himself to Katy in all his glory of attire.

"Hello, Iggy!" she cried. "Vy aint it that you are upstairs vid the oder svell gents?"

Iggy boldly helped himself to a *pâte-de-fois-gras* and a handful of cocktail cherries.

"Never mind," interrupted Iggy; "I am dizzy already."

"Und der is a poleecemans to watch all der waiters from sviping the dinner."

The sound of commanding number twelve shoes creaked along the hallway. Iggy coughed spasmodically over the wing of a chicken.

"*Oi gevalt!*" groaned Katy, "it's the poleecemans. Get out ov here qvick!"

The door of the passageway was cut off by the approaching steps, and Iggy scuttled across the kitchen and backed himself into the dumb-waiter. For a moment he breathed easily, while Katy subverted the law with an assortment of toothsome things. Then suddenly the rope creaked above him and the dumb-waiter ascended the shaft. Iggy gave himself up for lost, and closed his eyes with utter resig-

advantage. He still retained the invitation in his pocket, and Moe Katzovitz, he felt sure, could not have remembered the impressive title of Count Angelo Alfredo Uff Formaggio.

Unwinding his stumpy legs and worming his way thru the vaguely lit pantry, Iggy suddenly appeared at the reception-room door. At sight of his presser and literary secretary, Moe turned as pale as a fish, and made violent signals behind his back for Iggy to absent himself. But not so for our bold intruder. Iggy strode majestically into the room, and with hat still cocked at a rakish angle on his head, he ejaculated, "Aw, Mrs. Downing."

Very much flustered, the hostess stepped toward the strange creature, while the guests either stared haughtily or smiled, as if it were part of the entertainment.

(Sixty)

"I am the Count Angelo Alfredo Uff Formaggio," said Iggie, glibly, "and I comma to da recep."

"The Count!" cried the hostess. "Why, he is already here," and her bewildered glance fell upon the squirming Moe.

"Phooie!" said Iggie, "he is da faker; push him out!"

"Tut-tut! *Che fortuna!* The sucker!" said Iggie, feelingly. "I'll knock his block off."

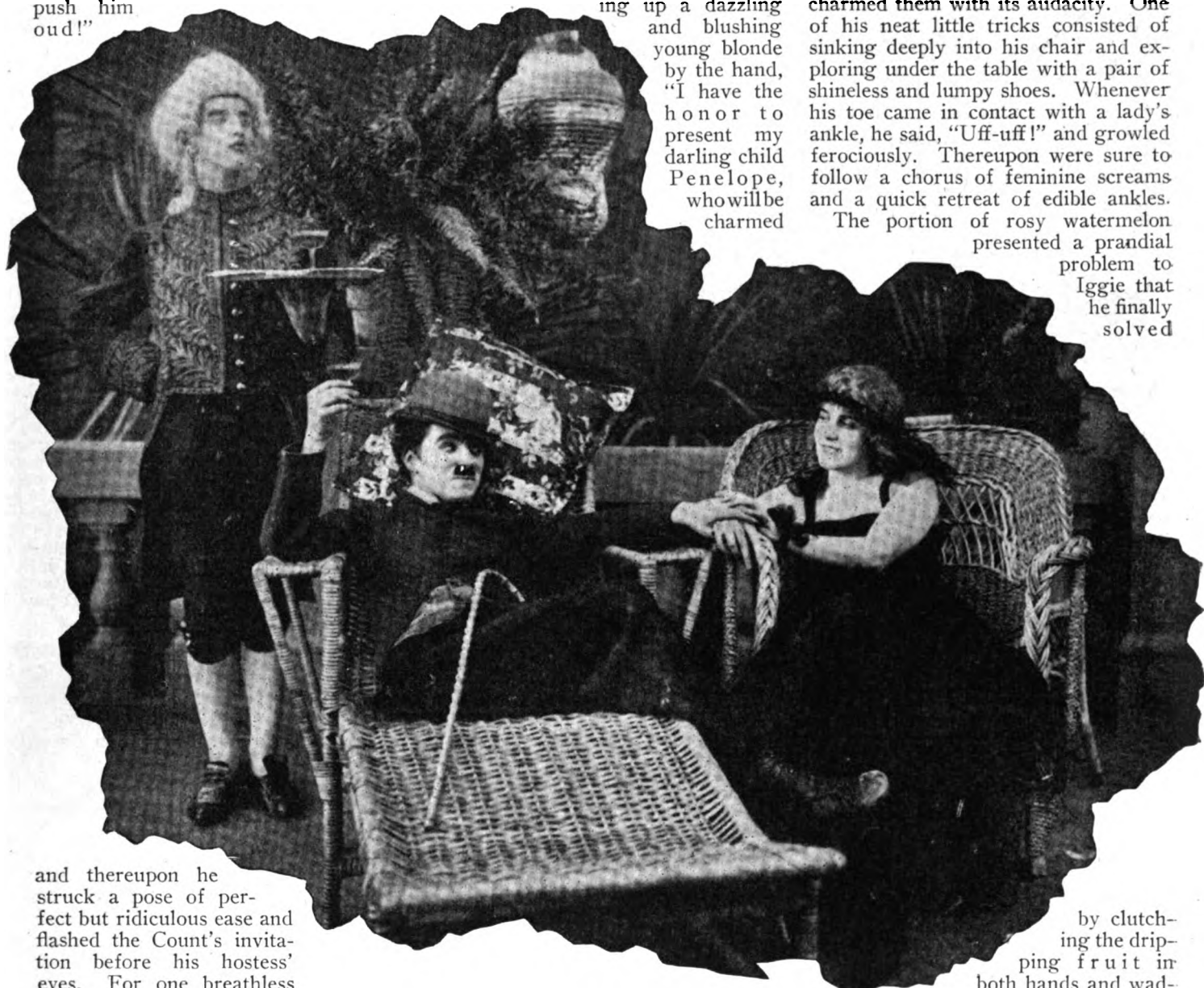
Mrs. Downing was charmed with her noble guest's imperturbability and his tact in handling the delicate situation.

"Count Formaggio," she said, leading up a dazzling and blushing young blonde by the hand, "I have the honor to present my darling child Penelope, who will be charmed

centric originality. Iggie looked at the cocktail doubtfully, then swallowed it with a loud gurgle and reached teasingly for the cherry.

The dinner proceeded from course to course and the Count was the center of attraction. He adopted a very free-and-easy manner that shocked, then charmed them with its audacity. One of his neat little tricks consisted of sinking deeply into his chair and exploring under the table with a pair of shineless and lumpy shoes. Whenever his toe came in contact with a lady's ankle, he said, "Uff-uff!" and growled ferociously. Thereupon were sure to follow a chorus of feminine screams and a quick retreat of edible ankles.

The portion of rosy watermelon presented a prandial problem to Iggie that he finally solved



and thereupon he struck a pose of perfect but ridiculous ease and flashed the Count's invitation before his hostess' eyes. For one breathless instant, her glances traveled from one to the other.

"I thought that vulgar creature was an impostor," she cried, darting a scorching look at Moe, "and now I know it! Leave my house at once, sir."

"Let him stay," said Iggie, artfully; "he is a frien' of mine, aint it?" And so the unpleasant scene passed off.

"Dear Count," said Mrs. Downing, seizing Iggie's hand and squeezing it fervently with affection. "A thousand pardons for my mistake. I might have known that noblemen were a bit—er—unconventional, but to mistake him for you is unpardonable."

(Sixty-one)

"ACH, THIS IS THE LIFE!" SAID IGGIE, RAPTUROUSLY

to be your grace's vis-à-vis at dinner."

"Much obliged," said Iggie, bowing so low that his curls swept the floor, and then, noticing that the other gentlemen had offered their arms to the ladies, he hooked Penelope's thru his and led her to the dining-room. The dazzling blonde kept her curious eyes on him while he wrestled with the intricacies of a grape-fruit.

"Ve aint got dese vegetables in It," he exclaimed as the grape-fruit slipped across the table from his fingers; "I'll betcha they cost a whole lot."

Penelope was delighted with his ec-

by clutching the dripping fruit in both hands and wading into it with all the gusto of a pick-

ninny. Then, highly exhilarated from fine feeding and a profusion of various vintages, Iggie followed the fair Penelope out to the conservatory, where she offered him a wicker chair, as well as the dalliance of her hand.

"Ach, this is the life!" said Iggie, rapturously; "I should worry about the 'Gentleman's Valet.'"

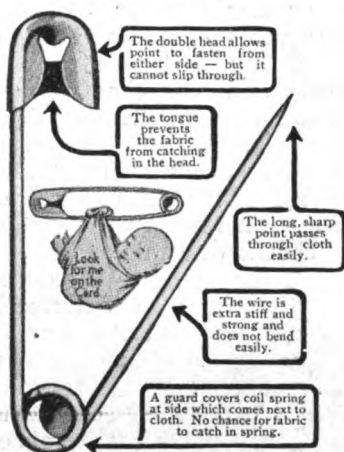
His trade recollections meant nothing to the heiress.

"Listen to that dream of a fox-trot," she cooed; "I could just die trying it."

(Continued on page 67)

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**CHUB, BLOOMFIELD.**—No, no; Florence Lawrence is married to only one person, and not to three as you say. No, I am not an actor, and never will be. Frankie Mann is with the Ivan. Donald Hall, her husband, has left Vitagraph. Alice Joyce on November Classic cover.

**EDNA MAYO FAN.**—The Edna Mayo picture was on the November 1915 cover. You can obtain back numbers from our Circulation Manager. Interview with her in the October 1916 Magazine.

**KATHERINE P.**—Yes; Max Linder is coming to America to play for Essanay. He is to receive \$260,000 per year. You know it was reported that he would receive \$400,000, but what's \$140,000 to Max Linder?—piffle! Charles Ray playing for the N. Y. M. P.

**S. F. M., CALIENTE.**—Louise Lovely is going to play opposite Warren Kerrigan in the future. They will make a dandy team. Bryant Washburn in "Blindness of Virtue," opposite Edna Mayo. Louise Lovely was Bettina and Elsie Wilson was Pauline.

**CLANCO, BROCKTON.**—Kathlyn Williams with Morosco and coming fast. She will be on our November Magazine cover. You refer to

"Daughter of the Gods." Mary Pickford's summer home is at Larchmont, N. Y. "Purity" was done by American. Richard Bennett is with Mutual.

**MYRTLE T., ALTOONA.**—Marshall Neilan and Bessie Eyton and Mary Charleson are playing in "The Prince Chap" (Selig). Cleo Madison was born in Ermington, Ill. She was educated at the Bloomington Normal University at Illinois, and is very devoted to her little invalid sister, to whom she gives most of her thoughts and a wealth of love.

**MRS. M. O., GLOVERSVILLE.**—House Peters is still in the contest. William Hart lives at Los Angeles, Cal. Likewise Henry Walthall. Strikes of all kinds. We are having our troubles with railroad strikes here. The barbers are now thinking about going on a strike. If they do there will soon be a number of men in Brooklyn looking like me.

**NANEEN.**—You're right, it should have been Johnston. Sorry. Harry Lee was Barnacle Joe in "Destiny's Toy." Thank you. You are so flattering. Lots of good things are well preserved in alcohol, but not men. I regret to say that the player you mention is trying to preserve himself in that manner.



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(Sixty-two)



ROSALIE, 19.—The maid wasn't on the cast. Mabel Forrest plays right along for Essanay. Sheldon Lewis and Neil Craig in "The Coward." I guess not. Old men for counsel— young men against it.

ELIZABETH H.—You want me to describe Mary Pickford to you. Guess you know how sweet and cunning she is, and you just want to hear me talk, but I can say nothing that would exaggerate her charm. No; Loel Stuart is no relation to Anita Stewart. You will see Grace Darling in the Beatrice Fairfax series. Hearst controls this film.

THALIA.—No; Bessie Love did not play in "The Gentleman from Indiana." Oh, yes; Hobart Bosworth is capable of large things. Your fee was quite sufficient, and I appreciate it. That was an old Vitagraph film with Ralph Ince as the prize-fighter, and Anita Stewart was the girl, as near as I can tell from your description. Shall I look it up further? Just as you say. I'm well paid.

MELVA.—Mahlon Hamilton opposite Marguerite Clark in "Molly Make Believe." The practice of swearing upon the Bible is so old that I cannot trace its origin. It is supposed to make people more honest, but I doubt if it is any more impressive to most people than swearing upon Gulliver, Sinbad, Aladdin, or Baron Munchausen.

PETER B.—You have the title wrong on that Essanay. Ann Kirk and Frank Dayton had the leads in "The Market Price of Love." Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "White Lies."

JULIA T. E.—You also are afflicted with that dreadful disease, *cacoethes scribendi*. The homely canine who played an important part in "The Bugle Call" is a stray dog that young Willie Collier took a fancy to. He has been made a regular member of the Inceville colony, and has been christened "Rags." He does not draw a salary, but he draws flies.

LYNETTE G.—You just look up her chat in our October Magazine. Kalem are releasing "The Girl from Frisco" in 15 episodes, with Marin Sais and True Boardman.

VERA C.—I am sorry to say that a great many of the players are spendthrifts, with little knowledge of the value of money. How doth the little busy bee improve the hours of light, and gather honey all the day, and eat it up at night! No, the publicity men usually send us the pictures that we use in the galleries.

LYDIA H.—Good for you! I second the motion. Here's to all of us, for there's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us. An understudy is one who studies a part, with a view of playing it in the absence of the principal. No, I will try not to get infantile paralysis. You say Carlyle Blackwell has that "cave man grab when he kisses." Yes, but he hasn't that jungle look in his eyes. You can't grab a girl you love and be gentle about it.

GLADYS E.—Thanks for the snap. You want a chat with Sheldon Lewis, Lionel Barrymore and Wheeler Oakman. I guess they are entitled to it. I probably have a million readers a month, but only a few thousand real admirers or disciples. We sow many seeds to get a few flowers. You just be good and send along that fudge.

STANLEY M. MC.—Oh, I'm fine today, thanks. Thomas Meighan was Judge Evans, Mary Mersch was Doris and Horace B. Carpenter was Burke in that play. Elsie Jane Wilson was the girl in "Fur Trimmed Coat" (Universal). Robert Lawler was Jakey, Margaret Marsh was the daughter and Fred Butler was Meena's father in "Little Meena's Romance." Charles West was English Hal and James O'Neill was Ben in "Dream Girl" (Lasky). You were pretty near right on those names. One wrong. This will be enough *pro tem*.

(Sixty-three)

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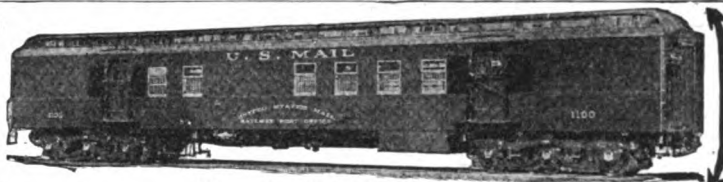
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**MARY F. EVANSTON.**—Mae Murray's picture in July 1916 Classic, Wallace Reid in May 1916 Classic and November Magazine, and Tom Forman in December 1915 Magazine. We never ran that story.

**LESLIE W. H.**—Thanks for the program. So you are pleased the way the contest is running. No, I don't think there are many John Bunny and Arthur Johnson films circulated now. I received a fine little letter from Mary Anderson this morning.

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—You say that too many of our photoplays are founded on immorality and wrongdoing. Don't you know that there is nothing dramatic or out of the ordinary about a bank cashier who is honest and keeps his accounts straight? There is no story here until he absconds. Neither is there any story about a man and wife who live happily and peacefully together. But let one of them do wrong and promptly we have a dramatic theme for a plot. F. Lumsden Hare was Livingston in "As in a Looking-glass." John Davidson was Lesar in "The Pawn of Fate."

**MABEL OWENS.**—Why don't you send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers?

**SARA L.**—Isn't it so with everything that Edith Story attempts? You liked her Spanish girl in "Tarantula." True perfection consists in ever becoming less imperfect. Antonio Moreno, you refer to.

**J. L. MIDDLESBOROUGH.**—No; Enid Markey did not play in "The Children in the House." You refer to Norma Talmadge. Strike indeed while the iron is hot; but, better still, strike the iron until it is hot. If you keep at it long enough you are bound to succeed.

**BILLIE M., STELLARTON.**—No, I don't remember Theda Bara ever playing opposite William Farnum. You will have to decide for yourself which of the players you mention is the most beautiful. I'm neutral. Valeska Suratt in "The Immigrant." It depends upon the number of reels. One-reel pictures can be made in two or three days, but it depends upon the scenery, surroundings, etc.

**MILDRED, 15.**—You ask the age of Robert Warwick. Sorry, but I haven't it. Florence LaBadie and Violet Mersereau are of French descent. A manufacturer of Motion Pictures is known by the company he keeps.

**CLARK C.**—Gertrude McCoy was Phoebe in "Friend Wilson's Daughter." Billie Burke lives in New York City. You had better remain at home. Home is where we are treated best, but where we grumble most. You are too young to leave.

**A. PAVLOWA, 11.**—Irene Hunt is with Universal. Lillian Lorraine is with Equitable. Beverly Bayne played in "Graustark." Mildred Harris is still with Triangle. In the history of men no attempt has been made to help each other comparable with the present attempt in Europe to injure each other.

**INQUISITIVE IKE.**—Now, see here, sir, you must not ask questions that are forbidden. If I answer them, that's no reason why you should ask them. I am not sure whether Creighton Hale is Catholic or not, and I would not tell you if I did know. So you think the Classic is getting better every month. Why not? Everybody liked the Anita Stewart cover.

**ROSE C.**—Peter the Great is known as the father of modern Russia. Mabel Forrest with Essanay. I believe Miss Hesperia is in France. She is not an American player. You gave three wrong titles. You must get the first word right, and not make up your own titles. Sorry you were ill. Health is never valued until the doctor sends in his bill.

**CHUB.**—Frances Marion was Miss Danford in "The Girl of Yesterday" (Famous Players). James Manning was Black Brand and Russell Bassett was Sid in "Little Pal." Harry Browne was Fischer in "The Eagle's Mate." Frank Keenan and Stella Razetto in "The Long Chance" (Universal).

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(Sixty-four)



**M**OTHERING her family of blue-blooded Pekinese dogs across country and leaving her beautiful home at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., to its fate, Leah Baird, the former Vitagraph star, is on her way to join the Universal Company in Los Angeles.

News comes from her new studio in New York that little Mary Pickford is now her own boss, director and playwright. In her new quarters she has gathered an able company about her and flits from studio to office with the busyness of a humming-bird.

Virginia Pearson believes she has found a life cause. With thousands of actresses in pictures they have not a single organization, and the Fox tragedienne believes she is inspired in her effort to form an Actresses' Screen Club, with gathering-places in the principal film cities.

Lillian Walker is on the rampage again. During a flying trip to Boston, to appear in person at the premiere of her "Hester of the Mountains," the irrepressible comedienne hobnobbed with the mayor, took tea with Professor Muensterberg, distributed ice-cream cones to the street gamins, fed the zoo elephants and made a speech in the Boston Theater. Some day, Lillian—and she didn't turn a hair!

Cupid is epidemic in the studios again and has so infected Nance O'Neil that she was led to the altar by her leading man, Alfred Hickman, and straightway married. Both hereafter will domicile under the Metro ensign.

The latest stage celebrity to be captivated by the silent stage is Marie Shotwell, well known to theatergoers for her productions under the Frohmans' management. She is joining the Thanouser Company, and believes that an actress is always at her best thru the selective methods of Motion Pictures.

Here is a new high record for slapstick casualties. In Keystone's "The Feathered Nest" each and every one of the principals was injured. Louise Fazenda and Director Griffin were bruised against some submarine rocks; the venerable Harry Booker was swatted in the nose with a real croquet-ball: result, the hospital; Wayland Trask was put *hors de combat* from a header off his bicycle, and Charles Murray's foot was lacerated by a cab. Verily, tragedy to comedy is closely allied.

Anita Stewart is convalescing from her recent attack of typhoid, and is spurred on to new health again by the receipt of flowers and well wishes from admirers all over the country. Her sick-room has become a place of cheerful hope and daily fragrance.

Webster Campbell, the erstwhile Vitagrapher, will be Blanche Sweet's new leading man. He is speeding westward to join her in the Lasky studio.

Florence Turner, the one-time Vitagraph star, and who recently has starred in Mutual pictures, has joined an English war-nurse corps and has been assigned to duty in a London hospital, ministering to the wounded Tommies.

Anders Randolph, Vitagraph's heavy lead, has taken up portrait painting as a fall fad and has "mugged" most of his fellow players. He shows remarkable facility with the brush and always has a waiting-list of sitters.

Here is a batch of important changes in the whirligig of prominent players: King Baggot and Mary Fuller have left Universal and will not announce new plans until late in September; Otis Turner, Tefft Johnson and Frank Lloyd have "harkened to a call" from Fox, and Lew Fields and Marie Dressler have carried on a successful flirtation with World.

And that isn't all by any means. Lottie and Jack Pickford, after a bit of truancy, have come home again to Famous Players; Vivian Rich and Tyrone Power have strayed into pastures new—the Dudley Company; Art Acord has stampeded to the Gotham tepee, and Sidney Bracey is back again with Thanouser.

Steady! The best is yet to come. Conway Tearle, of Edison fame, has cast his fortunes with Clara Kimball Young, and Edward Earle, of the same clan, is now wearing the Metro plaids. Then, too, Frankie Mann has flitted to Ivan, and Harry Millard has confided his career with Universal. The usual fall migration, with many more changes to come.

Just a few years ago Helen Gardner was the greatest vampire of them all, and now she announces her rebirth, this time starring with the Phoenix Picture Players.

Add to the ranks of women directors Ruth Stonehouse, Universal's petite ingénue star, who will hereafter order herself about and design her own rôles to measure.

There is more or less mystery veiling the present picture career of Geraldine Farrar, but we have it on good authority that she is interpreting a photoplay based on the life of Joan of Arc—something entirely different from her past rather sensual rôles.

Another member of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE's staff who has sought new and fertile pastures is L. Case Russell, well known to our readers thru the witty and meaty books "Here Lies" and "The Photoplaywright's Primer." L. Case Russell is now scenario editor for the Sunbeam Company, starring Mitzi Hajos.

Cleo Madison has forsaken directing for the lure of the camera and will shortly be seen in "The Chalice of Sorrow," an inspiration from the opera "La Tosca."

Helen Holmes and her husband, J. P. McGowan, who recently returned from the Hawaiian Islands on location for "The Diamond Runners," are still thankful for their narrow escape shortly after their leave. The crater of Kilauea volcano became active and started a terrific slide over their scarcely deserted campsite.

(Sixty-five)



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Little Mary Sunshine, of the Balboa nursery, has broken off with her old pal, the studio burro. The other day the rascal nipped an ice-cream cone out of her hand, and the little star immediately crossed him off of her visiting-list.

There is an awful fib out about a pet duck that swam all the way from New York to Chicago after Mary Pickford. We must apologize, however. It appears to be the truth. Mary had the duck in a tank in her Pullman, and it swam industriously during the whole journey.

Kathlyn Williams, for several years a star of the first magnitude with the Selig Company, announces her new connection with the Morosco Company. Thomas Holding, recently with Famous Players, has been engaged to co-star with her.

"Seven Deadly Sins" is the alluring title under which the first McClure pictures will be presented. Ann Murdock is in "Envy," Holbrook Blinn in "Pride," Charlotte Walker in "Sloth," and Nance O'Neil in "Greed," and so on until the sins have run their course.

The distinguished actor, E. H. Sothern, is now in the second stage of his picture career. At present he is engaged filming "An Enemy to the King," one of the most popular stage-plays in his repertoire. Edith Storey has been chosen to play opposite him.

Jack Warren Kerrigan is still roughing it in the mountain lumber district of California, making the final outdoor scenes for his big photodrama, "The Measure of a Man."

The smile that masks a tear is the allotment of Ivy Close, Kalem's beautiful comedienne. She has just received word that her younger brother, Raymond Close, was killed in action in Flanders. Miss Close nursed him back to life when he was wounded several months ago.

No more morning feathers for Universal players, as the company has decided to adopt the European method and set their clocks ahead. Eight o'clock (oh, horrors, ye bed-loving thespians!) is the new hour at which they must report. "When is a clock not a clock?" asks Violet Mersereau. "When it is ahead, of course."

The elongated joyster, De Wolf Hopper, is deserting the screen for the stage. By way of breaking the shock, however, he will leave Los Angeles in his car and travel, with Mrs. Hopper and the family joy, little De Wolf Hopper, Jr., across country to New York.

Valentine Grant, of the Famous Players, has the largest personal collection of foreign costumes of any screen star. Outlandish peasant regalia is her hobby. In "A Daughter of MacGregor" she will appear in a very fetching one, the shawl and kilts of the Clan MacGregor. We had the pleasure of a call from her last week, and from her director, Sidney Olcott.

Irene Hawley was recently in the clutches of the law for speeding her auto in rural New Jersey. She appeared as her own lawyer before the local justice. As she confessed that she had only five dollars with her, the justice compromised the fine, and even offered to spend the five in entertaining her. Who says that the law is blind!

Sydney Drew has forgotten whether his son Rankin Drew was born in the morning or in the afternoon. He recently stuck to it that Rankin was a morning baby, but Henry Dixey recalled the play, "The Solicitor," in which Sydney Drew was playing at the time with him, and his line, "You a husband and a father!" It was so appropriate, and Dixey spoke it so feelingly, that both famous actors sniggered all thru the performance. Rankin was born just before the matinee.



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*(Sixty-six)*

## "The Count"

(Continued from page 61)

Iggie was game. With his courage screwed up to the sticking-point, and altho he had never essayed the light fantastic before, he led Penelope out.

They twirled, they galloped, they cavorted and spun madly. Suddenly a crushing impact of weight caught Iggie fairly in the coat-tails and he careened dizzily forward, releasing his tight hold on the girl. A tall and frowning gentleman stared down savagely upon him. It was Moe himself in the arms of Mrs. Downing. It was Iggie who this time quailed. Inch by inch, he felt the voluminous trousers of the Count loosening their hold upon his waistline and trickling down his legs. His suspenders had parted in the collision.

"Excuse me," he managed to gasp to his partner, and then the awful thing happened. Iggie, posing as the nether half of the Apollo Belvedere, stood alone in the center of the floor. With a quick cry of terror, he staggered toward the door and dashed thru the curtains.

"Cielo!" a big voice boomed forth. "It is the presser who has stolen my pants!" and Iggie, with a fleeing glance, gave one look at the muscular nobleman, who had appeared out of nowhere to claim his own. Count Formaggio glared about him and caught the form of Moe Katzovitz.

"Poleece!" he shouted in a shrill falsetto; "catcha da t'ief."

In a moment Katy's brass-buttoned guest had sped up the stairs and was in hot chase of the retreating Moe. The Count, Mrs. Downing, and Penelope headed the chase of seven laps around the dining-room table, and finally of an ignominious capture in the china pantry.

As for Iggie, his way was clear. Wrapping the shackling trousers around him, he stowed his diminutive form in the dumb-waiter and bumped his way to the kitchen. A violent thump on the door brought Katy to his rescue. His plight brought a mocking laugh from her jealous soul. With wounded suspenders trailing behind him, his coat smeared with juicy eatables, and trousers clutched modestly under his armpits, her knight from Polonia was a cheerless sight.

But he was merry thru it all. "Oi gevalt, Katy," he said, smiling; "I have seen the life, ate it, drank it, danced it, and I got a perticular reason vy it aint no good."

The din and uproar of capture sounded above him. "Katy," he said, taking her hand, "I'm only saying that I'm a presser and you are my sweet-heart, aint it?"

(Sixty-seven)

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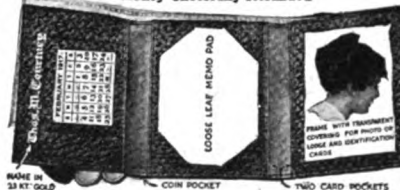


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## HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

(Continued from page 41)

producer to consumer, as it were. You cant start big with no experience; this is almost out of the question; yet there are cases like Bessie Love's and Marjorie Daw's where young girls have blossomed into stars overnight; so if you cant start big, start small. It is a pretty safe thing to hold a frank and intimate conversation with yourself before starting on any kind of a career. You have got to get back of yourself and see what you are made of. Beauty counts; but it is only a parlor ornament if your luxuriant auburn hair and dreamy eyes dont take their root in gray matter. Beauty without brains is unmarketable; brains without beauty is a gambling chance; but brains and beauty combined are a dandy working partnership. With Old Experience taken into the firm, you are on the high-road to a successful studio career.

If I were starting all over again, I would seek an introduction to some director and try to arrange for a small part to test my ability. I would even try to carry a cup of tea, or hold open a limousine door, in an original but effective way. I would not be afraid to take the bumps and to put up with a series of initial disappointments. There is where my sense of humor would save me, I suppose.

To be candid, I must confess that I started in just some such way, and only succeeded in getting "a place in the sun" by hard, uphill work. If you have told yourself that you have it in you, go to it. You have got to be office-boy before you are bank president. If you find the "S. R. O." sign up in most studios, it isn't a sign that they are overcrowded with good people. It is like the woman with eight underfooters who tried to board a crowded trolley-car. Said the conductor: "What, eight? Do you think this is a picnic?" "Yes; they are all mine," said the woman, "and it sure isn't a picnic!"

By RUTH ROLAND

(Continued from September Issue)

But written applications, unless sent by some one well known, or whose previous work in pictures can be learnt from given references, are not the best applications for the work. All walks of life are portrayed on the screen, and it is too big a question to answer regarding just what types are best suited for the work. Regular features are perhaps the most necessary requisites, and an expressive face, with eyes that are not too light in color, and with whatever degree of beauty you are blessed with, must be common sense. Often an engaging manager will see a type suitable for a part and give a try-out, and

in many cases directors will patiently rehearse this particular type until the part is brought out, and from this part other work is obtained, and then it rests alone with the extra and his talents and application and sincerity in his work whether or not he succeeds. It is not chance in Motion Picture work; the same rule applies to this work as to all the work of the world: "Do best what comes to your hand to do each day, and the tomorrow will take care of itself." Watch those who have reached the top rungs of the ladder; their portrayals of different characters; their make-ups. And then dont imitate them, or try to; but learn all of the technique for working from them, and then forget yourself in the character given you to portray, and follow your director's instructions minutely.

When I entered pictures, things looked very large and serious to me. Every little bit of work assigned to me was given my utmost care and painstaking study, and I would say to those anxious to enter this work: Do not seek entrance to the work if you know your work lies in another direction; it will not repay you, and will prevent some one whose talents fit them for the work from a chance they might obtain. But if, after you obtain a try-out, and are found to possess some merit for the work, then give to it your undivided and sincere attention. Let there be nothing too small, or seemingly so, that claims your care and attention. Strict adherence to the rules of good working; care as to wardrobe and direction; a complete merging of self into the part under portrayal, and then just keep working, and success follows naturally.

## Movie Blushes

By CHARLES H. MEIERS

Full many a movie maid must blush unseen,  
Except by actors, who but little care;  
For blushes do not show upon the screen,  
And protests are but wasted on the air.

## Going on a "Bust"

By K. A. BISBEE

Patrick and his wife were at the movies. A scene was flashed of a sculptor in his studio, counting a roll of money.

"Oi say, Pat; phot has thot man got in his hand?" asked his wife.

"Be jabbers!" replied Pat, "Oi'm thinking thot he has the makings of a bust."

(Sixty-eight)



## The Poppy of the Films

(Continued from page 43)

It was a feat that made every spectator hold his breath, yet Mae Marsh accomplished it in that earnest, fearless manner that is so suggestive of her.

But there is one part, above all others, that is most closely allied to her, and that is the pathetic part of the downtrodden weaker sister. She has often played minor parts in big productions, because Mr. Griffith wanted just her to play such a rôle; yet her acting has always brought it on a par with the star rôle, and has left an everlasting impression on every spectator.

As the unfortunate sister in "The Escape," all her versatile prowess was brought to the fore. First, the romantic milk-and-water type of the slum girl, Jenny, was enacted by her with surprising realism, and still she did not fall below her standard when she was called upon to portray the outraged woman, the tortured mother, and the despised wife from whose eyes the veils of illusion have been ruthlessly snatched, and who is seeing the reality of her life—grim and horrible—for the first time.

It is in this same production that one of the most superb and striking scenes of photoplaydom is accomplished, and that is the scene where she, snatched from the horrors she has heretofore known, is enjoying her first hours of peace and happiness in the home of her sister.

We hardly realize the fact that she is dying—she is so happy and content as she lies on the window seat, fondling a little kitten and talking to the canary singing above. There is nothing of the nerve-racking death-throes here—all is quiet and peaceful and still, and it is only thru the grief of the spectators that we realize little Jenny has finally crossed the bar.

As Flora Cameron, the beloved little sister, in "The Birth of a Nation," she created perhaps her most popular character.

The bright and beautiful young flower of the South, crushed in its bloom, beneath the terrible conditions reigning after the war, won the hearts of all, and verified more than anything else the lesson Griffith strove so to effect.

And so we will bid her au revoir for this time, wishing her love and happiness and all the other good things of life. Thru her myriad enthusiastic admirers, we know her star will shimmer long above the cinema world, for portrayals such as hers are as rare as are the sacred eyes of the Buddha.

(Sixty-nine)



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Marguerite Clayton	Mme. Petrova	Lillian Walker
Grace Cunard	Anita Stewart	Clara Kimball Young
Mary Fuller	Blanche Sweet	Edna Mayo
Dustin Farnum	Edith Storey	Harold Lockwood
Alice Joyce	Marguerite Snow	Ethel Clayton
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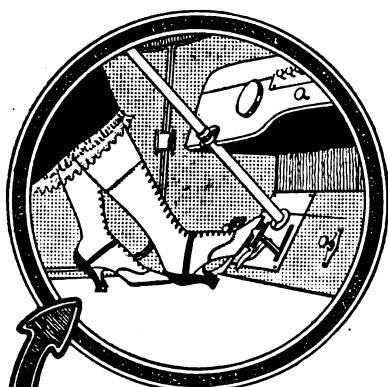
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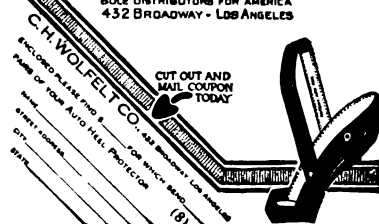
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## The Waking Dreamer

(Continued from page 57)

intended for the priesthood"—his voice lowered into half-revery—"and when other lads of my age were sharpening their commercial wits, I sat on a stone bench beneath the Sacred College walls and tried to drive the earthly thoughts of man away from me. I dreamed to the tune of the cloister bell. At last there came an awakening, and I felt, with shame at first, that my blood was as red as another man's and that I must let it course freely.

"Since that day," he smiled, as the ashes fell from his pipe, "I have taken life as it came, adventuring on the high-road, giving blows when blows came my way, learning to be a good actor, if such is possible, and toughening my muscles at the expense of my soul. But every now and then," he smiled again, "on a gray, rain-driven day, when the fancy strikes me, I strike the simple chords that the college organ played and sort of dream dreams."

## Entertaining the Indians

(Continued from page 38)

high pitch of enthusiasm. The boys with Valencia had made a remarkable bull, with horns, ears and tail, and, Valencia, as the matador, was so ridiculously funny that the crowd simply shrieked with delight. Hickman, in announcing the bull-fight, smilingly referred to the Lasky bull-fight in "Carmen" and now we would outdo it. De Mille, who had worked so hard over the "Carmen" affair, keenly enjoyed our little burlesque.

The big scalp-dance finale was glorious. It thrilled even the old, blasé Motion Picture people, and Crisp and De Mille both complimented us all very highly. The chef ended a perfect night with his delicious supper, and he also was heartily complimented all around.

John H. Fisher called on the people of Bear Valley—they were all there, you know—for three cheers for the strange movie people, and we responded with three more for the Valley people. The praise accorded us was warming to our hearts as people and as Motion Picture actors. Certainly none of us ever had enjoyed such a novel night.

## The Big Sister

(Continued from page 17)

approaching wedding crowded in on him. She was svelte and attractive, and, with his gloaming, half-picture of Betty disorting into unreality, he was on the edge of resolve to dismiss Colton and claim Edith for his right.

His Manifestation came about in rather a drab way. There was a trip to New York, and Mrs. Spaulding persuaded him to go along to assist in selecting Edith's trousseau. Half in irony, half in ennui, he accepted.

The parade of endless models at the fashionable couturière's either bored with their affectations or offended his sense of taste.

Edith retired to try on a gown, and he sat with his back against a screen. It was growing dark, and the electric bulbs cast a soft glow about the room, throwing soothing shadows about him.

He caught a glimpse of her in a mirror; she was in the gown that his critical taste had selected, and, somehow, the reliant lines of her figure, the sure set of her head, had never struck him so forcibly.

He arose and walked across the soft carpet, and she did not turn to his step. Perhaps a word or two, a look such as he believed he could express, would banish Colton forever.

There was something in the pliant roundness of her arms, the quick play of her fingers, that spoke of a clear brain in a beautiful body. He had never noticed before how completely at her command were the suppleness of her body, the light poise of her feet. "Edith," he said, in preparation, "don't let me disturb you."

She swung round quickly, the whole, light body of her to his bones, and he caught the gleam in the clear, wide eyes.

"You!" he cried, helplessly. "Betty—what—why—this is passing strange!"

"I got a job here; I like it," she said. Then his Manifestation came home to him. He knew that he meant to wive her. She was so direct, so beautiful, so restful to him! And he had fashioned all this—so he thought—and took a huge joy in his workmanship.

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## POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

Here is some advance information concerning the great contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, showing how the leaders stood up to August 24th:

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Pearl White.....	59,028
Anita Stewart.....	56,680
Theda Bara.....	55,410
Henry Walthall.....	53,000
Edward Earle.....	51,685
Wallace Reid.....	50,109
Earle Williams.....	43,600
Harold Lockwood.....	42,520
Billie Sherwood.....	41,770
William S. Hart.....	41,735
Grace Cunard.....	41,600
William Farnum.....	41,560
Ruth Roland.....	35,055
Pauline Frederick.....	30,720
Alexander Gaden.....	29,855
Nellie Anderson.....	29,395
Mary Fuller.....	29,165
Blanche Sweet.....	28,285
Beverly Bayne.....	27,935
Dustin Farnum.....	27,015
Mary Miles Minter.....	26,335
Robert Warwick.....	25,015
Crane Wilbur.....	24,610
Mary Anderson.....	24,165
Carlyle Blackwell.....	23,525
Marguerite Snow.....	22,170
Florence LaBadie.....	19,100
Nell Craig.....	18,435
Olga Petrova.....	17,460
Creighton Hale.....	15,925
Norma Talmadge.....	15,765
Clara K. Young.....	15,225
Bryant Washburn.....	14,980
Edith Storey.....	14,520
Francis Ford.....	14,465
Cleo Madison.....	14,450
Antonio Moreno.....	14,440
Charlie Chaplin.....	14,425
Marguerite Courtot.....	14,365
Ella Hall.....	14,325
Edna Mayo.....	14,275
Lillian Gish.....	14,225
Harris Gordon.....	13,660
Douglas Fairbanks.....	13,370
Cleo Ridgely.....	12,665
Alice Joyce.....	12,480
Romaine Fielding.....	12,375
Tom Forman.....	11,995
Kathlyn Williams.....	11,610
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Owen Moore.....	10,590
Mae Marsh.....	10,375
Edward Coxen.....	10,260
Herbert Rawlinson.....	10,220
Henry King.....	10,145
Richard Travers.....	10,000
Geraldine Farrar.....	9,935
Al Ray.....	9,910
May Allison.....	9,560
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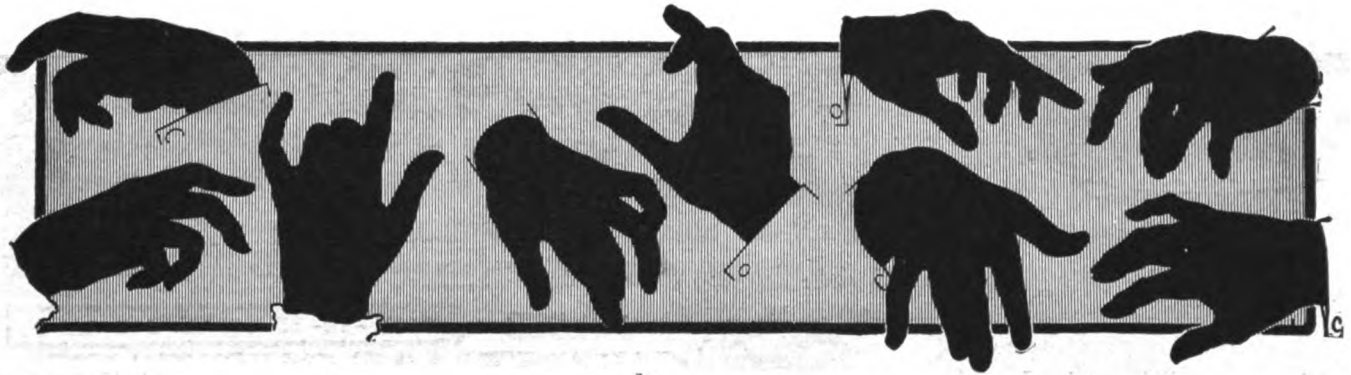
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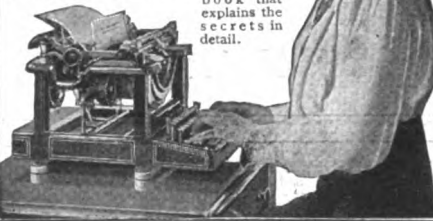
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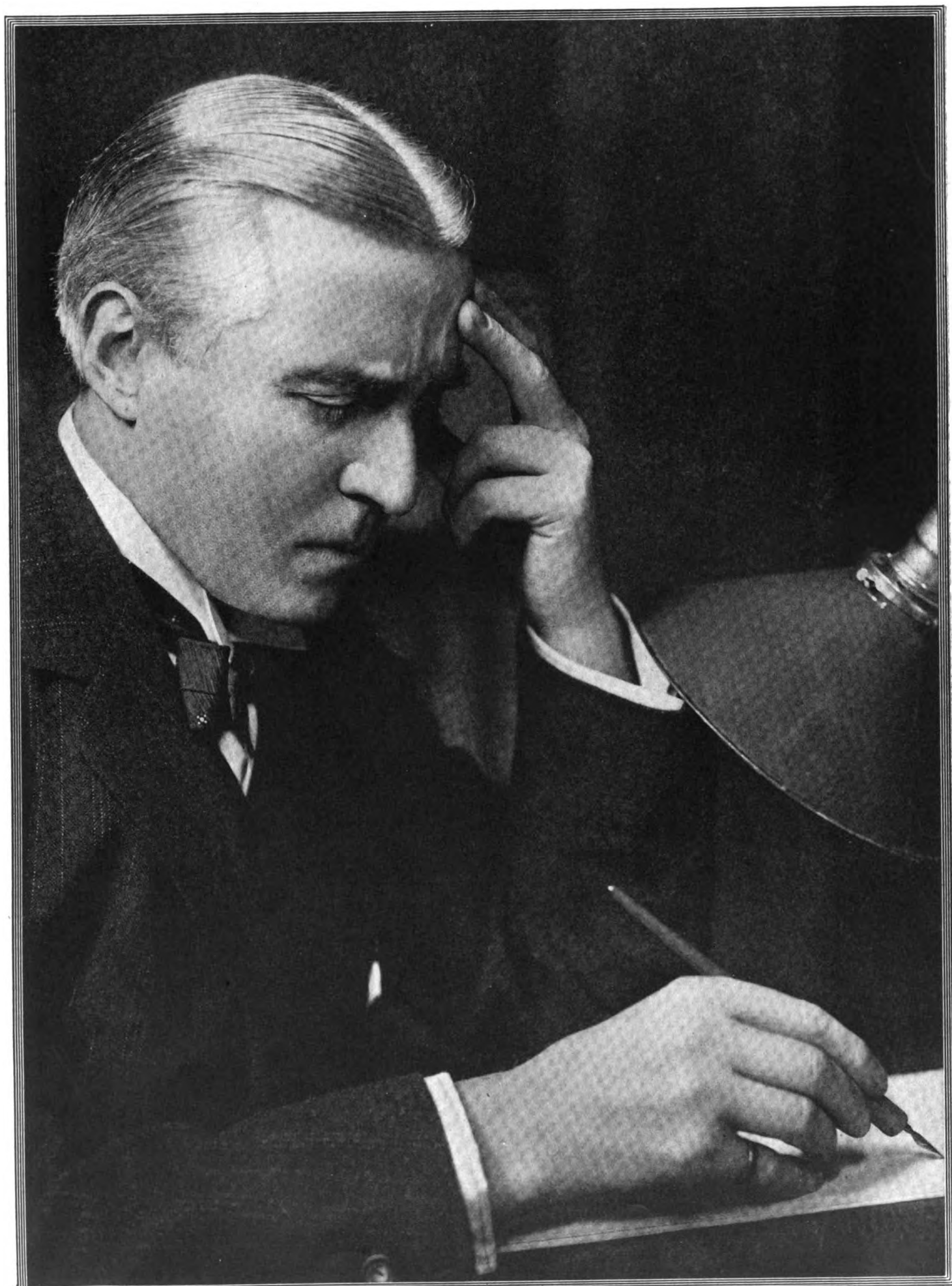


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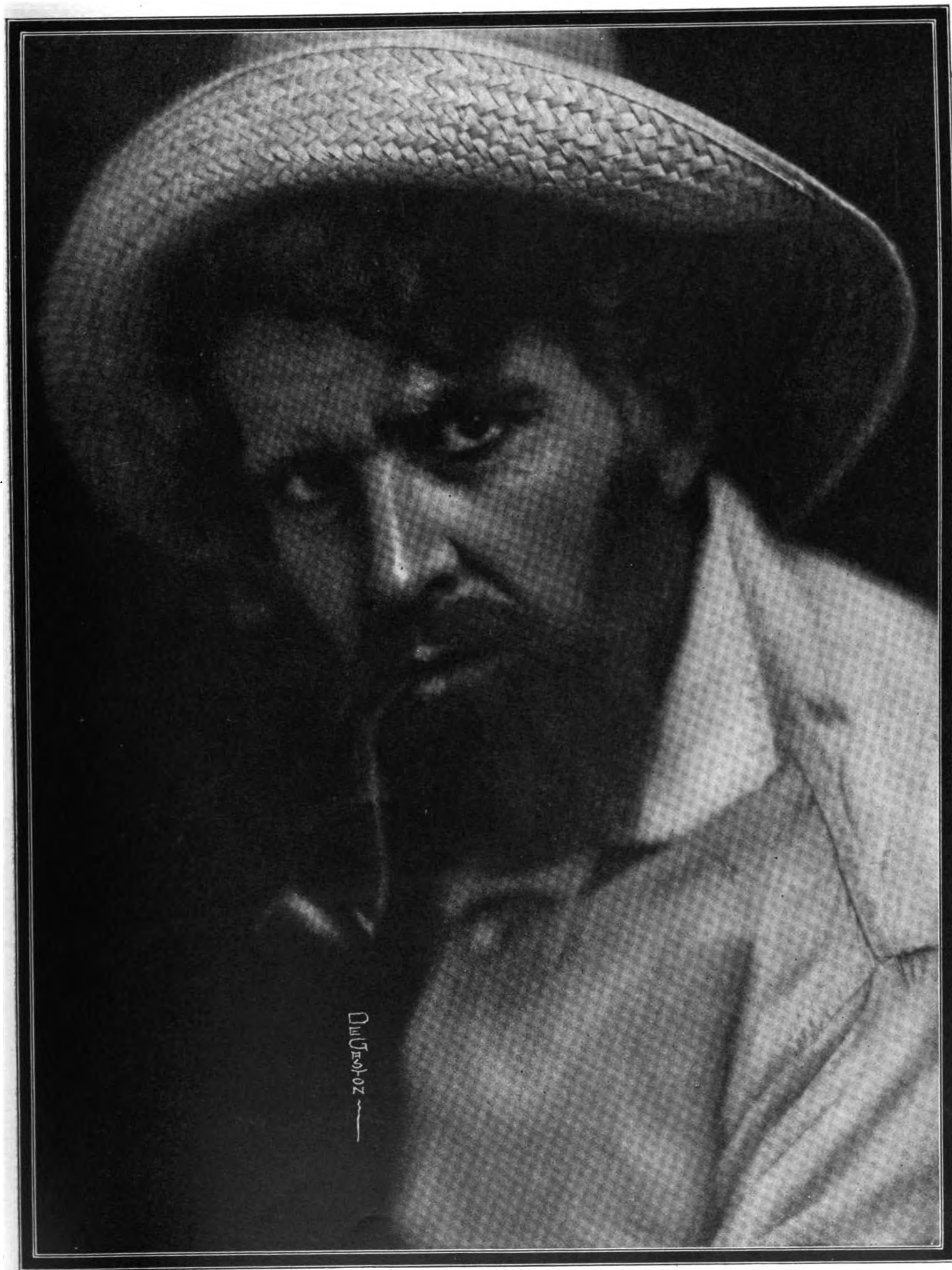


RUTH WHITE  
(Balboa)





HELEN GIBSON  
(Kalem)



HARRY VON METER (American)



MARGUERITE COURTOT (Famous Players)



# The Devil's Prize

(Vitagraph)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Photoplay of MARGUERITE BERTSCH

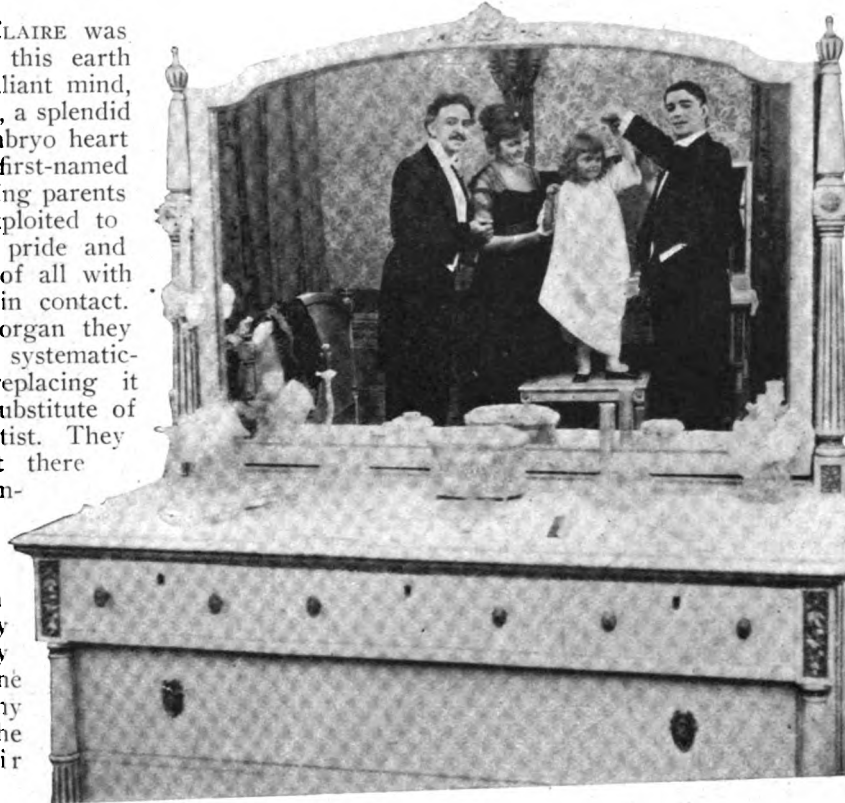
ARNOLD ST. CLAIRE was born onto this earth with a brilliant mind, a personality plus, a splendid body, and the embryo heart of a man. The first-named attributes his doting parents enhanced and exploited to their own great pride and the gratification of all with whom he came in contact. The last-named organ they dexterously and systematically removed, replacing it with the pulpy substitute of the ingrained egotist. They taught him that there were eleven commandments, and the greatest of these was the eleventh, which read: "Save thy skin that thy glory may shine before men, tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls."

Then, having completed their task, they basked a year in his glory, saying, "See, we have given a manling to the world, and so saying, died, bearing to the Feet of God the fruits of their labor on earth.

Arnold St. Claire set about justifying his parents' existences, for do we not live in our children? Do not some say that this is the only immortality? That in what we have given of our seed we inhabit the earth forever—festering, despoiling, or benedictory, salvatory?

Arnold St. Claire had a glorious time. But he was more than a mere hedonist; his personality plus won him the hearts of all whom he encountered—not only their hearts, but loyalty, and the great gift, faith. And when he found that money was to be the one gift he could not win, or rather could not keep, fate threw Ada Stratton his way—wealthy niece of the wealthiest man in town, Mark Stratton.

Ada was not only wealthy and the most prominent personage in the social life of Westfield, but she was beautiful and gifted with a rare strength of mind, a golden quality of soul. St. Claire knew that in taking her love he was reaching far over his head, but he could not be poor—not *he*. He had



been born with a golden spoon in his rosy mouth, with the horn of plenty over his downy head. Those things were his birthright. One does not deny one's birthright—thus he argued with that strange distortion of a brilliant mind flawed by egotism. And besides, there was that eleventh commandment: curiously enough, the last words of it clung, bat-like and loathly, to his mind—"tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls." Those were horrid words. Souls do not bleed, yet he knew that they did—knew that women's souls bled in the still o' nights—wraithly, anguished, silent blood.

But egotism is not egotism, the real, the unalloyed, if in its dross there be a single grain of metal. And Ada loved him. There seemed to be no reason why *she* should suffer because of souls' blood and morbid fantasies like that—gnome-like creatures of his own brain.

One wonderful, winey, autumn day he ran away with Ada, and they were married. His precious skin was *saved*—saved from unlovely striving and buffeting; saved from stress and grind; saved from ultimate manhood—by a woman's unasking love.

In a cottage on the outskirts of the

village, a girl with protruding eyes, and swollen mouth, and hands that shook as from palsy, was reading the announcement of the runaway marriage of Arnold St. Claire and Ada Stratton.

She pulled the lamp nearer, and read it again, forcing, pushing, compelling her stunned brain to comprehension. . . . Over her senses stole the perfumes of many autumn days—days she had not lived alone—white, radiant nights that looked down on the unshackling of all her soul's pinions—on the sacrifice of all her youth's dreams. . . .

Her throat contracted sharply, and she strained her hands tightly against her breast; in the lamp's light they looked very frail, very slender, and her eyes were dark blurs in her face. "Forgive us our trespasses," she was murmuring, "as we forgive

those—as we forgive those—"

Hugh Roland found her like that. He loved her with a great tenderness, and he knew only, when he saw her like that, that she was ill and needed care. "Wont you marry me, Myra, love?" he asked her for the patient, dozenth time. She leaned against him, and he noted, with a pang, how almost ethereal the weight of her was.

"If you want me," she answered him—"yes. Oh, Hugh—"

Emmy Roland dashed into her mother's lap, precipitating sewing and sewing utensils to the floor with a splendid disregard. "Mommie," she gasped, "Aunt Ada has telephoned, an' she wants us to come over, an' Uncle Arnold has brought me a Japanese villa to play with on the library-table, an' we're to come at once; an', mommie, can I—*may* I—go?"

Myra Roland laughed. No one, much less the gloriously unintrospective sense of a child, could have detected any strain in the laughter. "Yes, impetuous one," she smiled; "get your bestest go-to-meeting Sunday bonnet and we'll be off."

"Mommie," pursued the child, as she danced along by her mother, a blur of gold-and-rose-and-blue under the

May-time sky—"mother, mustn't it be terrible awful nice to have such big lots of money as Uncle Arnold? Can't he buy anything he wants, Mommie, in all the world?"

Myra's lips closed. "No, darling," she said gently; "Uncle Arnold can't buy *anything* he wants, dear. No one ever can—"

"Not even Daddykins?"

"Much less Daddykins, dear. Don't you know"—more lightly—"that our Daddykins is only a poor newspaper-man?"

"I know." The child was silent. Then she looked up at her mother's lovely, saddened face sharply. "Don't you *love* him, Mommie?" she demanded, "because he is a poor, *poor* man?"

The woman laughed, eagerly, tremulously. "So much, dear," she answered—"oh, so *very* much, Baby—as much as some day, under bluer skies, *you* will love a man who is fine and simple and strong."

"Why, Mommie!" the child laughed derisively, peering at azure skies with even *more* azure eyes; "the skies *couldn't* be bluer," she scoffed, "not *any* 'some day' at all."

There was silence for a moment, during which, into the child's consciousness, there seeped the impressions of many things—blue skies, and sad eyes, and eager laughter, and trembling lips; and over it all, hazy, wholly indefinable, only to be understood when taken out and remembered in the late light of after-years, the certain, allegorical knowledge of May rains and spring melancholies.

"Shall I tell Aunt Ada Uncle Johnny has come home, Mommie?" she asked, as they neared the gleaming white, foliage-held home of the St. Claires. "And shall I tell her he's made loads and lots of money, an' that he brought me this umbrella?"

"Of course," assented Myra; "only don't talk of it *too* much, dear. Long ago Uncle Johnny loved Aunt Ada very deeply, and when people love like that, and never are together, it makes them very sad to hear about the other one too much."

"Just like me," assented small Emmy, comprehensively; "I feel just that way about poor Pippa Passes—my birdie. I can't *bear* to hear him talked about *too* much."

Myra laughed; then her mouth grew grave again—the egotist, unto the third and fourth generation.

On the library table, Ada and Arnold St. Claire were putting the last loving touches to the costly toy it was their delight to buy for the child they both adored. "I love her because she is little Myra again," Ada was wont to say—"my little, old chum—all

laughter and tears—all April and December."

"I love her, too," St. Claire would answer and be silent.

"I wish," Ada whispered wistfully to Myra once, watching St. Claire's absorption in some frolic of the child's—"I wish that I might give him a child, Myra; he loves them so; he would be so happy—" And then she had wondered at the sudden, heavy tears in Myra's eyes; the ardor of her answer: "You make him happy *now*, Ada—just *you alone*."

"Emmy has got to stay overnight tonight, Myra," announced Ada, after the Japanese villa had been hilariously and minutely inspected by the delighted child. "Arnold is going to some festivity the miners are giving, and I am to be all alone. She may?"

Myra hesitated. There were *always* these hesitations—these strained pauses, these fears; then she nodded. "Of course," she assented; "she'll be delighted—"

Ada laughed over at the child. "Come up, then, and inspect your suite, Miss Roland," she called; "if it does not please, we will have it redecorated ere setting of the sun."

Myra raised an impetuous hand to stop them, but they were gone. And she was alone—alone with St. Claire for the first time since the *last* time, when they had been unutterably alone in a peopled, ghostly world.

"She is so fine," murmured Myra, gazing, thru a mist, at Ada's departing figure.

St. Claire leaned across the table—across the Japanese villa—knocking over, carelessly, two of the diminutive, wooden Orientals, who lay staring up at him with their inscrutable smiles. "I am so unhappy," he whispered. "Myra—"

The woman smiled. Then she thought of Hugh Roland and his unquestioning, unpaid love; his vast wealth of tenderness for the little Emmy; the narrow thread that divided him from a perilous happiness and the sorrows of her past.

"*You!*" she sneered at him, the canker at her heart giving forth its hatred in the first hour alone—"you! What can *you* know of unhappiness? You wanted adulation, power, ease, money. You bought them, and *we* are paying the price—Ada, and Hugh, and I, and little, innocent Emmy—"

"Ah, don't—"

Myra bent nearer. "You should have thought of this before," she said metalically—of the day when your child—your lovely, unclaimed child—should walk beside you, touching you with her baby-hand, yet separated from you by a barrier the blood in your veins can never bridge—calling an-

other man 'Father,' and loving him—loving him, I say—for she *does*—" Myra smiled suddenly, luminously. "God has wrought a miracle, I think," she almost whispered, "and in the deathly anguish of her birth he *made* her Hugh's—"

"That is not so!" rasped St. Claire, his handsome face whitening. "Emmy is *mine*, and you know it. Nothing *you* can do can alter that; nothing I can do, be it good or bad. She is my flesh and blood, my bone and sinew—"

Myra smiled proudly. "And she is Hugh Roland's dauntless soul and splendid mind," she said proudly; "his big, warm, selfless heart—the tiny moulding of his high ideal, for between us we have made her so. With my very breath, I deny your paternity; with each ounce of my will, I give her to him, and he is reaping the harvest you are denied—"

"How you hate me, Myra!" St. Claire looked up, his lips drawn over his teeth. "How terribly I killed a radiant dream! Myra—"

"Do I intrude? This tête-à-tête seems terribly significant." The voice was light, but St. Claire frowned. Mark Stratton was too subtle for him; there was that in him which defied open antagonism. His wife's uncle had been the one individual in the town who had not fallen before him—lauding him, flattering him, believing in him. Always, when confronted by St. Claire's overwhelming popularity, he had laughed—not derisively, but with the cynical note of one who says, "I cannot be deceived."

St. Claire excused himself, and Mark Stratton dropped into the vacated chair, facing Myra. He took keen note of the lovely lines of her face—the sensitive, reticent mouth; the proud nose; the lovely, shadowed eyes—and something in his heart stirred to life: appreciation of her rare beauty; admiration of her valiant nerve.

He saw her home, and when he had returned, St. Claire was playing, noisily, stormily, on the piano. It was a habit of his—much admired and marveled over by his wife and social friends. "He is so temperamental," they would rhapsodize; and débutantes would gush, stickily, "What it must be to be loved by Arnold St. Claire!"

Mark Stratton shared none of these fond illusions as to St. Claire's temperament. He would have found a franker name for it—one not adaptable to débutantish ears.

"Arnold," he interrupted the temperamental outlet, brusquely, as he re-entered the room, "I want to talk to you. Briefly, I've come around to your ideas on capital and labor. I—want

to dispose of my Westfield Coal Mine—think there ought to be a chance all round. You're pretty popular here; I'm not. You're a philanthropist; I'm—the opposite. Then, too, you and Roland are pretty good friends, I take it. He could exploit the sale of shares in his town paper. It will be a big thing for your friends, the people."

Stratton paused, and surveyed St. Claire narrowly. He did not see the visions St. Claire was seeing: the crabbed, horny hands raised in prayer and praise to him; the grimy, sweat-caked faces so strangely lightened at his coming; the "God bless Arnold St. Claire!" that fell from many a grateful lip, from many a trustful heart.

He raised his head. Stratton had to admit, inwardly, that the fellow was good to the eye; he felt a pang of pity for Ada—poor child, she loved him. But that other—that great-eyed, sorrowful-souled Myra—she had loved him, too.

"Is this straight, Stratton? What about Carbon X—isn't that going to give coal a fearful slump? Wont it make the Westfield Coal Mine about—worthless? The shares so much—paper? The people so many—dupes?"

"Yes." Stratton rasped it out, and his square face hardened. "Dont come across with any tales of the people, St. Claire," he threatened. "I've got your number, and here it is!"

St. Claire glanced at the note extended to him, and his mouth sagged. It was Myra's note to him when she heard of his attentions to Ada Stratton—her last, trenchant appeal for herself, and more for the little life not to be wronged and defrauded.

"You have built yourself a house of cards, St. Claire," the older man pursued mercilessly, "and they seem about to cave in on you. I not only have this note, but I overheard your conversation with Myra Roland today. Emmy—little Emmy—is your child, not Hugh Roland's. Are you willing to acknowledge her, or—here he paused suggestively—"aren't you more willing to exploit the Westfield Coal Mine? Dont you think you'd better—save your skin?"

"Save thy skin that thy glory may shine before men, tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls!"

St. Claire shuddered—"... tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls!" Ah, those horny, work-blunt hands; those poor, grimy faces; those

trustful, grateful hearts, as trustful as a child's and as grateful—"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones, ye do it unto Me." Well, what were they but "little ones"—little ones with labor-wearied bodies, but hearts and souls as groping, as confident as—his little Emmy?

"Well?" pressed Stratton.

Ada! Their lovely, sheltered home; their goodly life together; the passion that had grown for her in the thing his parents gave him for a heart; the adulation he received that was the very breath in his nostrils! He raised his head again, and Stratton saw that he had aged ten years in the five

minutes of his rapid, chaotic thinking.

"I'll see Roland



"YOU MUST CLEAR ME OF THIS, ARNOLD," HE CRIED

at once," he said. Stratton inclined his head, and left the room. St. Claire turned, and faced Ada, who stood in the doorway as tho her very soul had left her body and was standing there in her body's stead.

"Arnold," she whispered—and all the suffering of all wronged, ardent women was in her voice, all a fond heart's abdication of dear dreams, all a soul's high-pinnacled visionings—"Arnold—I—heard—"

St. Claire looked at her wildly. His already distraught mind ran around in circles. What should he do? What could he do—to save his skin—in her eyes?

"It was before, Ada—" he managed at length. "It was before—us. Myra and I—"

"And—Emmy? Was she—is she—'before us'?"

"She— Why, Ada—what can you mean? Of course—"

"Isn't she living on—living now—forever nameless—forever— Oh, I cannot voice it, for—God help you,

Arnold!—I love Myra's baby; I—" There was a painful silence. St. Claire felt the ugly, thwarted shame of one who has been shorn of his habitual garment of seclusion. He felt naked, and wronged, and at a loss.

"And this—mine proposition," Ada was saying at last—"you are not—Arnold, you cannot be going on with this!"

"I must." St. Claire's voice came thickly. "Didn't you hear? The alternative is—the publicity of the letter—it will ruin Myra; it will kill Hugh; it will forever curse little Emmy—"

Ada put her hand over her eyes, as tho instinctively to shut out the monstrous offenses one man's bestial selfishness had done. She forgot herself for the time—her own wrong, her own torture—in thought of Myra—Myra, sunshiny little, long-ago child, who had never known a peaceful hour of wifehood; never been free to feel the glory of her motherhood; never drawn a happy breath since this man's arms spurned her forth to her shame, that he might dwell on the fat of the land and grow sleek under unearned caresses.

As Ada watched him, something died slowly, abortively, in her heart—the image this man had been; and in his place stood John Baldwin, Myra's big brother, who had loved her so crudely and so truly, long ago—John Baldwin, who had wrested his wealth honestly, unpretentiously, from the very soil, and had come back to the town of his birth to make things easier for his little sister and for the girls and boys who had trundled to school with him. A man—John Baldwin—with his great, real heart in its rightful place, and his whole soul in his kindly eyes.

"There is no—way out?" Ada asked the question shamefacedly—shamed that anything in the way of compromise could be thought of.

"No way—to save Myra—and—"

Ada turned and crept out of the room.

The next day the stock was on sale. Roland's paper exploited it generously, and Roland himself thanked St. Claire lavishly for giving his paper this big chance—"tho it's only on a par," he added gratefully, "with all your big



kindnesses to me, and to Myra, and to our kidlet."

That night St. Claire made a speech to the applauding miners, in which he modestly disclaimed all exploitation of the stock, averring that his only part in the whole transaction was the buying of a few shares himself—that the credit was all due to Hugh Roland and to Mark Stratton.

The miners cheered. They cheered Hugh Roland and his town paper; they cheered Mark Stratton and his unwonted behavior. But mostly they cheered their idol—Arnold St. Claire—St. Claire, who was at once so debonair and so sterling, so modest in word and so gigantic in deed.

Only Mark Stratton bit his cynical under lip and saw thru St. Claire's neat saving of his skin. Only Ada really understood, and bled her very soul out in her humiliation and shame.

The next week the Carbon X discovery leaked out—and the crash came. The coal mine was practically worthless; the stock was even *more* worthless; the hoarded, sacrificial savings of years had bought mere scraps of paper—scraps that Hugh Roland had *known* to be worthless, that Mark Stratton had been *sure* were. Only St. Claire had been in ignorance; only he had not betrayed them.

The tiny town seethed over like a veritable caldron. In the miners' cottages there were sudden cases of "heart failure," but there were those who knew that the blighted dream of many a meager year had stopped the "hearts."

Hugh Roland was distraught. Not only would his little paper, which was his cleanly pride as well as his living, be condemned and censured, but he had, to all intents, sold his honor—sold the poor trust of the people for a miserable pottage.

He sought St. Claire, frenziedly. "You must clear me of this, Arnold," he cried: "you must write a letter telling them it was not a fraud, but an honest mistake. They believe in you; so did I, of course. You must tell them the *truth*, St. Claire."

St. Claire laughed. "How do I know, Hugh," he sneered, "that *you* are the straight one? How do I know that you were not on the inside track of this with Uncle Mark Stratton?"

Roland recoiled. His eager, excited

face turned icy. "Arnold!" he said—"Arnold! Great God!"

St. Claire, smiling amusedly at his boyhood chum, his manhood's friend, the unwitting shoulderer of his own shame, saw himself stripped naked in this man's sight—saw his poor, craven, pitiable self as he really was, sans any manhood at all, clad only in a fleshly garment of illusion. And for a moment the heart of him—the crushed heart his parents had removed when they taught him the eleventh commandment—struggled for rebirth. He had a moment of intense longing to right his wrongs—to make good his evil; to put things straight for Ada—for Myra and their child—for

poor, doubly betrayed



"OUT! OUT, I SAY! I'LL SETTLE THIS D-D THING YET"

Hugh Roland. But deeper than all, root of his rooted being, was the cry of the egotist, "Save thy skin!"

"I do not *know*, I repeat," he was saying mechanically, "that you were not, *are* not, in league with Stratton. I—have no proof."

"No proof——" Roland wet his dry lips with a clacking sound, but he did not speak. What better proof could he ever give this new, horrible St. Claire than the betrayed memory of their years together—St. Claire's certain knowledge of the high purpose of his life—the simple, splendid goal from which his eyes had never faltered nor his feet strayed? If the years did not speak, there was no need of speech today.

"Of course," St. Claire was saying, as Roland turned and stumbled from the room—"of course it is *chiefly* Stratton, Hugh—you know that."

"It is all over, Myra." Hugh Ro-

land said the words tonelessly, as he entered the living-room at home. "St. Claire has denied our friendship, sold my honor, and forsworn all obligations save those which save his skin. He——"

John Baldwin, standing by Myra in the window, raised his hand in warning, to stop Roland's outburst. Significantly, he pointed to Myra, who had risen, with heaving breast and distended pupils. It was too late.

"Nothing will *ever* be right," she cried out passionately, wildly, as the flood-gates were down and turgid waters, pent-up agelessly, were overflowing—"nothing will *ever* be right while we are building our houses on

sand—each to save the other's skin; each to save his own. I am desperate—desperate of the look in Ada's eyes; of Stratton's pursuit of me, which

I have concealed in fear, knowing that he knows; of St. Claire's hounding of you, his theft of your honor to save his own skin—your honor, which is *yourself*, my darling—the bulwark of strength on which I have rested my fear and sin and my miserable weakness all these years. Hugh—John—oh, *both* of you—long ago—before we married—I—St. Claire—oh, God, help me! Hugh, Emmy is St. Claire's child—Arnold St. Claire's! There—I have told at last—I——"

John Baldwin caught her as she swayed. Hugh

stood motionless, his face a sickly gray, his lips moving inaudibly—"... *tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls!*"

Long after Myra had sobbed herself into a restless, semi-conscious sleep, and Roland had lain with his graying head in his arms, John Baldwin sought St. Claire in his home. He sought him at an inauspicious moment. Stratton had decided to do the right thing—to expose himself—to right his wrong. St. Claire was wild with fear of a new implication of himself, with the ugly desperation of the animal on whom the coils were tightening. St. Claire was fighting with tooth and nail, with foot and fist for his skin, which was more precious to him than life.

"St. Claire," Baldwin began without preamble, "you've got to come across. I know everything now—the way you and Stratton have been



pearls of her youth, the glory of her first love, the best that she may ever give, before sodden swine. St. Claire entered and dropped into a chair. He had never been so handsome as he was in his dejection—in his knowledge that he had lost the friend of his life, and the woman he had come to

usual lack of verbosity, "here is your ultimate chance. *You* got Stratton, and—by God!—you're going to say so!"

St. Claire laughed. His laugh had become a horrible travesty on mirth. "*You* were on the grounds, Baldwin," he countered. "Stratton has done you and yours a wrong. Why not *you*—the murderer?"

Baldwin slipped his hand into his pocket. "I have no revolver that this fits," he said, holding out the missile. "This one went far astray, St. Claire, but I found it. I do not carry silken handkerchiefs marked 'A. St. C.' I—"

St. Claire sprang forward. "Leave me alone!" he croaked hoarsely. "Leave me alone—or you, too—you, too—"

Baldwin turned on his heel. He did not wish for desperation. Nothing could be gained by that, and he knew that once alone, the craven heart of the man would preclude self-damage.

"I give you until midnight," he said.

"IT WAS JEALOUSY. I AM MAD WHEN I THINK OF A MAN—AND YOU——"

torturing Myra with your own shame. Well, it is out now; Myra has told Hugh Roland. You have got to come across! You've got to clear Roland of this thing you have brought on him. You——"

Back of St. Claire, Ada crept up and laid her hand over his. "Do as he asks, Arnold," she pleaded; "do the big, splendid thing; right all this wrong. What is the censure of these few townspeople compared to the censure of your own soul—the eternal censure of—your God? Arnold—think——"

St. Claire laughed. Baldwin and Ada shrank from the unthinkable sound of it. Then he turned on Baldwin. "Get out of my house, you dog!" he thundered. "Must I come to obliging my —wife's lover? Ah, you shrink—in loathing, you would say. Dont you think I know of your youthful fancy that I disrupted? Dont you think I know why you come to my house—for what purpose? Out! Out, I say! I'll settle this d—d thing yet!"

Ada turned a strained, livid face to Baldwin, whose great, hairy hands were clenching in readiness to choke the vile lies from his throat. "Go, John," she said—"he is quite mad. Go at once—for my sake. We cannot endure more scandal now. I cannot endure it. Oh, please—*please go!*"

Up in her bedroom, Ada sat motionless. Every fiber of her was revolted—every instinct at bay. She felt as only a woman can feel who knows she has tarnished herself forever by an unworthy choice—who has cast the

love and, more, to honor and respect. "Do you despise me?" he whispered, fearful of her ravaged face. "I—— It was jealousy. I am mad when I think of a—man—and—you——"

Ada raised her hand. "Just go!" she begged. "*Whatever* you do—go!"

Souls grope, and twist, and contort themselves and others for years of torturous agonies; then, of a sudden, there is a mighty wrenching—a veritable cataclysm of hate and death and denunciation. It is the unutterable surgery of the spirit, for which there is no anæsthesia, but for which there comes, in the end, a healing divine.

Fifteen minutes after John Baldwin left St. Claire, Mark Stratton was murdered. One of the gardeners found him with a bullet thru his brain—the merciless, keen-edged brain which had cut its incisive, bloodless way to success thru the hearts and the lives of all who came his way, but which had been planning, in his last hour, to redress his last and greatest wrong, for the sake of a woman who had been wronged enough.

"The miners did it!" went up the hue and cry—"one of the men did it——" and the human hunt was on.

John Baldwin retraced his steps to St. Claire's den. He found him lighting a cigaret, and he saw, as he had known he would see, that his right hand was quivering spasmodically—so violently that the great ruby on his little finger cast strange gleams of light here and there, like malignant, devil's eyes.

"St. Claire," he began, with his

It was one o'clock in the morning when John Baldwin opened the door of the distraught house and stared blankly, unbelievably at Ada St. Claire's stricken face. "Yes, it is I," she whispered, as he pulled her hastily in and slammed the door—"it is I, John. He is crazed with jealousy, but he *must* save his skin. John, dont press this murder charge. If you do—— Ah, dont look at me, John, until I finish. My shame is crucifying me tonight. If you do, he will expose everything about Myra—take her good name forever from her—illegitimize Emmy in the sight of the world. He will do this thing, John, for his priceless skin's sake——"



"WHAT IS HIS ANSWER?"

Hugh Roland stood in the doorway. The look of craze had gone from his face, and in its stead was the pain of the martyr who has been sacrificed for the lusts of others.

"We will go back with you, Ada," he said. "I——"

Ada went in ahead, and St. Claire came over



Roland bent over him, eagerly, and the dying man looked into his friend's face.

"God — be — merciful to — me! Hugh," he gasped — "I — I cant——"

"ARNOLD, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, WRITE!"

to her, his eyes bloodshot and menacing. "Why were you so long?" he demanded hoarsely. "What have you been doing? What is his answer? Tell me——"

Ada shook her head. A sudden vast pity shook the very tentacles of her being—the tentacles this man had trampled on and crushed underfoot; an overweening, tremendous pity for his unconquerable weakness—for the very trash of him underneath the glitter. She dared not speak.

St. Claire's face turned white, and of a sudden his hand sought his heart. "All this will do for me," he muttered. "I——" Hugh Roland stepped in, his white face cutting sharply into the gloom.

He laughed at St. Claire's over-brilliant eyes—the conspicuous fear of him. "Did you think you would never see me again?" he jeered, bearing down on him, fists raised. "Did you think I had finished with you——"

St. Claire backed away. His hand sought his heart again, and he swayed. An instant later he had rolled heavily to the foot of the stairway, near the open door.

Roland and Ada ran to him, and she pulled his head to her lap. St. Claire opened his filming eyes. "Arnold," she whispered frenziedly, all the strength of her mind bearing on his, striving to pierce the death-mists, to sweep away the chaff—"Arnold, before it is too late, write; here is my pencil. Write a few words—just a few—just *one*—of confession for us all. Arnold——"

Ada closed his eyes, and Hugh straightened out the stiffening form—Grecian and noble and splendid even in death. Then they raised their heads and met the transfixed faces of some of the miners who had come to beg help of their idol and who had been the witnesses of his death at their very feet. And in all their eyes his wife and his friend saw his poor skin shrivel and fall from him—saw them see him as he was—saw him lose at last.

Hugh Roland walked home in the still of the morning. Somehow the battle was over—the devil had won his prize.

He entered the darkened house quietly,



and told John Baldwin to go to Ada. Upstairs he could hear Myra sobbing, tossing. He had loved once, loved loyally, and his gift had been the cast-off of another. He had given the very essence of fatherhood to little Emmy, and fatherhood had never been his.

He entered his wife's bedroom and looked down on her. "Get up!" he commanded. "Arnold St. Claire is dead, and you are mine at last! But there are things to be said—explanations to be made—the—the child to be disposed of! Look at me——"

Myra rose and shrank against the wall. In the framing of her dark hair, her eyes sought his, wide and piteous and tortured. In her very shrinking he seemed to see all womanhood betrayed. And he knew, instinctively, of her searing years—her motherhood—the scourge her very love for him had been.

"Myra," he called hoarsely, stridently—"my woman—my little saint—my girl——"

Myra raised her luminous eyes, then she caught her breath. "Here is—Emmy," she whispered. "Look, beloved——"

The chubby little figure hesitated on the threshold; the small mouth trembled—it was all very strange to her, and she had a child's pitiful terror of things strange. "Daddy!" she cried, running, scuttling to him—"Daddy, take your girl——"

Hugh Roland leaned over and looked at her, searching her face eagerly, tensely, for a trace of St. Claire. There was one brief, suspended instant; then he came into that fatherhood which is the fatherhood of

God, who suffers all little ones to come unto Him, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

IN HER VERY SHRINKING HE SEEMED TO SEE ALL WOMANHOOD BETRAYED

(Twenty)

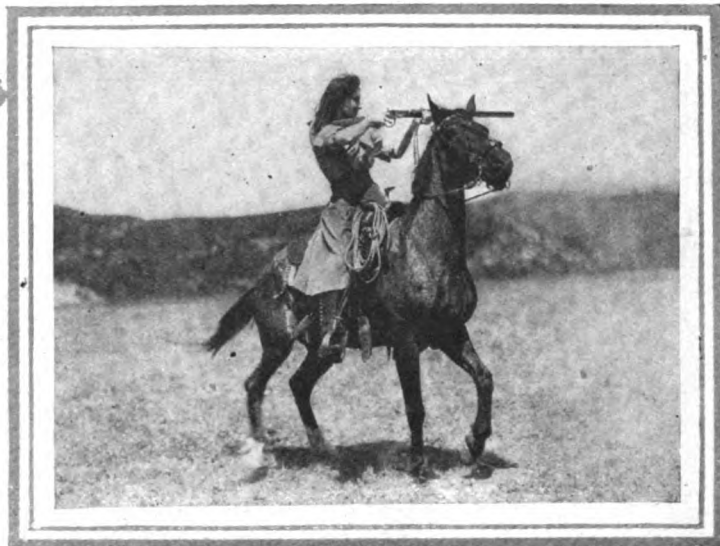




VIVIAN RICH IN A PICTURESQUE SCENE FROM "ATONEMENT" (FLYING A)



AND "DEARIE" WILL DO ALL SORTS OF EQUINE TRICKS WHEN SO COMMANDED BY A BELOVED MISTRESS



ON HER FAVORITE HORSE, "DEARIE," MISS FORDE CAN HIT THE BULL'S-EYE NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN WITH A WINCHESTER

## "Vicky" The Girl Who Is Always

By RICHARD



MISS FORDE CAN RIDE AND ROPE AND SHOOT WITH THE BEST OF THEM. "I LOVE THE OUTDOOR LIFE" SHE SAYS



VICTORIA FORDE is known among her fellow movie-players as "The Girl Who Is Always Willing to Take a Chance." There are few actresses available, even in this day and age, for Western photoplays, and there is probably no other actress in the world today who would care to take chances in photoplays directed by Tom Mix, the Selig cowboy star, who hesitates at almost nothing in order to provide thrills for movie fans.

And yet this slip of a girl goes daring Tom Mix a good second when it comes to hard riding, shooting and roping.

"Wish to know how I became active

in Western photoplays?" asked Miss Forde of an interviewer. "Well, it came naturally, I guess. I was perched on the back of a horse when I was five years of age, and I have ridden horses ever since. I come from a family of actors, my mother, Eugenie Forde, being very well known in Motion Picture work, having been a member of the Selig players for a long time.

"It is true that few women venture into photoplay work of wild and woolly Western atmosphere for the reason that it is rough work, and a woman succeeding in plays of this character must be more than willing to accept all hazards. Yet there is a fascination in it all. There are the outdoor life; the wide, spreading plains; the exhilaration that comes from speeding along on the back of a good horse, and the knowledge that you are keeping up your end of the game.

"To quote Tom Mix: 'The principal drawback to staging Western films is the women.' It is very difficult to get women who will participate in all the 'stunts' invented by such daring actors as Tom Mix. I can say, with pardonable pride, that I never have hesitated to work in any 'thrill' invented by the director, and this is going some when Mix is concerned. I just shut my eyes and trust to Providence.

"There is a radical difference between riding, roping and shooting in photoplays on the Western plains and Motion

(Twenty-two)



"THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS READY TO TAKE A CHANCE" IS THE EXPRESSION COINED BY THE HARD-RIDING, BRONZED ACTORS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS WHEN THEY ALLUDE TO VICTORIA FORDE, FILMLAND'S "COW-GIRL"



IT IS NOTHING FOR "VICKY" TO BE PURSUED AND "ROPED" BY THE DESPERATE "BANDITS" OF MOVIE-LAND



VICTORIA FORDE IS CONSIDERED THE MOST SKILFUL WOMAN RIDER IN MOTION PICTURES

# Forde

## Willing to Take a Chance

WALLACE

Picture studio work. There is no sitting around any studio during the action of a photoplay of Western atmosphere. One must be up and doing, very frequently miles from human habitation. It is a lot of fun to take the 'commissary department' along with the company and, at midday, boil coffee in the big coffee-pot and enjoy a hot meal. My! but food does taste good while out on location on the Western plains!

"An actress' wardrobe for Western productions must contain all garments owned by other Motion Picture actresses and some important additions. Among these additions are riding-suits, riding-boots, spurs, cartridge-belt and revolver, broad-brimmed hat and flannel shirts. A Western play may call for a ballroom in the East as the first scene, and then shift to the West as the Eastern girl leaves the Eastern college for her dad's ranch.

"I suppose my 'nerve' is partly inherited, partly acquired, and that my stage training from childhood has a lot to do with my presence of mind in the thick of a hazardous 'stunt.' My first regular stage engagement was in support of John Drew and Margaret Illington in 'His House in Order,' and after that I toured with Maxine Elliott in 'Her Own Way.' My other principal stage engagements were in child parts with Chauncey Olcott and with my mother, Eugenie Forde, in 'Mrs. Danforth's Experience,' and don't forget my baby efforts in 'Polly of the Circus.'

(Twenty-three)

"All this seems thousands of years ago," "Vicky" resumed, "but I never lose sight of the thoro training that was drilled into me. No matter how near my life is to the danger point, I always keep saying to myself: 'It's got to get across—it's the play of Life, and if you lose your nerve, 'Vicky,' your audience will be ashamed of you.'

"Here is a list of 'stunts' I have performed in the course of my work:

"Jumped from the back of a speeding horse into an automobile. Sat in the interior of a stage-coach while the horses ran wild. Lassoed from behind while chased by the Western 'bad man.' While two horses galloped neck and neck, lifted from the back of one horse to the other. Stood while real bullets from real Winchesters kicked up the dust near me. Dangled from a rope down the side of a steep cliff, viewing the bottom a mile and a half below. Rode 'double' with Tom Mix on the back of a bucking broncho while other members of the company insisted that we stop the dangerous practice.

"And many more 'stunts' which I cannot recall at this time.

"I am satisfied with my life as an actress in Selig picture-plays of the West. True, there are hazards; true, there are hardships. But withal, there are the free, outdoor life; the delightful variety, and the many 'stunts' which I attempt sometimes with bated breath and eyes shut, but, nevertheless, enjoy."



MISS FORDE IS ALSO VERSATILE IN COMEDY AND OFTEN PLAYS OPPOSITE TO TOM MIX IN "MIX COMEDIES"



VICTORIA FORDE, SELIG STAR ACTRESS, IN WESTERN PHOTOPLAYS



# HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

By Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors are being published in the *MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC* and *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, showing what the chances are for outsiders getting into the pictures and how to go about it. Every publication, producer, director and player is constantly flooded with inquiries asking How to Get In, and these articles are to cover the field exhaustively and conclusively by the greatest experts in the business. We urge every reader who is interested in the subject to read each and every article in the series, because we find that the opinions differ widely. Some of the writers seem to encourage beginners, while others plainly discourage them. We also urge parents to read these articles carefully because, sooner or later, they may have the problem to solve in their own household. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting persons to try to get into this already overcrowded business; but at the same time we wish to show that there is still room for certain classes of applicants, and we desire to point out the best methods to bring their qualifications before the proper persons.

## ROSEMARY THEBY

### Vim Comédienne, Gives Valuable Advice to Beginners

I GLADLY comply with your request to add my contribution to your "How to Get In" series. The first question you ask is, "Is the market oversupplied with photoplayers?" No—decidedly no! But, in my opinion, it is oversupplied with people—people who just care enough about the business to look it over in a languid way and say, "Oh, well, it's easy—I should care what I do so long as I get a check!"

You ask if I believe in "preparedness," such as schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc. I most certainly do! Otherwise I myself might never have gone into the business. You know I graduated from the Sargent Dramatic School and also took a special course under the instruction of Madame Alberti, and the two courses were a wonderful help to me. Possibly I haven't made myself clear, so I'll try and explain why these two courses were such a wonderful help. First, after one has studied both courses and is proficient enough to graduate, it's a settled fact that one understands expression; also, thru this study, you gain repose, and

your own personality is brought out. Then when a director tells you of the scene he wants you to enact, you know immediately just what he wants. Why? Because you've studied expres-

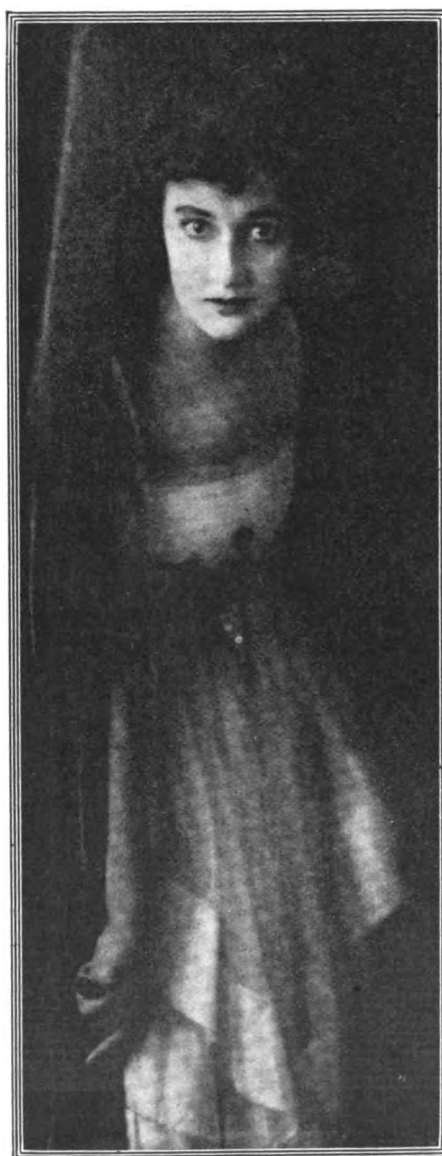


Photo by National

ROSEMARY THEBY

sion, and, to my mind, it gives one the advantage over a good many of the stage people, because when the director needs the scene worked up, the stage people say, "Now listen! My

voice will overtop any of these people in this scene, and I can carry the scene. That is when I laugh. I say to myself, "Go on! Yell! I'll be on the front line, and you, Mr. Actor, just try to steal that scene from me." You see, he does the yelling and I do the thinking. When it is flashed on the screen for public approval my studies at these two schools overbalance his lungs. That is only one case, and I know of several big stars, where, with all their experience, I just tripped on away ahead of them. Why? Because I believed in preparation, such as schools of acting, etc. As for amateur theatricals, no! In working in an amateur play you learn or gain nothing; the people in the cast don't know, and it's "on and off" so soon that one doesn't get a chance to know what they are doing. But I do believe in going to see pictures and studying them. Then I pick the pictures apart (to myself) and say, "Now, had I been playing that part I'd have given more feeling or shown more hatred," etc., etc.

Next you ask, "Has a person with no experience a chance to get placed with a company?" Well, as a Jewish woman once answered me, when I asked her a question, "Maybe yes, maybe no. Who can tell?"

As to what kind of people have the best chance to get in, I would say, for girls, I prefer the brunette with good, clean-cut features—straight nose and a well-shaped mouth. She can be either tall or short, so long as she carries herself well and is endowed with sense. Those mushy-gushy girls I haven't any use for. Originality and individuality count a great deal. To my way of thinking, beauty is not all-important. I know quite a number of girls whom I wouldn't call beautiful, and they are quite away up in the business. Good clothes, a nice carriage when one is walking or standing, repose, personality and, above all, a good line of talk—these are the principal requirements; and, best of all, good features with intelligence in them. This might seem strange to you, but it seems that every conceivable type can be utilized in some sort of way, such as a homely person for "slap" or grotesque

(Twenty-four)



ROSEMARY THEBY

parts. Large productions sometimes need cripples, yet, I should say, one whose eyes are crossed, or with scars on the face, would not look very well.

As for myself, first I studied, then went looking for an engagement. I met Mr. Fred Thompson, of the Vitagraph, and he introduced me to Mr. Blackton—told me that he would give me a chance. Never expecting the chance, I left, much disheartened, until about three weeks later, when I received a note from Mr. Thompson, requesting me to report for a picture, one Tuesday morning about the 17th of June, 1911. I went down, asked about my clothes, went home, got my clothes, and then worked in the picture with Miss Walker and Earle Williams. Norma Talmadge, Hazel Neason and William Dunn. After I had finished the picture Mr. Thompson said he would give me another chance. Why did he do it? It's hard to tell, but my appearance, my clothes and personality, I feel sure, had as much to do with it as the acting ability I showed in my first small part. Well, after a few more pictures and much persistence, I finally landed in stock—and worked very hard.

(Twenty-five)

## HARRY MYERS

Vim Director, Gives  
Some Inside Information

**M**R. MYERS was supplied with a full set of questions, and his answers are so bright and characteristic that both are here given:

**Q.** Is the market over-supplied with photoplayers?

**A.** You wouldn't think so, if you had been making pictures for six years. You keep wondering where the good ones have gone to.

**Q.** Do you believe in preparation, such as schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc.?

**A.** Yes, I do; do them thoroly—and do them right. Then come to me, and I'll use the result in my next picture.

**Q.** Has a person with no experience a chance to get placed with a company?

**A.** If they should show me any ability I'll try and get them placed.

**Q.** What kind of types have the best chance to get in?

**A.** Types dont mean a thing in my life. Horse-sense is what I'm looking for—show me that and I'll shoot them thru. It

seems if I use any certain person for any length of time he can always get an engagement. Still I cant tell why it is. All they have to say is they "worked in an insert for Myers," and when I want them they're working.

**Q.** Is beauty essential?

**A.** Not with me.

**Q.** What are the principal requirements?

**A.** Show me some interest in the picture they're working in—sit around, watch, learn what the story is about—and when the time comes, "go to it." But usually they come to the studio to sleep and "pink tea."

**Q.** To whom should an applicant apply and how?

**A.** I would prefer that they see me personally, or, if they prefer working for some other firm, write the head of the firm for an appointment. But dont bother with those "casting directors." They have their own family to take care of.

**Q.** Are application letters usually answered?

**A.** All I ever get are. Glad to do it.

**Q.** Should photographs of the applicants be sent?

**A.** Not unless they are out of town.

**Q.** Can it be determined, from a photo, whether a person will photograph well?

**A.** No; but if a director gets enough of them, they're good to cover his office walls, and that helps the firm to save money—they dont have to paper the wall.

**Q.** Should the applicant send one or many photos, and should they be full figure or only bust pictures?

**A.** Some directors prefer full figures, others busts, others prefer the applicant in Kellermann suits or Pygmalion costumes on a windy day, but wood-nymph poses are best. But for me, I'm not so particular.

**Q.** What are the chances if the applicant calls personally at a studio?

**A.** When everything is going wrong the chances are bad. Early morning is a bad time, because usually the worthy director isn't awake yet. As for me, I prefer to talk to applicants after my day's work is over and I'm able to sit down and forget the picture and give all my attention to the applicant.

**Q.** Is an introduction or "influence" necessary?

**A.** I have heard of both "introduction" and "influence" working very well together, but not with me. Relatives—cousins, uncles, aunts—dont help me make a good picture. If they understand the business, all well and good, but if they dont, and I must use them, I use them for backgrounds, and in that case I pick the fat ones, 'cause I dont need so many.

**Q.** Is it feasible for an applicant to have



HARRY MYERS

a few feet of film taken of himself or herself, somewhere, and send this with the application?

A. Well, that is hard to answer. As I have some friends of mine doing that, and I prefer to boost them, I guess I'll say yes.

Q. How long must an applicant visit a studio daily before he or she will probably be given a chance?

A. I get to them as soon as I can, as there are usually many waiting.

Q. And how long after this before results would be known?

A. With me, as soon as the first scene is made.

Q. What is the average salary for beginners?

A. Now that is a personal question. You know, if you want a chance to get in this business, you can't expect much money. You get glory instead. But I have paid from \$8 to \$5 per day.

Q. How much are extras usually paid?

A. Extras from \$2.50 up to \$5, and I have cashed them in for \$7.50 and \$10 a day, and a dozen show-girls I used once got \$15, but they supplied their own gowns and machines. In using these show-girls I also had to

pay their chauffeurs, maids and keepers of their pets.

Q. Do you know of any extras who have finally gotten in?

A. Yes, I should say I do, but it wouldn't be fair to mention names now. But I might say that I did all I could to get them in, because they deserved it.

Q. Is stage experience essential?

A. I prefer to get actors and actresses with both, but I do know of any number of cases where the best people in the pictures never saw behind a curtain.

Q. How would you go about it, if you were a beginner, and wanted to get in?

A. Being a man and the way business is now, I'm darned if I can say, but if I were a woman I'd make up as a blonde.

Q. Other companies you have been with?

A. Lubin, Universal and Vim.

Q. Is there a good demand for types such as fat men, old women, homely girls.

A. Yes, yes, yes. I demand them all the time, and can use them all the time. Why, where are they?

Q. What is the briefest and best description of a person's looks and figure to submit?

A. If they must submit something, I prefer a photo, with name, address, 'phone, past experience, but usually, when they send a photo, I write them to call and see me. Then I talk to them, find out how much they know and judge accordingly. Then I get a photograph with the above on the back.

Q. Do directors ever coach extras who show talent?

A. I do, and glad to do it.

Q. By what means can extras advance themselves?

A. Watching, learning, trying hard to please and showing interest in what the other people are doing. Then again, I have them ask any questions they see fit—after hours. If they take an interest in what they are doing for me, I help them.

Q. How much does originality count for?

A. It's so unusual, why speak of it? 'Tain't no such animal.

Q. What are detriments of face, feature, complexion or form?

A. I don't see where there are any detriments of face, features, complexion or form. They go under the heading of characters.



DOUGLAS GERRARD AND EDNA MAISON IN SCENE FROM "THE ONE WOMAN" (UNIVERSAL)

(Twenty-six)



# THE INTRIGUE

(Morosco)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of JULIA CRAWFORD IVERS

**B**ARON ROGNIAT—he had worn many names in his forty-five years, as a man wears many hats and lays them aside—leaned back in his arm-chair and regarded the stubby fingers of one beautifully manicured hand with a benevolent expression, as tho they were mendicants on whom he was about to bestow charity. He had five excellent reasons for happiness. One at a time he ticked them off.

"A good dinner—oof! One of ze best," he murmured aloud. Long ago he had acquired the habit of self-communion, having discovered that no one else enjoyed listening to him so keenly, and that no one else was so trustworthy a confidant. "The oysters were above praise; the fillet—God be praised!—excellent; the wine mellow. Number one, then, dinner. Number two: Aha! pretty creature, my compliments to you—" He blew an airy kiss at the squat forefinger. "As a woman—la! la!—ravishing; but as a Russian secret agent, a sad failure. The poor little fool did not even know enough to disguise her name—'Sonia Varnli,' 'Sara Varney'; why, it would not deceive a child! And the clothes, and the jewels, and the maids—even on the ship she attract attention. So number two, ze charming Countess. Number three is my little emigrant. Jacques, my boy, we are in luck again"—he laid the middle finger

unpleasantly on the side of his purple nose and winked enjoyingly—"that we should have discovered a pearl in such a rough oyster of a voyage, and that she could be persuaded to come here as housemaid—"

He sat back in his chair and laughed silently till his florid jowls quivered.

"What a devil of a fellow we are!" he wheezed. "Naughty Jacques, she will never be able to resist you!"

"Dolt!" thought the girl in the angle of the alcove, stamping one tiny foot noiselessly—"imbecile!"

Baron Rogniat had another auditor, whose interest in the one-sided conversation was flattering, but of her Baron Rogniat did not dream. He finished his laugh out and demolished finger number four with a blow of his other fist.

"The gentle Guy," he sneered—"the child who has made a toy that will destroy nations. He is one of those born to be plucked, and I shall pluck him—tonight. The man—pooh!—a dreamer, an idealist, a gentleman, and, of course, a simpleton. It is almost too easy to fleece him. When he showed me the gun yesterday, did he speak of money, of contracts, of royalties?

Bah! He prattled of using his devil-machine to defend the rights of the weak, to protect women and children, to enforce justice. It was amusing to hear him—very!"

Again mirth overcame the Baron. Again the girl in the angle of the arch stamped her incredibly tiny foot.

"Caliban mocking Ariel!" she raged behind the serene brow, with the tawny dark



LENORE ULRICH AS COUNTESS SONIA VARNLI

hair parted demurely on it. "But he is right—Mr. Longstreet is a dreamer. He cannot guess what honors on honors will follow the sale of his gun. If this agent of hell should get it—But he shall *not* get it. Perhaps, Baron, there are others who can be fleeced, too—"

"And fifth and last," declared the Baron, briskly getting to his feet, as she could tell from the screeching clamor of his foreign-built soles—"fifth and last, mon cher Gaston, I am thankful for you—excellent executioner!"

"Not so loud, pig of a fat man! Do you want to get us all jailed?" growled a new voice so unexpectedly that the girl would have shrieked if she had been the ordinary kind of a girl.

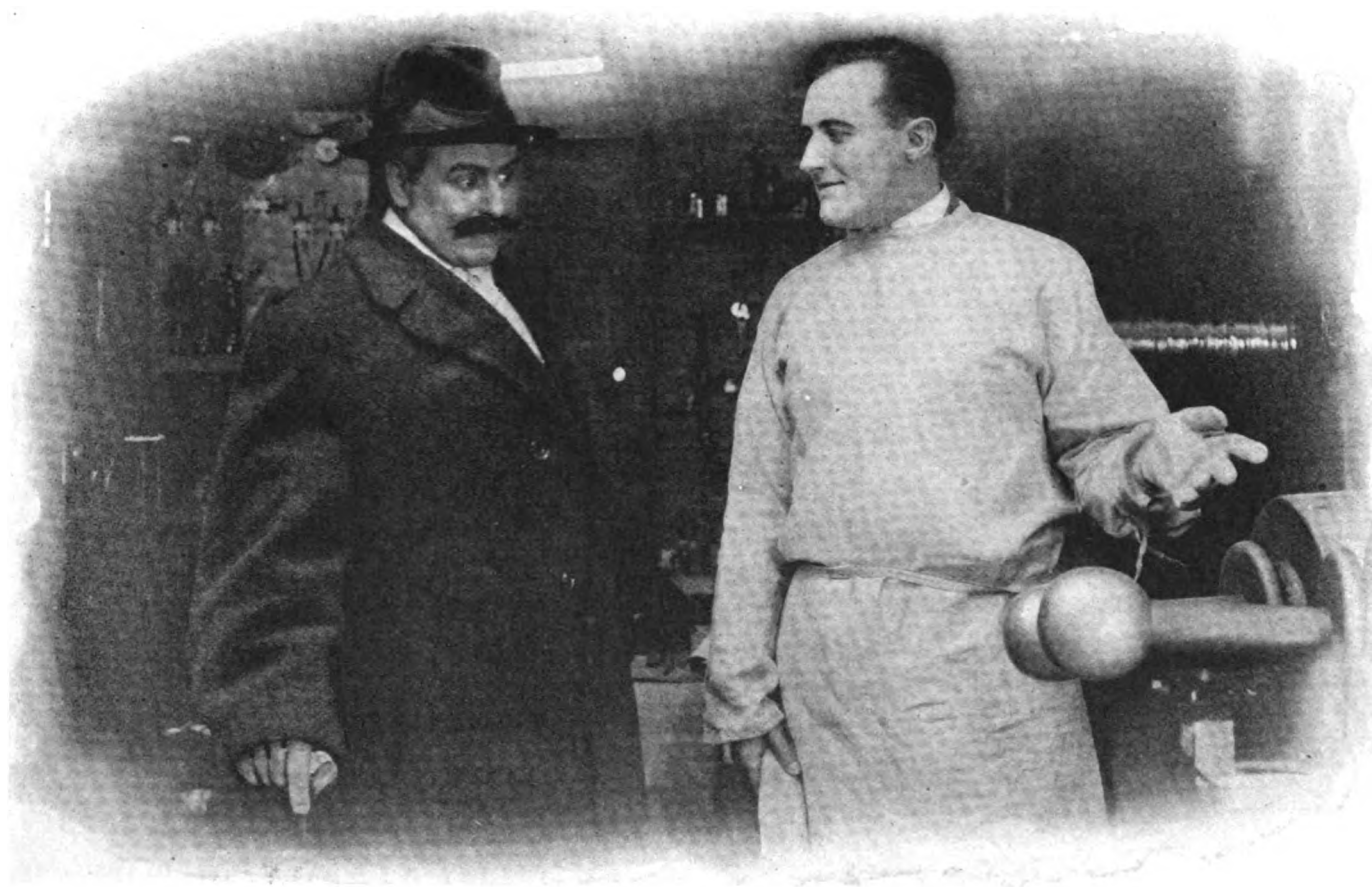
"But no, cher Gaston," purred the Baron; "in this amiable America one says as one pleases, does as one pleases, and does whomever one pleases. Have you had the foresight to bring the rope?"

The girl caught her breath, then held it, fearing to let it go in the taut silence. Rope! She must hear more.



CECIL VAN AUKER AS GUY LONGSTREET

(Twenty-seven)



'BAH! HE PRATTLED OF USING HIS DEVIL-MACHINE TO DEFEND THE RIGHTS OF THE WEAK'

Why didn't they go on? Had she perhaps screamed?

"Nobody around?" queried the new voice nervously. "They say the Countess is a slick one——"

"Most beloved ass!" cooed the Baron, "my men are watching the Countess Sonia day and night, and they report so far nothing more blood-curdling than the purchase of ten yards of cerise chiffon. Heaven send I see her in it! She has no suspicion we are negotiating for the gun. Her small head is full of the tinkle of New York's cabarets and the frou-frou of New York's shops. Until she has spent her commission on the purposed bargain, she is as harmless as a lovely little, Persian kitten; and when she finally does remember Russia, she will find the pretty little bird of passage gone."

"Gone?" echoed the second voice incredulously. "Then you mean——"

"That Longstreet brings the plans and blue-prints here tonight at ten o'clock, and that the gun—lies there, yonder, on the table."

"Then where do I come in?" retorted the other. "We have done as we were instructed. We have purchased the gun; we shall have the secret of its making tonight. Why the chloroform and the rope and all this foolishness?"

"Because, my cherished one," said the Baron, gently, his voice fairly oozing honey, "the inventor will carry away his secret, in his brain, *if the inventor leaves this room alive tonight!*"

Guy Longstreet paced up and down his workshop, with a whimsical feeling that he had lost an important portion of his anatomy—a sort of super-arm, or an auxiliary brain. For three years he had lived in and for his invention—his great gun, that operated by wireless and could destroy armies twenty miles away. It had been with him constantly—an unhorn, yet leaping, palpitating thing within his brain. Even when he had completed it, it had still seemed a part of him; and when he carried the model of it to Europe, he had felt a father's joy at displaying the likeness of a favorite child to the skeptical men who had marveled over his claims for it. And now it was gone, and life was suddenly strangely purposeless and vapid. He laughed aloud at his own folly.

"I didn't exactly make it for a parlor ornament or a handy little household tool!" he mused. "Hang it! it *had* to go! The world is waiting for it; I must give it to the world"—he flung long arms out in a curious gesture, like that of a seer—"poor, tired world, worn out with wars and cruelties!

There will be no more of them for you—I have freed you. My gun has made war impossible; men will not dare to fight an invisible, certain death that can reach across mountains and leap oceans. They will beat their swords into plowshares, and the haggard battlefields shall be quick and prolific with grain. It is a peace-warrant, my small, terrible gun—a covenant of brotherhood for man——"

His voice trailed. He stood very still, hours, moments—he did not know. His exultant mood fell from his soul, leaving it weary with the weariness all creators—artists, scientists, and young, new-made mothers—know. At last, across his brain crashed the voice of a clock striking eight.

He looked about him. The late fall twilight had fallen over the workshop; mysterious shadows trailed across the room. With a start, he went to the safe in the corner, turned the combination, and drew out some papers, thrusting them into his breast. Then he took up his hat and moved out of the room with the gait of a drunken man.

The girl with the smooth bands of tawny hair on her forehead answered his ring at the Baron's door. Her face, pearly-skinned in the sifting light, blanched at the sight of him. Without a word, she drew him into the

(Twenty-eight)



"HAVE YOU HAD THE FORESIGHT TO BRING THE ROPE?"

hall and within the shadows of the great stair.

"Why did you come?" she whispered, touching his lips with one small, icy hand. "Didn't you get my note warning you to stay away?"

"I got a note, yes. Was it yours?" said Guy Longstreet, speaking as men speak in a dream. There was the look of one who hears but does not understand, in his lean, rapt face, and she saw, with sinking heart, that he had either forgotten or never understood the seriousness of the danger of which she had written him. The dark eyes looking down on her were wide and wondering, like a child who trusts and is glad.

"You must not stay!" she begged of him frantically. "Hark! Do you hear the clink of their glasses in the dining-room? They are drinking to your—death!"

"Who are drinking?" asked the man gently. A smile touched his lips. She could have shrieked to see it, in her impotence.

"The Baron and his friends," she told him hurriedly. "After you give him the papers, at ten o'clock they are going to rush in on you and bind you and chloroform you so that you will never wake again. Oh, you can smile, but they will do it! They are afraid some other nation will learn about the gun from you, and they're playing for high stakes. Rogniat would make himself the conqueror of the world!"

"But my work has come to bring peace—not a sword," murmured the man. His look quickened. "Little girl of the steppes," he said slowly, "why do you care? What is my life to you?"

She would not meet his eyes. Her breath was quick and hot on his hand, that she had clasped to her. Under the palm he could feel the throb of her breast.

"You were—good to me on the  
(Twenty-nine)

ship," she murmured; "you were good to me here in this house. Hark! Dear Father in Heaven, it is too late! He is coming——"

She dragged him thru a doorway into the study, then to the alcove beyond the arch where she had stood that afternoon.

"Stay there," she whispered. "If you will not believe, at least stay there till after the stroke of ten, and see what you will see!"

One moment she tarried. In that moment the man felt something soft, light as the brush of a white moth's wing, on his cheek, and she was gone. The next moment a clear light sprang out in the room beyond. The girl tilted the shade of the reading-lamp away from the alcove, and the papers on the desk rustled as she bent over them, arranging.

"Aha! It's my little emigrant!" the Baron's suave voice purred. His narrow soles squeaked across the floor.

"Were you waiting for me, my dear? I have half an hour to visit with you, and perhaps we may be able to make it pass pleasantly, eh?"

In his corner the man heard the startled catch of the girl's breath and the rustle of retreating skirts, then those atrocious, clamorous shoes.

"There! there! you're never going—not after

I've really asked you to stay!" A low laugh ran thru the purring words. "Tut! tut! my girl; don't try any of that nonsense with me! I won't stand for it. Why do you suppose I took you into my house, anyway? Come; it's much better to be friends!"

"Take your hands off me!" said the girl, terror in her voice. "You beast! Ah-h!"

"You pretty she-devil!" the Baron lisped. "We're all alone, my beauty! It won't do a particle of good to——"

A gurgle ended the sentence. The overhanging jowls went slowly purple, as the determined grasp on the flabby throat tightened under Guy Longstreet's furious hand. Gone was the dreamer, the seer. In his place stood a man, a human male thing, with a grim jaw and flashing eyes.

"You dirty coward!" he snarled. "I've a notion to half-kill you—if you weren't such a pitiable, fat, pulpy creature that it seems a shame to treat you like a regular man!"

"Wait!" the girl's voice said quietly at his side. She was holding out a cord and a knotted handkerchief. "These were the ones they meant to use on you. I saw them hide them this afternoon."

She stood calmly, arms folded, watching the process of binding and gagging the empurpled Baron. Yes, he was a dreamer, but—her heart thrilled with the pride of her thoughts—he was very much a man, too.

She glanced at the clock: a quarter of ten; there was still time for much.

"And now," she said quietly, as Guy turned to her, the last knot tied, "there is another thing for you to do. Smash the model of your gun to bits!"



"YOU WERE—GOOD TO ME ON THE SHIP," SHE MURMURED





"AND NOW THERE IS ANOTHER THING FOR YOU TO DO"

He quivered from her as tho her words had been lashes. She read the pain and anger in his stricken face.

"I know it is hard," she said, and touched his arm, "but it is right. It is the only way to save the world!"

"But that is why I built it," he cried incredulously—"to make war impossible—to bring universal peace——"

"A splendid dream," she said sadly; "but you were wrong, dear, wrong. It will bring war more horrible than any wars that ever defiled the earth; it will bring hatred and death, and women's dishonor, and babies shamefully born. It is a very terrible thing you have made—a thing that only God Himself could use wisely. If men get hold of it, it will drive the races back into barbarism, and send civilization shuddering into the slime from which it has crawled."

Moscow. I hope that my name is also Woman—sister to the earth's women—citizen of the world——"

He turned abruptly and snatched a heavy paper-weight from the table. His sinewy arm strained back; he sent it crashing thru the delicate mechanism he had wrought from his dream. As he turned to her, holding out his arms, the clock struck ten.

She sprang to the French win-

dows, pulled them open, and beckoned to him to follow.

"Not—here," she said, between a smile and tears; "they are coming to murder you——"

Her voice caught—hushed. From the stairs below came the almost inaudible scrape of mounting feet.

"Quick—for your life!" she cried. "It is Gaston and his assassins."

The awakened dreamer gave one glance toward the trussed Baron, caught the gleam of triumph in his eyes, then sprang after the girl.

The dark of the garden enfolded them—silver of stars, deep blue of sky—and her face tilted up like a strange bloom of the dusk.

Yet again she slipped from his closing arms.

"Wait," she whispered; "not tonight, boy. Go home; think about it; think of me as no exalted thing, but a very common woman who wants a common, human life. Tonight has been an epic; but life is prose. Be sure you want me, and then come, if you are sure—after three days—to my hotel."

And she was gone, a swift, pulsing thing, thru the starlight.

"Three days!" she moaned, as she ran—"three days is so long to wait!"

Three days passed. They brought the people of the world strange gifts—birth and death, joy and sorrow. And they brought the two, who had found each other so strangely, a betrothal kiss that was the sweeter for the waiting.



## The Home Full of Movie Stars

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

My home is full of movie stars,  
For I have found a way  
To have them near me, with their smiles,  
To cheer me day by day.  
The queens of screenland's busy world  
Have driven out the gloom;  
For all o'er the house you will find  
A star in ev'ry room.

Mary Pickford's in the parlor,  
Blanche Sweet is in the den,  
Marguerite Clark's in number eight,  
Billie Burke's in number ten.  
Edith Storey's out in the hall,  
And up another flight  
You will find Anita Stewart,  
Ruth Roland and Pearl White.

I guess you think I am joking.  
But take a tip from me;  
My home is full of movie stars—  
Come up and you will see.  
The stars of many photoplays,  
I have them one and all;  
Yes, I have them framed as pictures,  
They're hanging on the wall.

(Thirty)

# Triumphs in Make-up

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

**A**MONG the many changes in the theatrical world brought about by Motion Pictures, the art of make-up is receiving a new lease of life. Formerly a famous actor numbered scarcely more than a dozen make-ups in his repertoire of distinctive characters, and they lasted him thru a lifetime. The actor of the school of yesterday often throve for an entire season on one make-up. But to-day, in the glass-roofed theaters of the world, as soon as a character has been registered on a slender strip of celluloid, it must be discarded by the actor, and not used by him again, in its entirety, unless for serial

they would never have occurred to any one save an artist. And

happening during the Sepoy mutiny,



LOUISE LESTER  
AS "CALAMITY  
ANN"

HELEN  
LINDROTH

CRANE WILBUR  
IN "WASTED  
YEARS"



purposes. Yet that character will live for years and be known around the world. This condition is bringing to the front men and women who are adepts at creating characters. The character man or woman is exploring uncharted seas, like Columbus, and has found expedients as new as they are wonderful, yet some of them so simple

(Thirty-one)

they are expedients that cannot be used on the stage, before the glare of the footlights.

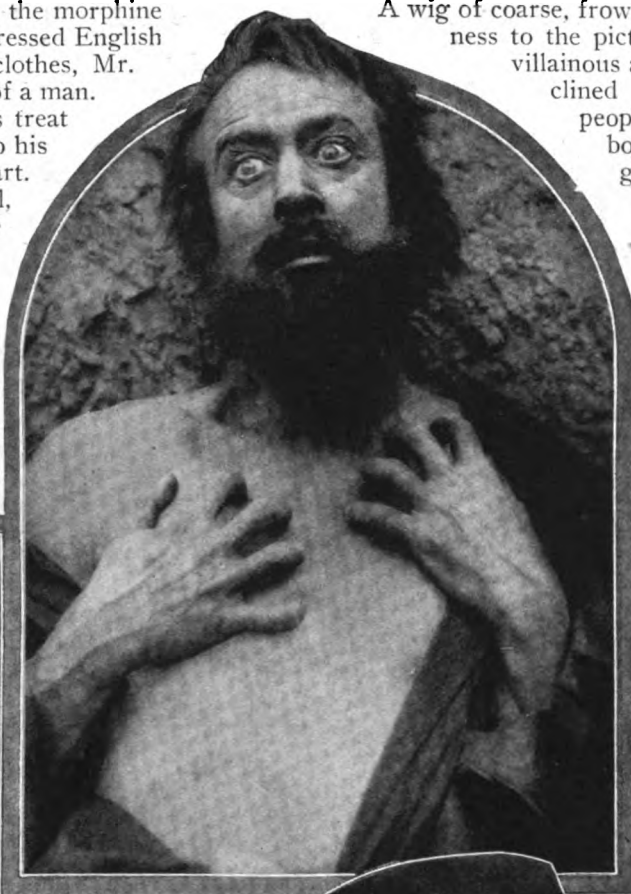
One of the best of the recent Triangle acquisitions from the stage is H. B. Warner, who is too well known to need further exploitation. In his first Triangle play, "The Beggar of Cawnpore," which is based on an actual

in India, Mr. Warner plays the part of a young

English officer who becomes a victim of the morphine drug-habit. From a slender, immaculately dressed English officer, straight and trim in his white drill-clothes, Mr. Warner becomes a ragged, blear-eyed ghost of a man. He falls so low that even the lowest natives treat him as an inferior. He is finally won back to his rightful place by the love for his sweetheart. Mr. Warner deserves, and has received, many commendations on his make-up in the last of the dissolute stages of the officer. With matted beard, hair disheveled, his cheeks sunken, his eyes black-circled and staring, it seems a far cry from the lieutenant to the beggar. Yet, thru the magic of make-up, the two are one.

Blanche Sweet is probably the last person one would expect to exhibit an unusual make-up, since she plays principally in

A wig of coarse, frowsy hair adds effectiveness to the picture of a Mexican as villainous as some people are inclined to believe all the people who live below the border. But after the grease-paint, putty and hair, the make-up is still incomplete. A squint of the eyes, a protruding of



H. B. WARNER IN  
"THE BEGGAR OF  
CAWNPORE"  
(TRIANGLE)

BLANCHE SWEET  
IN "THE  
RAGAMUFFIN"  
(LASKY)

HENRY WALTHALL  
IN A DRUNKEN  
DELIRIUM IN  
"THE OUTER EDGE"  
(ESSANAY)



"straight" parts, but her make-up in "The Ragamuffin" was an unusually effective one, with her golden hair frizzed and stuffed heedlessly under a man's cap, an old black sweater slashed away at the throat for comfort, and a man's worn and soiled coat. More of the good make-up depended upon Miss Sweet's whimsical expressions and gestures than on so sordid a thing as grease-paints and costume.

One of the best make-ups seen in some time is that of George Periolat, in the character of Adobe George, in a recent American picture, "The Man from Nowhere." Mr. Periolat, thru his earnest study during the past five years, has come to be a master of make-up. He never uses crêpe hair, all his mustachios, wigs and beards being of the real hair. In the character of Adobe George, Mr. Periolat broadened his straight nose by carefully applied nose-putty.



the lips  
or a leer  
of the  
mouth brings  
out the final char-  
acteristics of the part.

To add a little comedy relief, let us next take up the study of "Calamity Ann," famous two years ago, as impersonated by Louise Lester. Everybody knew and loved Calamity. And yet her creation, if one may call it that, came about as an accident—or the result of one. Miss Lester was at that time a character lead with the original American Company,

(Thirty-two)





GEORGE PERIOLAT, OF THE AMERICAN PLAYERS

directed by Allan Dwan and composed of J. Warren Kerrigan, Pauline Bush, Jessalyn Van Trump, Jack Richardson and Miss Lester. Regular scripts, with the action fully written

(Thirty-three)

out, were not used by Mr. Dwan, who merely directed with a rough synopsis, working in the "business" as he came to the scene in which it was needed.

One morning he told Miss Lester to

make up as camp-cook—a Western camp-cook—for a one-reeler. Miss Lester had spent the greater part of her life in the West and knew exactly the part that was needed. It took special grease-paints to get just the shade of tan desired—not the tan of the "summer girl," but the black, leathery tan that comes from riding hard, from sleeping each night many miles from the last "camp" and from spending every minute of the daytime under the coppery, blistering sun of the West. The wig, short and tangled, was made to order, and Miss Lester spent half an hour on it after it came to her. After lining the face for wrinkles, donning the boots, short skirt and man's shirt, open at the throat, sleeves above the elbows, Miss Lester was ready. And Mr. Dwan was delighted. Thus "Calamity Ann" came to be.

Crane Wilbur, for all his good-looks and clean-cut screen appearance, is never so happy as when he is playing a character part. He writes all his own scenarios, now that he has become a featured personage with the David Horsley Company. One of the most appealing of his recent plays is "Wasted Years," in which he plays the rôle of an old, old man whose life has been spent in dissipation, and who has come to the end of his way, old and broken and penniless. He spends his last coin for a gallery seat to see a play called "Youth" at the Theater of Life. Mr. Wilbur also plays the part of Youth in the play, so that the story is a sort of modern allegory. As Mr. Wilbur is quite young and handsome, the part of the thin-faced, haggard old man is a masterly make-up. In speaking of it, Mr. Wilbur had this to say:

"In this make-up I used a method that I have never heard of any one employing before. Of course," he hastened to say, "it may have been done before. I only know that I have never heard of it. It is no easy matter to imitate, convincingly, the hollows and wrinkles of old age in such a natural manner that the all-seeing eye of the camera will not detect them. I used a very light-red grease-paint, and with that one color I made up my entire face and neck, putting it on very lightly, of course. Then, with flesh-color, I high-lighted every bone and high spot in my face and every outstanding muscle and cord in my neck. When the whole thing was done I carefully blended and powdered it, and obtained the result you see in the accompanying stills. Of course, the operation is by no means so easy as it sounds and requires at least two hours to accomplish. I worked on my face

as a painter does his canvas, and many times I rubbed it all off to begin anew."

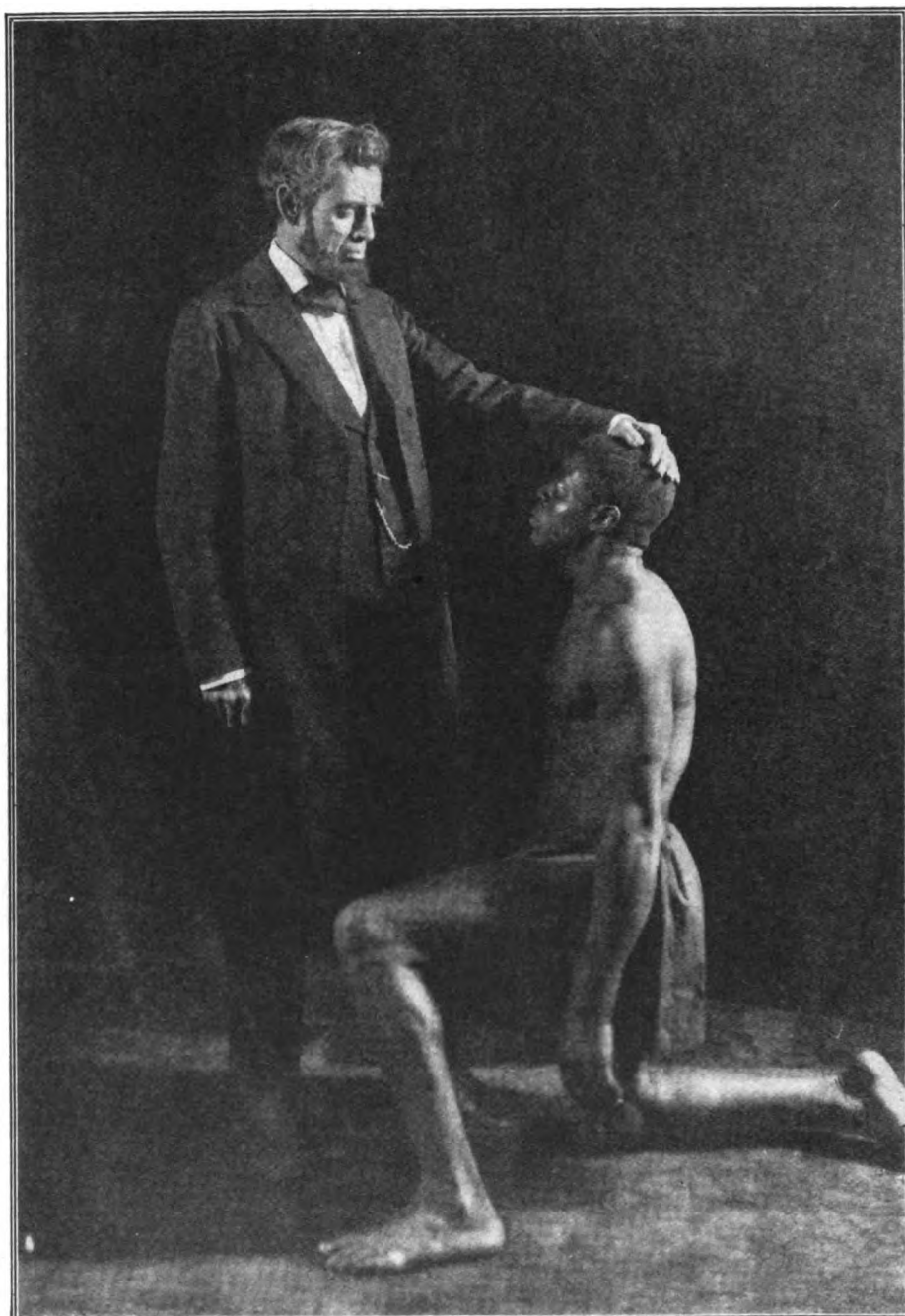
Such a make-up requires long experience and unlimited patience. It is used, at the most, for a week—then it must give way to new ones. But it all lives in the strips of celluloid.

Helen Lindroth, a character-woman par excellence, who is working with the Famous Players Company, also gives a few of her ideas anent make-up, together with a photograph from one of her best plays, "Honor Thy Father" (Kalem). The naturalness of her make-up—a real, homey mother—is the proof that she won her audience.

"To harden the features, angular outlines and old and worn effects," says Miss Lindroth, "I shadow the face—I never use sharp lines. The same may be said of aging one's face—it's all shadow-work. I wear wigs of real hair, and they must be thinned out for the natural effect. When I play old ladies, I wrap a large Turkish bath-towel about my body, to hopelessly lose the waistline, and also making the effect of the body somewhat round. The carriage, too, must be carefully studied, and effective little mannerisms, to register the character portrayed."

Henry Walthall, one of the most sterling actors in pictures, is very fond of character parts. He likes best to play those parts in which the clean-cut, youthful looks of him are buried beneath the character of some worn, aged or dissipated wreck. A striking part was that of Mr. Walthall in "The Outer Edge," in which, beginning as a doctor, high in the esteem of his patients and of society in general, he falls, thru the instrumentality of a scheming rival, and his craving for whisky, to the besotted, delirium-crazed wreck. Later he is rehabilitated and is on the way to redeem himself. But his make-up, when the dissipated "down-and-outer" has spent his last cent for a revolver to "end it all," is magnificent.

And, in direct, startling contrast to this shaken, haggard wreck, comes the clean-cut fineness of Mr. Walthall's portrayal of Edgar Allan Poe in "The Raven." His resemblance to the photographs and daguerrotypes of the ill-starred poet is remarkable. And his acting, in the two pictures, is as keenly different as his make-up.



Copyright, Selig.

SAM D. DRANE AS LINCOLN IN "THE CRISIS" (SELIG)

All over the world people are seeing and admiring these make-ups, but they seldom stop to think of the trouble, the thought and patience expended on even one make-up, nor the fact that the actor must go on and on, creating one after another, yet being able to use even the finest in but one picture, and sometimes in but a few scenes.

Think of this some time, when you are on the verge of a hasty, careless criticism of some player, wont you? Think of it, and look deeper into the part that the player is trying to portray to you, and I think the thoughtless criticism will be stilled. A true critic must learn to see "underneath the paint." (*To be continued*)

### The Film I Like

By L. M. THORNTON

I laud the big productions,  
That charm my eye for hours;  
That range from arctic icebergs  
To far Italian bowers.  
I praise such treats as "Carmen,"  
But listen while I say  
I like the simple love-tale—  
The little one-reel play.

I'm proud of Theda Bara,  
And Mary Pickford too;  
I bow to Edna Mayo,  
And also Sidney Drew.  
But, tell it not to strangers,  
I like to steal away  
And see some unknown people  
Depict a one-reel play.

I'm proud of scenic splendor,  
A thousand feet or more;  
A mammoth fleet in action,  
An army on the shore.  
But oh, they're nice and restful,  
Life as it is today,  
A half a dozen people  
In a little one-reel play.

(Thirty-four)

# FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAVORITE PLAYERS

Dorothy Kelly, Leah Baird, Mary Anderson  
and Belle Bruce Give Some  
Interesting Recipes

By  
LILLIAN M. MONTANYE

## MENU

Grape-fruit.....Mary Anderson  
Lamb Chops.....Dorothy Kelly  
Mashed Potatoes.....Dorothy Kelly  
French Fried Potatoes...Belle Bruce  
Waldorf Salad.....Dorothy Kelly  
Mint Jelly.....Mary Anderson  
Carrot Pudding.....Leah Baird

## DOROTHY KELLY

**D**OROTHY KELLY is as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. On my first visit to the studio she was not to be found at all, tho I was assured that she was there "only a minute ago." Fortune favored me next time, but not until I had sought her "upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber"—and in the neighbors' as well.

"Why, she is around here *somewhere*," they said, and the long halls rang with calls of "Dot Kelly, where are you?" Soon she appeared, fairly radiating vivid personality — Dorothy Kelly, the irrepressible. "Anybody want me?" she inquired innocently.

"An' interview!" she exclaimed. "How can I be interviewed, when I am in such a vile temper. I have been to the dentist, having a tooth treated," she explained. "You can imagine how I feel. But go on," she said resignedly—"what do you want me to say?"

"Well, have you a home? And do you like home life?"

Her dancing eyes and radiant face spoke eloquently before she had time to say: "You just bet I do. And I love to work at home, too. Last winter mother and I had the dearest little apartment. And why do you suppose I made her rent that particular place? Because it had a fireplace. Soon as I saw that I settled right down to stay—and wild horses couldn't drag me away when I had finished work and

gone home. Some day I'm going to have a big house, with a fireplace in every room.

"Can I cook? Certainly I can. You ought to eat some of my mashed potatoes. I put all my surplus energy into them; also all the cream and butter in the house. That's what makes them good. And dont you love Waldorf

salad? I do. There is my call to the studio. I must go."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What kind of meat goes with your mashed potatoes?"

"Broiled chops," she called over her shoulder; "big, juicy ones. Come to see me, and I promise to satisfy even a worn-out appetite with a regular meal."



DOROTHY KELLY

(Thirty-five)



*Waldorf Salad*—Use tart, juicy apples and crisp celery in the proportion of two cups celery to one of apple. Add one-half cupful walnut or other nuts, broken into small pieces, and a

small onion very finely minced. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

*Cooked Mayonnaise*—Pour four tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar over two whole eggs which have been well beaten. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from fire, add two tablespoonfuls oil and stir until perfectly mixed. Add teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful mustard flour, and, when the mixture is cold, add half cup of whipped cream.

*Mashed Potatoes*—Boil potatoes, drain and mash well. Add salt to taste, plenty of milk or cream and butter. Then, with a large spoon, use "all your surplus energy" in beating them to a creamy whiteness.

*Broiled Chops*—Have chops about an inch in thickness, with rim of fat. Broil over clear fire, turning often so they will be well cooked. Season after cooking. Serve at once.

#### LEAH BAIRD

Leah Baird is charming, but rarely modest. "Let's not talk about me or my work," she said, with the natural, sincere manner that characterizes her in all her screen work. "I have only five minutes before I go to work, and I don't want to spend it talking about myself."



LEAH BAIRD



MARY ANDERSON



BELLE BRUCE

"Then we will talk about your home," I said. "Do you have one, and do you like it?"

"Yes, to both questions," she replied. "My home is the best place in the world, and just now I am more than usually interested in it. We are building a new house at Manhattan Beach. It is only ten minutes from the studio, so I can be home a great deal. I'm going to plant onions and radishes and all kinds of things, and spend all the time possible out of doors."

"We think the house will be quite wonderful. It is to have twelve rooms, and each one will be different in its finishing—different periods, you know. And there are to be four Japanese rooms, one English and one Colonial. The idea is to be carried out in the finishing, decorations and furnishings. It takes study and thought and lots of planning, but it is very interesting."

"The house is to have four baths: one for ourselves, one for our guests, one for the servants—and one for the dogs." She laughed merrily. "Yes, my Pekinese dogs. I am going to raise them. Am having a kennel built for them with berths—like a sleeping-car. It's going to be great fun."

"No, indeed, I won't leave my home to go to 'Honolulu or some place.' You see, I was on the stage five years before I went into pictures. All that time I lived in a trunk and suitcase. Since I went into pictures I have been in England, Germany and Paris. I have also been to Mexico, Texas, the Pacific Coast. I have had all that part of life, don't you see? Now I want to stay in my home and enjoy it—and there isn't enough money made to tempt me to leave it."

"There! I am talking about myself."

(Thirty-six)

And you want something about cooking? What about carrot pudding? It's my favorite dessert. My friends say: 'Just common carrots? I didn't know they could be made into anything so wonderful!'"

*Carrot Pudding*—Cream three tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon and two eggs. Then add two cups of flour into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt have been sifted. Lastly, stir in one cup of raisins and one cup of cooked, chopped carrots. Put in buttered mold and steam an hour and a half.

*Hard Sauce*—Cream four tablespoonfuls butter and two cupfuls pulverized sugar. Add one tablespoonful sweet cream and any flavoring desired.

#### MARY ANDERSON

Little Mary Anderson sat in her dressing-room, looking like a small, mischievous but very charming child. But she was busy plying the needle, doing regular grown-up work.

"Pardon me for keeping on with my work, wont you?" she said, with a shake of her curls, while her brown

eyes smiled a cordial welcome. "I keep some sewing or mending here, so I can have something to do while I wait for a call, and sometimes I answer letters—but I do hate to be idle."

It seemed absurd to ask such a childish-looking person if she was domestic, but I did. Dainty, winsome "Little Mary" grew radiant. "Oh yes," she said. "When I was a little girl I cooked for father and the boys. I didn't have to—but I liked to do it. They thought it was great fun to have me get up and get their breakfast and let mother lie in bed. You know mother is in this work, too, and we both like it, but we like our home, too, and take a great interest in it. The only trouble is, we have so little time to spend in it.

"A contribution for a dinner? Well, I love grape-fruit for a first course. I consider it an ideal beginning for a meal, whether it is breakfast, luncheon or dinner. And I'll tell you how I make delicious mint jelly. We always have it with lamb or mutton."

*Grape-fruit*—Cut in halves; with a sharp knife loosen the fruit from the skin. Remove the core with scissors,

and in the center place a maraschino cherry. Sprinkle generously with sugar and pour over a little sherry—about a tablespoonful for each half of fruit. Place on ice until ready to serve.

*Mint Jelly*—Boil a generous handful of mint leaves and strain. There should be two cups of water. Have a package of lemon gelatine soaking in a little cold water. Pour over this the water (boiling) from the mint leaves. Color with pistachio or vegetable coloring. A few fresh mint leaves mixed thru the jelly make it very attractive.

#### BELLE BRUCE

Belle Bruce is a very attractive and popular young star. She is modest and retiring in manner. But she does like to cook, and her real specialty is French fried potatoes.

*French Fried Potatoes*—Let potatoes soak one hour (with skins on) in cold water. Peel, slice in strips. Place frying material in kettle, let heat until it bubbles. Put potatoes in frying basket, place in hot fat, put cover over and fry until brown. Lay on brown paper in oven. Season after they are cooked.



MABEL TRUNNELLE IN "THE GHOST OF OLD MORRO" (EDISON)

(Thirty-seven)



# Film Fantasies

by  
Bill Craig

## THE IDEA'S RETURN

"I WANT to earn my bed and keep," said the Idea, as it stirred itself in the young man's mind. "I am now grown and useful. Give me a chance."

It had lived a long time in the mind of the man. He had nurtured and fathered it ever since it first came—a little waif of an Idea that he had picked up one night when he and his sweetheart quarreled in the park, in the moonlight.

It had been a frail, tender little Idea. The young man tucked it away in the snuggest corner of his heart. There it lay and slept for long, like a child that had been lost in the cold, then found and put in a warm bed.

The young man and his sweetheart had quarreled over a misunderstanding which, try as they might, they could not put to rights. Altho they loved each other, when they parted it was for good.

The little Idea waif was the young man's sole consolation. He cherished it mostly for memory's sake. It lived in his mind and heart, and grew until it became a big Idea—strong and vigorous like a romping schoolboy.

Then it was it wanted to go out into the world and shift for itself, to repay the man who had fathered it. So the young man, proud of his child, tho uneasy for its welfare alone in the world, dressed it in words that would fortify it, and sent it in custody of the mails upon a long journey to the West, where it hoped for a chance in a Moving Picture studio.

Out there, in the West, the Idea had many struggles. It fell into both kindly and unkindly hands, like any offspring making its way in the world. It saw days that were discouraging, and some that encouraged. The editors, into whose hands it first fell for training, handled it roughly—so

roughly at times that it came near losing heart and going back, a failure, to its foster-father.

But it endured the struggles and became better off for the treatment, for when it passed into other hands, it was a stronger and more developed Idea. The director took it and put it thru new hardships, but it had got accustomed to them and was now able to withstand all the knocks and blows.

When it went from hand to hand, it grew able to shift entirely for itself. It had learnt and had become a trained, sufficient Idea. It kept plugging until it developed, by stages, into its full estate. And now it no longer resembled the little waif of an Idea that the young man picked up that night in the park and put to bed in his mind, but a beautiful creation, the photoplay into which it had been transformed.


It would return to its foster-father and carry its reward. And it came to pass that one day the young man sat in the darkness of a picture show. And there, flashed upon the screen was the little Idea he had picked up in the moonlight, grown to a full-fledged film, filled with lovely phantoms.

But this was not all the Idea did to repay him. The young man's sweetheart also saw it in its triumph upon the screen. It carried a message to her from him whom she had given up that night in the park.

The message was the correction of the misunderstanding that had caused their fatal quarrel. The Idea showed her their error, something the young man was unable to do.

And when it whispered the truth into her ear, there arose a great gladness in her heart, and she summoned her lover back to her side.

The Idea went on its way rejoicing, for it had paid its debt in full.





# The Eternal Quest for Beauty

By Peter Wade

How, in Spite of Herself, a Country  
Lass Became the Most Sought-  
After Maiden in England



MOST of us remember how *Isoult la Désirous* became *Isoult la Désirée*. That was in the yesteryears of Robin Hood and of the Pilgrims who journeyed to

Canterbury. *Isoult*, the nut-brown forest elf, from a staring maid in a petticoat, became the high endeavor of galliard knights. They chased, they sighed for, they fought over her ripe-pomegranate beauty. So it has always been, and always will be to the end of time.

This is a tale of how Ivy the Désirous became Ivy the Desired. Picture

beyond. She was very young, and gave great promise of glorious beauty, and her world was compassed between

the gate as if straining to break its petty bounds. On a certain bright afternoon, her father caught up with the child-dreamer, his honest British eyes afire with triumph. "I have gone and done it, Ivy, dear!" he cried.

a pale slip of a girl, with her school-books sprawled on a garden bench, leaning over the cottage gate and staring with corn-flower-blue eyes at her little world

(Thirty-nine)

the garden and the school-room. But even in this commonplace age, day-dreams came to her, and she leaned over

"Sit down beside me, child, and I will tell you all about it. Tomorrow you will be famous—not my simple little lass any more—and I must help you pave the way." Thereupon, with her great blue eyes mirroring wonder, her father related how, some months previously, he had read in the local paper of a beauty contest which was about to be conducted by the London *Daily Mirror*. Proud of Ivy's unusual beauty, and without consulting her, he had sent her picture to the great London newspaper. And thereafter he had subscribed and secretly devoured the daily accounts of the contest's progress.

It grew large; the faces and forms



of beautiful women from all over England were presented to his perturbed eyes. The contest began to take on an international aspect and, thru the alliance of the *Chicago Tribune* with the *Mirror*, blossomed forth as the Great International Beauty Contest. Artists' models, stage beauties, lovely women who had reigned upon magazine covers appeared in a glowing pageant of beauty in the pages of the *Mirror*. Little Ivy, the pallid lass of schoolbooks and dreams, was far outclassed.

And then came a ripping surprise. With shaking fingers, he drew from his pocket a letter from the editor of the *Mirror* and, for the hundredth time, read its magic words. Ivy Close, the little provincial schoolgirl, had been declared by a committee of art experts the most beautiful young woman in the world! It was unbelievable, but true!



IVY CLOSE, THE KALEM BEAUTY

Soon after the receipt of the portentous letter, the fireworks started with a vengeance. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make blind" could better be revised to "Whom they would adopt, they first make famous." A dainty and exquisitely fitted motor-car drove up to the Close cottage, and little Ivy was invited to journey to London. Her adventures there were fast and furious—quite enough to turn any young girl's head. She sat for a portrait by Arthur Haeker, R. A., which was hung in the Academy and feasted on by admiring London. The practical devotees of beauty aroused themselves. Manufacturers of art calendars, soaps, perfumes, cosmetics and the one-hundred-and-one first-aids to My Lady Beautiful besieged her with offers to imprison the nugget-gold of her hair, the coral-pink of her skin and the cornflower-blue of her eyes in their various wares.

One day she sang for some friends—from a happy, untouched heart—  
(Continued on page 68)

(Forty)

# Romances in Rose-Gardens Are Now the Proper Thing

The Spirit of Romance No Longer Requires an Ancient Castle for a Setting and a Hero Garbed in a Suit of Mail—Any Pretty Rose-Garden Will Do

By PEARL GADDIS



ARTHUR ALBERTSON AND MARY KENNEDY IN "THE KISS"

**T**HE Spirit of Romance, slim, elusive, garbed in misty, silvery moonbeams, perched on the edge of my desk and sighed mightily.

"I'm so tired of being chased over the world!" she explained. "In the old days, when a man sought me, he garbed himself in a suit of mail,

(Forty-one)

mounted a snow-white palfrey and set out to right the wrongs of distressed maidenhood. But nowadays, let a man go up in an aeroplane, and the newspapers shout that "he seeks Romance among the clouds!" He goes to Africa to hunt big game, and he is said to be seeking Romance. And I

get so tired of trying to keep my contract and be in every place in which they expect to find me!"

"It must be hard," I sympathized.

"But I've found the scheme," she cried a moment later. "I can be found now at any time, on movie screens. It's easy enough to do what's expected of me now. And the picture directors have been so kind and considerate, too. They do not expect me to be shown amid humble surroundings, and I'm seldom discovered in the house. If it is necessary for two young people to discover that they love each other, the director has them discover it in a pretty place outdoors—and because I have whispered that my co-partner (whom you know as Cupid, but who is always Eros to me) and I really prefer rose-gardens, nine times out of ten the directors choose those places!"

Settling herself a little more comfortably, her deep, mysterious eyes glowing with interest, she started her story.

"Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, of the Lasky Company, is one of the nicest directors that I have to deal with. Here's a scene which he took, with Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely, in as pretty a location as any one could wish. I stood right behind them when the scene was made, but, you see, I don't photograph clearly, being only a vision of the director.

"Then here's a scene between Mary Kennedy and Arthur Albertson, of Kalem, in 'The Kiss!' Isn't it a pretty picture? In it one sees Youth and Springtime and Love. What more could Romance wish? I was more than satisfied with this scene.

"In 'high society' I find that I often have to make my appearance in conservatories and the like—for I demand flowers, wherever possible. In this scene between Billie Burke and Henry Kolker, I found a place quite to my liking—rare, exotic blooms; tall, white-throated lilies, and spreading, graceful palms. What girl could refuse a man in such a setting?

"Because the wild beauty of the scenery was utterly different from the





ANNA LITTLE

FRANK BORSAGE

SCENE FROM "THE DEMON  
OF FEAR" (MUSTANG)

(Forty-two)



BLANCHE SWEET AND TOM FORMAN IN  
"THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR  
HUSBAND" (LASKY)

cultured, lovely gardens and lawns in which I am accustomed to appear, I enjoyed the love scene between William Desmond and Lenore Ulrich, in 'Kilmeny,' which was made in the depths of a cool, green wood, where all Nature seemed in league with the little god of love.

"I have always found that the love story of two people of different nationalities makes a hit with the average photoplay patron—hence the love scene on an old-fashioned stone balcony well-hidden with a blanket of



MARGUERITE NICHOLS AND EDWARD  
CONEN IN "HIS MASTERPIECE"  
(AMERICAN)

white roses, in 'The Rug-Maker's Daughter.' The Arabian girl is Maud Allen; the typical ideal American lover is Forrest Stanley, who is well acquainted with such parts.

"Here, in 'The Dream-Girl,' which Jeanie MacPherson wrote to my order for Mae Murray and Earle Foxe, we have a scene after my own heart—a 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Girl' play. Here the hero wears the suit of mail that I have always loved, and appears a strong and splendid knight, to the succor of the little, ragged orphan girl. I think you'll like this



MAE MURRAY AND EARLE FOXE IN  
"THE DREAM-GIRL" (LASKY)



CLEO RIDGELY AND WALLACE REID IN  
"THE SELFISH WOMAN" (LASKY)  
(Forty-three)



LENORE ULRICH AND WILLIAM DES-  
MOND IN "KILMENY" (MOROSCO)



FORREST STANLEY AND MAUD ALLEN  
IN "THE RUG-MAKER'S DAUGHTER"

whole picture as well as you do this one scene.

"Against a background of far-away blue hills, with a garden of riotous roses, is the world-old romance of the



Photo copyright by George Kleine

HENRY KOLKER AND BILLIE BURKE IN  
"GLORIA'S ROMANCE"

handsome artist and the too trusting, unspoiled maid. But here the story is given an unusual twist for plays of this sort. Edward Coxen, as the handsome artist, only appears to forsake the innocent little maid, played by Marguerite Nichols in 'His Masterpiece,' and instead of an ending of tears, death and remorse for the artist, the ending is laughter, trust fulfilled and much happiness for both.

Thousand-Dollar Husband.' Love is probably put to more of a test on the rocks than amidst the roses—but we want to vision it always beautiful—an orange-blossom, honey-scented thing that lovers can pinion only in fair weather and fine backgrounds.

At this moment a cock crew, and we both realized that it was midnight.

Instantly, the Spirit of Romance



PAUL WILLIS LEILA FROST

SCENE FROM "THE FALL OF A NATION"

"And to wind up with, here's a scene taken by another friend of Romance, James Young. It shows Blanche Sweet, slim little blue-eyed witch, who is coquetting with Tom Forman. It is an ideal scene—rustic summer-house in background, tall trees, stone-bordered path thru summer garden, and, to finish it off, a pair of young lovers. This was for 'The

slipped from my desk, gave one frightened look about her, as if dreading to see some of the witches and hobgoblins that are released at the witching hour, and, even as I put out an eager hand to detain her, she vanished, melting away thru the moonlight that poured in thru my open windows, and, alas! hereafter I may see her only on the screen.

(Forty-four)



# Feeding with Fatty

~ ~  
Arbuckle

By Robert F. Moore

"I would like to see Mr. Arbuckle, please."

"Do you want to get shot?" asked the man at the door. "Mr. Arbuckle is directing a scene just now."

I was about to reply that I was a member of the National Guard, when a thin, angular person, with red, porcupine hair, strolled up.

"What do you want to see the 'chief' about?" he asked.

I mentioned that I would like to sneak up on him for an interview, and also see some of the Keystone work.

"Oh, well," said he of the sink-brush hair, "that's different. Come on in. I thought you were selling something. My name's St. John."

I followed him into the big Triangle studio, past the formidable "Nobody But the Cast Allowed" sign, and thru an amazing array of comedy "props" around to the sets which were in actual use.

A "battle royal" was in progress. Mr. Arbuckle, tastefully dressed in a chef's uniform, with a light-blue apron and cap, stood beside a cameraman, bellowing directions and shaking with suppressed rage. A gentleman doing a small part was attempting a scene with that queen of comedy, Kate Price.

"Camera!" bawled Mr. Arbuckle. Miss Price flounced out, delivering a tirade against somebody, presumably the chef. In marched our friend of the small part.

"Stop!" shouted the "chief"; "that's horrible! Do you think you're strung on a wire?"

Into the scene he went, and, gesture by gesture, motion by motion, he went thru the action, just as if it were the



easiest thing in the world. Then there was another rehearsal and another trial, and so on *ad infinitum*. Finally, after the ninth attempt, "Fatty"



mopped the perspiration from his brow and announced the scene satisfactory.

Mr. St. John introduced me, and I made my request. Mr. Arbuckle grinned wickedly.



"Come on over and eat," he said; "that's the best thing I do. I'm not much of a talker. But Al will help you out, and you can ask all the questions you like."

We adjourned to the studio lunch-room, and "Fatty," with a little twirl in true Keystone style, hung his cap on a hook across the room.

"Well," he said, as he settled his girlish form into a chair, "I guess you've seen it

isn't all fun making comedy. Now go ahead and do your worst."

"I'll begin with the usual stock question," said I. "How did you come to enter the pictures?"

The "chief" took a long drink of milk. "In the first place, to keep from

(Forty-five)

"Just what is the significance of the word 'gag'?"

"A gag is a piece of by-play which has no direct connection with the plot. For instance, take this picture that we are working on.

Most of the scenes are laid in a restaurant. Al is a waiter.

I am a cook. A patron orders fish. Al calls the order to the kitchen. We thought it would be funny to have a live fish, with me chasing it. Then we decided to have the fish jump thru the kitchen door into the restaurant, and have every-

Really, some of our best comedy scenes are developed this way. I think 'Fatty and Mabel Adrift' is about as good a picture as we have done. It combines all the elements of comedy, cast and photography. 'Bright Lights,' however, runs it a close second for speed and action. I think the picture I have enjoyed working in most is 'The Rounders,' with Mr. Chaplin. You see, in that, I didn't have any responsibility but my own part, so I got all the fun I could out of it."

"Do you prefer serious parts?" I asked.

"Well, of course we all like to do the 'heavy,' but no audience will stand for me in anything but light comedy. I started as the 'Fat Boy,' and I'll never get away from it. However, as far as the comedy itself is concerned, I prefer it to the drama. To me it is a study of human nature. You put a character in a certain farcical situation, and then figure out what he will do. What he does must be typical. For the audience laughs not only at the screen comedy, but also, in some degree, because the same sort of incident has happened to them. It should be burlesque rather than slapstick, for burlesque is the highest type of dramatic art, and all comedians should strive for it."

"I didn't believe Roscoe and I could  
(Continued on page 67)

starving. I had been working in musical comedy, where I met Leon Erroll, who taught me what I know of stage falling and tumbling. He'd just come from Australia then, with an accent a yard wide. Then, one day, about three years ago, I landed in Los Angeles, out of a job. A friend of mine suggested that I go out to see Mack Sennet. I didn't know much about the pictures, but I was sick of tramping, so I thought I'd take a chance. Mack didn't think much of me at first sight, but took me on as an extra, and I'm still here."

"Does this apply to you, too, Mr. St. John?"

The "Rube Kid" withdrew his concentrated interest from a plate of ham and eggs.

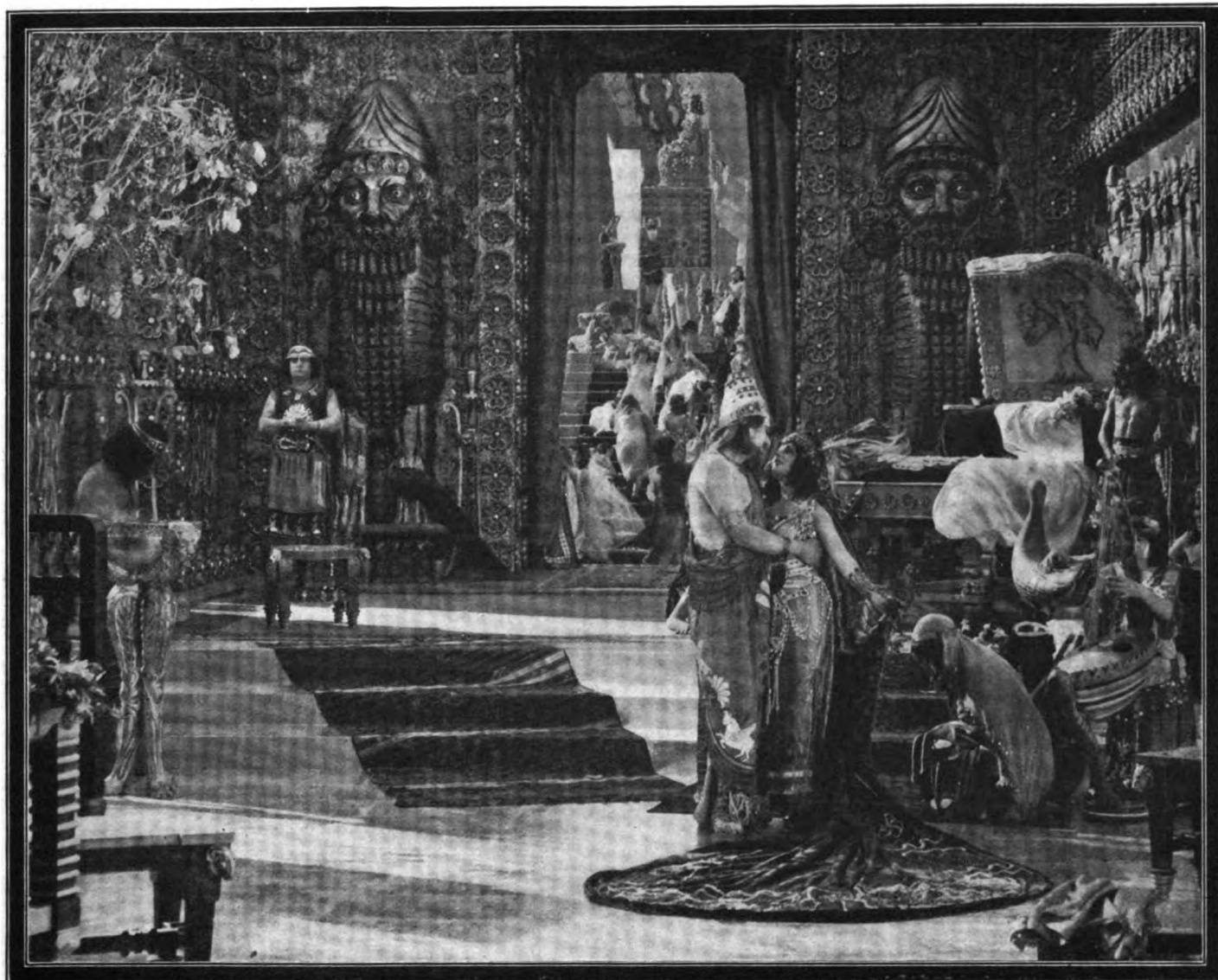
"Well, not exactly. Altho Roscoe and I were in a musical act together at one time. I had been doing some amateur high-diving, and when the Keystone happened to want a man for that, they sent for me. I've been here ever since, but for the last year I've been working exclusively with the 'chief.'"

"What picture have you most enjoyed making, Mr. Arbuckle?" I asked.

"None of them. There is too much worry in working them out. A comedy scenario isn't like a drama. We have nothing but the skeleton of a plot to work on, and fill it out with our own gags."

body join in the fun. We tried it out, and by adding each other's suggestions, made the 'gag.'





ALFRED PARROT    HEENA OWEN  
BELSHAZZAR'S LEAVE-TAKING OF THE PRINCESS ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE ("INTOLERANCE")

# Intolerance

By HECTOR AMES

**U**P and down thru the centuries, thru a muck of blood and self-righteous guilt, stalks that murderous specter of envy and self-love—Intolerance. Apparently inspired by hatreds—religious, political or social—underneath all its sickening pretense and sham lies the desire for advancement of self and lust of power.

Age after age has written, with a finger dipped in blood: "Sorrow and death to those who think not as we do." And advancing time but furnishes us a repetition of history, for always there be with us "certain hypocrites among the Pharisees," who thank their God that they be not as other men. Emerson has described the scourge in his immortal words: "If we would not be marplots with our miserable interferences, the work,

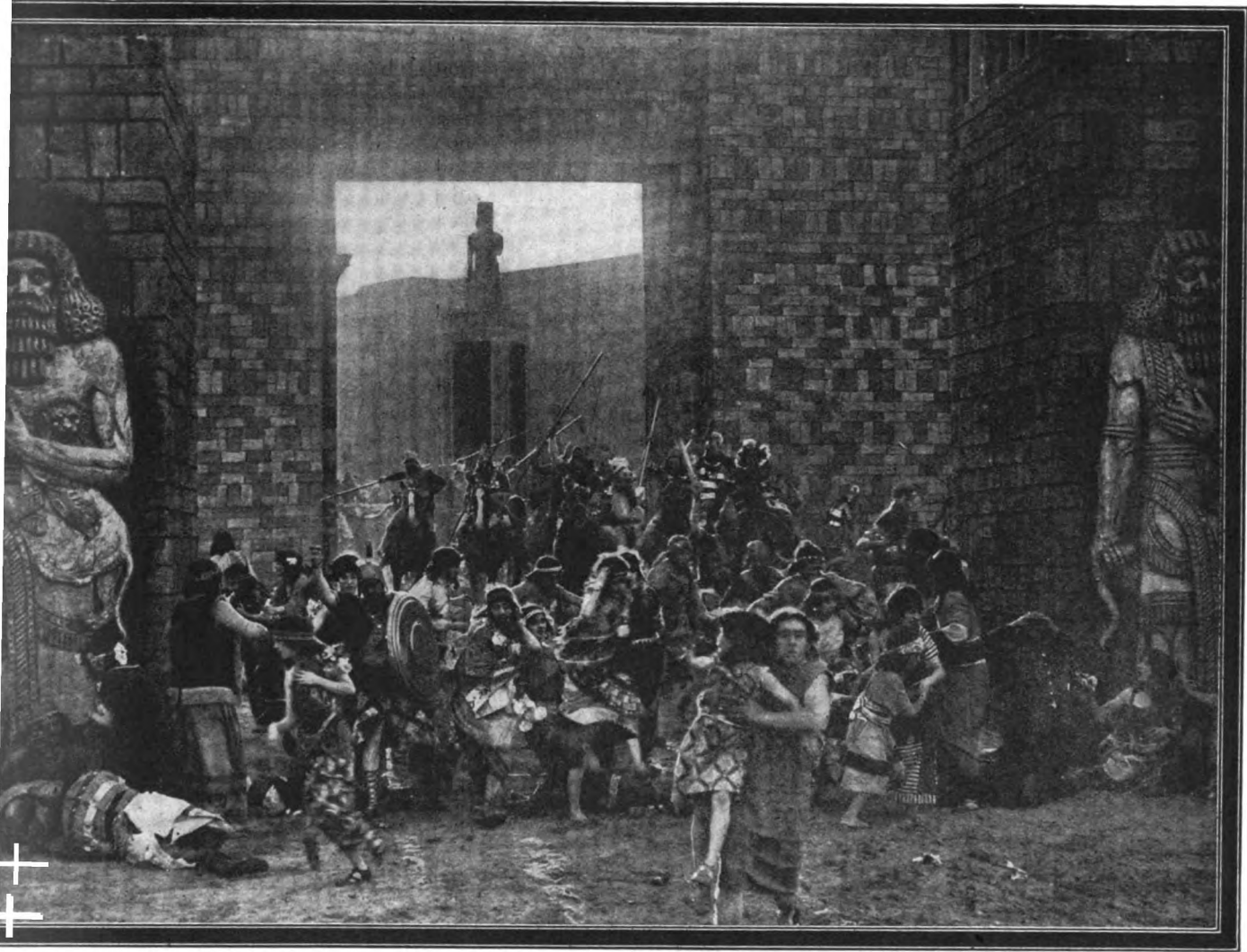
the society, letters, arts, science, religion of men would go on far better than now, and the heaven predicted from the beginning of the world, and still predicted from the bottom of the heart, would organize itself, as do now the rose and the air and sun." Yet, thru all the ages, Time, endlessly rocking its cradle, brings forth the same passions, the same hates and sorrows. Such is the power of the demon—Intolerance.

Nearly two thousand years ago there lived in Babylon a certain high priest of Bel, the god of the Assyrians. And of all the citizens of the world's most powerful state, he was second in influence only to Belshazzar himself. Now it happened that certain of the citizens set up altars to other gods within the city, and the fires of Bel

burned without sacrifice, and the high priest was dismayed and feared his crown of power was slipping from his grasp. The people of Babylon worshiped most at the shrines of the goddess Ishtar, and the devotion was sanctioned by Belshazzar. Thus, day by day, the high priest grew more jealous for Bel, but most of all for himself. Then suddenly came Cyrus, the Persian, storming at the gates of the city, for with her fall the world lay at his feet. For weeks the siege went on: the people sacrificed and prayed to Ishtar, while Belshazzar and his armies hurled down their enemies from the walls. At last the wearied Persian horde withdrew, and the city was delivered. Whereat there was great rejoicing in Babylon, and the praise of Ishtar rose higher than

(Forty-seven)





FLEEING BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ARMY OF CYRUS, IN A WONDERFUL SCENE FROM GRIFFITH'S "INTOLERANCE"



THE DUC DE GUISE GOES TO THE HOUSE OF THE HUGUENOT, COLIGNY ("INTOLERANCE")

(Forty-eight)



BARON VON RITZHOFF  
THE NAZARENE AND THE PHARISEES IN A PICTURESQUE SCENE FROM  
COUNT VON STROHEIM  
GRIFFITH'S "INTOLERANCE"

before, and the altars of Bel were neglected.

Then the wily Cyrus secretly sent word to the high priest that should the city be given over to him, to Bel should be the honor, and worship of no other god tolerated. So the high priest opened the gates to the Persian hosts, while Belshazzar and his nobles sat feasting. And a great cry went thruout the world: "Babylon is fallen—is fallen!" Thus a great civilization fell, and a great people were treacherously sold into slavery by the grasping intolerance of a narrow mind.

Some half-century later there was a marriage in Cana of Judea, and a certain poor guest, a Nazarene, made a miracle, turning jugs of water into wine. Then some among the Pharisees, who were hypocrites, began to fear Him. They said that they held Him in contempt because He consorted with publicans and sinners, and yet they feared Him, and therefore persecuted Him. He went His way, preaching a doctrine of love and peace; so they said to one another: "Behold! this man is threatening our power; his words shame us before the multitudes, for we cannot answer them. Let us set him from our path." So they circulated lying tales of Him, and angered the people against Him so that later they took Him to a certain

hill, and there He was crucified, for His thoughts were not their thoughts. Did it matter that angry lightnings played about the cross? Did it matter that Calvary was shaken by an ominous thunder, or that future generations should rain condemnations on their act? The cry of the centuries rose from the throats of the groaning multitude: "Sorrow and death to those who think not as we!"

Yet again, in a later age, when that church which He died to hand down to posterity was divided within itself—when France, under Charles IX, was a hotbed of internal intrigue—that serpent of Florence, Catherine de Medici, used that same religion, founded on tenets of love and peace, as a cloak for the vilest, bloodiest wholesale murder that the world has ever known. The Huguenots were becoming too powerful as a political factor. Catherine and her aids hectored the half-crazed king until he signed an order for their massacre. On St. Bartholomew's Eve the great bell of St. Germain tolled out the death-knell of the thousands of innocent Huguenots in Paris. Men, women and children were butchered in their beds. Those who fled to the streets fell only on the pikes and swords of their ruthless assailants. The gutters ran with blood, and high above the screams and

clamor came the solemn tolling of the great bell. The Duc de Guise rode to the house of Coligny, and, standing up in his stirrups, cried: "Fling down the carrion! I would see whether he be truly dead!" And all that was left of the great leader fell upon the upturned weapons of the mercenaries. He had wished to live in peace with his fellow men, but—he thought not as they.

And now we see this same spirit in our own age—the age of the intolerance of wealth for poverty. Here we have a certain group of women who seek, under the pretense of social uplift and moral reform, prominence for themselves at the expense of the happiness of others. Organizing a powerful charitable foundation, they proceed to clean up a modern city, entering environments and dealing with conditions, altho they possess neither the mentality nor the experience to cope with them, and forcibly inflicting their opinions on a class which adjusts itself to its problems far better without their aid. Still, they get personal advertisement and prominence, which is really the desired result. Envious, self-seeking, narrow-minded, and only too eager to see evil in others, in spite of his disguise of civilization we see in them the latest phase of the blighting specter—Intolerance.



# Kittens Two

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

**K**ITTENISH, yes—but not a cat. That term could never be applied to winsome Bessie Eyton; even her most fervid enemy will grant that. Wide-eyed and dainty in her rounded slimness, she is as appealing and lovable as is the little bundle of fur she is holding. "But all people do not love cats," objects the caustic reader, so again we beg to state, we are not talking of cats, but of kittens.

Miss Eyton is indiscriminate in her love of animals, for "Michael Angelo," the great-eyed feline of the picture, shares her affections with many. The monkeys of the Selig zoo scamper gayly up to her shoulders, from which perch they pry their long arms down into her pockets for the lumps of sugar she invariably carries around for them. Stray peanuts find their way to the elephants with unfailing regularity, and the other more savage members of the zoo forget the reputation for ferocity they are upholding, and show their admiration for her in the various methods of their kind. Then last, but not least, comes her beloved Scotch collie, "Monarch," and in her dressing-room, anyway, he is "monarch of all he surveys," for there, nothing is held sacred from him and it has come to be a common sight to see him contentedly snoozing among the soft, embroidered cushions of her chaise-longue.

Lovable and lovely—that is the summary one can make of her. Her coloring is of the exquisite, fragile variety that so often is associated with the wonderful hair she is so fortunate in possessing, and of that, little can be said that has not already been dilated upon. Luxuriant in its length and thickness, it is of the glowing warm auburn that Titian delighted in so, and that in a later decade our own American painter, Edwin Abbey, revived and brought back to existence again thru the art of his immortal brush.

All of the sunshine of beautiful California is entangled in the silky depths of her hair, and in her charming laugh is recaptured some of the ringing sweetness of the old mission bells. And in California, also, are found those delicate pink sea-shells, whose faint blush is seen again on the cheeks of this little lass of the vast Shadow Kingdom of the Screen.



ALL THE "TWO-BY-TWOS" OF NOAH'S ARK ARE BESSIE EYTON'S PALS

(Fifty)

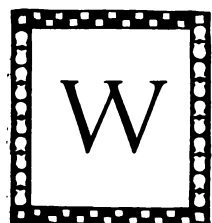




# A Day in "The Pawn Shop"

How Charlie Chaplin Puts 'Em Thru Their Paces, as Told  
in His Latest Picture

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Lovers of Charlie Chaplin were promised an exclusive story of his latest release, to appear in the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. The inimitable cut-up failed to send us a set of his pictures. We are still waiting—and burning the telegraph wires. In the meantime, a stroke of good fortune has happened. A member of Charlie's company came East, on a hurry call, and we grabbed him, planted him firmly in a deep chair, stole some of his private photographs, and forced him to tell us the "inside history" of "The Pawn Shop." Perhaps it is better than a story of the film. At any rate, it is an intimate study of Charlie stripped for action.]



WE were assembled in the studio, one morning, anxiously watching the clock. As far as pictures were concerned, it couldn't go round until Charlie Chaplin appeared. Ten o'clock, ten-fifteen, but no Charlie.

(Fifty-one)

A set was being hammered up near us, and the property helpers were running in with armfuls of claptrap—old guns, workless clocks, hand-me-down clothing—and planting the jumble on the walls.

The carpenters lugged a long counter into the set, and four helpers breathed heavily as they bore in a cashier's cage and set it alongside of the counter.

"Attention! ladies and gentlemen," a Punch-and-Judy voice announced from somewhere; "we are ready to open 'The Pawn Shop.'"

We turned around, and there was Charlie Chaplin standing in the cashier's cage, a wad of note-paper in his hands. We laughed at his entrance and drew near. The helpers, of course, had carried him in, stowed in the property cage.

"We will begin at the beginning," explained Charlie, "and shoot from scene one. This is a hock shop. Johnson is the 'uncle,' Rand is the

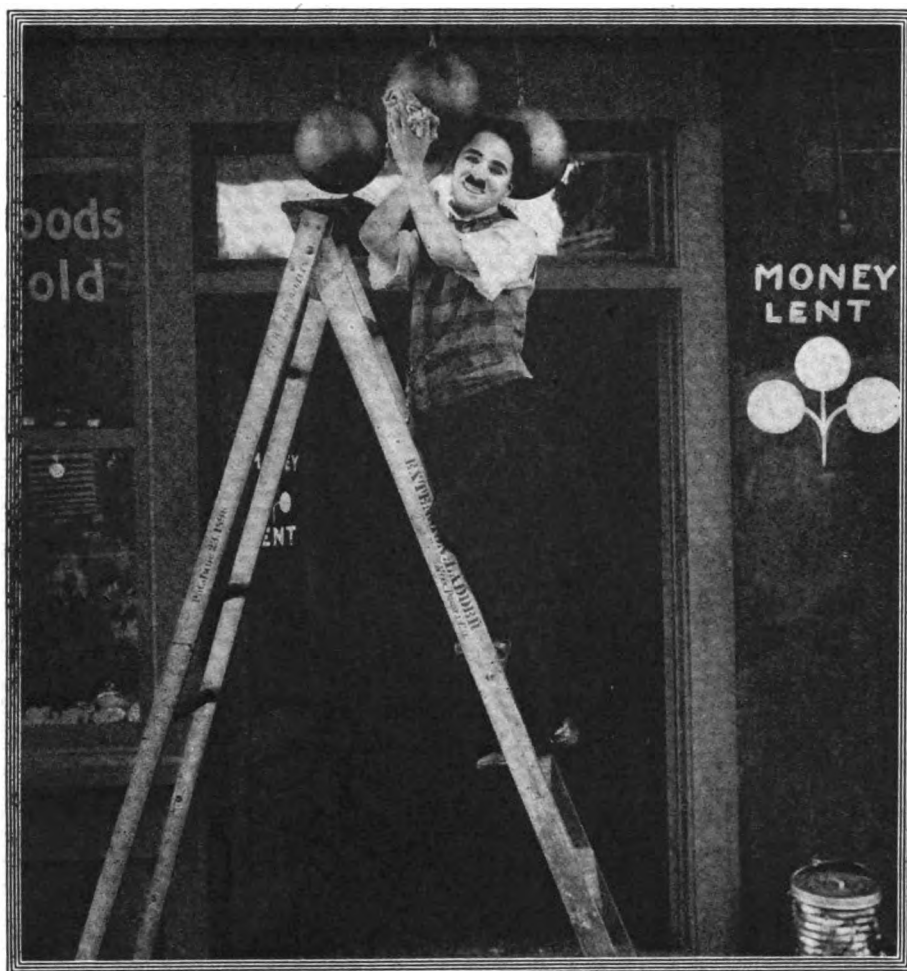
chief clerk, Edna is his daughter, and Campbell is going to spout an umbrella and do the heavy work. Oh, yes, I almost forgot: I am 'uncle's' fetch-all, and Rand and I are both head-over-heels in love with Edna."

Charlie ducked out of his cage and glanced thru a jumble of notes. There was a funny story concealed in them somewhere, but we didn't see it yet.

"It reminds me of the good old days," explained Charlie. "Believe me, this is an echo of the seamy side of my life."

It was eleven o'clock before a van-load of properties was jammed into the set, and Charlie insisted on festooning each one according to his fancy. "All ready for rehearsal!" cried Charlie, at last, and we hurried up to his bidding.

"The story starts," explained Charlie, "by introducing the characters *en famille*, and we'll grind out a few hundred feet of the artistic side of 'uncle's' business. While Rand is



CHARLIE'S CONTROL OF THE GILDED BALLS WAS MARVELOUS

cutting up with Edna, I am going to have considerable trouble with my feet, as usual; and then an old Dutchman comes into the shop to pawn a pair of carpet slippers. I discover that they are good for that tired feeling in my extremities, and appropriate them. Everything is used in a hock shop, you know—from renting out the family jewels for a night to 'loaning' a cornet to a hair-lipped bugler. Every time I slip on the carpet slippers, Rand puts them back in stock, until at last I nail them against the wall, sit down, and cozy my feet in them *ad lib*. All ready; camera; lights; 'uncle' busy in his cage; Rand taking stock with Edna; I waiting on the Dutchman. Action!"

The lights buzzed and snapped, the camera ground, and the business proceeded with a snap and a sparkle. "All right—cut!" cried Charlie, and we grouped along the counter, while he thumbed over his notes:

"Now for a bit of sentimental stuff. A Swedish servant-girl is going to pawn her cuckoo clock. I have never seen one before and get an awful crush on the cuckoo, as I think he's the real thing. Everybody off! 'Uncle' to the rear room, and Rand with Edna out-

side the lines. From then on it's a solo. All ready, everybody!"

We took the scene until Charlie was left before the camera alone. He hung up the cuckoo clock tenderly, and then called for a close-up. With us standing on the lines, the actions he went thru with that two-for-a-nickel cuckoo clock was enough to make a horse laugh. First he moved the hands to one o'clock, and the bird, of course, came out and did one little spiel. Then he tried two o'clock, likewise three, until he got all het up with excitement, trying to capture the bird on the high numbers. At last he climbed a ladder, and, while the cuckoo was doing its shadow dance, tried to feed it a dishful of bread-crumbs. I can't attempt to describe it, but it was a howl the way he put it across.

Then you should have seen Charlie get busy with his feather duster. By the looks of things, some of the "props" hadn't been dusted in years, and Charlie's hungry duster literally choked itself full of the dust of ages. All this was by way of working up to a screaming bit of "business." An innocent-looking electric fan was breezing in a corner of the shop, and Charlie attempted to dust it. Then

things happened. The voracious fan sucked the gaudy duster into its blades, and a million bits of feather—more or less—showered around the industrious cleaner. And the dust! The clouds of uncleanness that that duster disgorged would make a windy-day ashman look like a dying cigaret.

Another set was ready—a solo for Charlie again—and it represented the outside front of the pawn shop. Enter Charlie with a ten-foot ladder, which he timidly mounted until within reach of the three gilded balls that herald your "uncle's" profession. Charlie started in furbishing up the dangling globes, but when he found out that they made an impromptu pool set-up, some of the caroms he shot across from ball to ball, and from head to balls, and balls to head again, were simply marvelous. I'm sure he worked out the "business," or most of it, while the camera ground.

The next morning, still working in the pawn-shop set, the plot began to thicken. Charlie and Rand were constantly picking at each other, and some of their impromptu rough-house was better than a circus.

Enter the villain, in the shape of Campbell, ostensibly to sput an umbrella. Just then the effects-man got busy with a box of broken glass, and a series of ear-piercing crashes came from behind the set. Charlie and Rand were supposed to be having their usual fight in the kitchen. Exit "uncle" on the run, leaving his customer alone in the shop. He got busy at once, and the camera "panoramed" him into "uncle's" store-room, where he gathered up a tray of diamonds and such little things.

With the contrariness of picture-taking, we next shot a flash of Charlie, who has just escaped from his assailant in the kitchen, ducking into the store-room and hiding in a trunk. Of course this is supposed to have happened before the crook got busy with the diamonds, but the cutting-room takes care of picture sequence, so why should we worry?

Campbell got the nine-foot line, which is studio parlance for the spotlight, when he stepped out from the safe and covered "uncle" and Rand with a six-shooter, backing away with the diamonds in his pocket. It looked like sure ruin for "uncle," Edna, and company, but Charlie unpacked himself from the trunk quick enough to plug the crook with a rolling-pin, knocking him down and out. Campbell spoiled the scene twice by rolling outside of the lines, but Charlie finally whacked him on the camera-side of his head, with the command to "die higher up," and this time Campbell recorded his swan-song on the film.

(Fifty-two)

CLASSIC

I might say, in passing, that Charlie insists on a lot of re-takes, because if his "business" doesn't go just right the fun of the thing is spoiled.

"I can't see the fun of it all myself," Charlie has often told me, "unless I am right in the thick of it. My points all depend upon their timeliness, and I never can tell just what I am going to do next."

Believe me, he's right. When Charlie gets thru with a scene, his company is mentally and physically winded trying to keep up with him—the touch-and-go of his stuff is worse than flying-trapeze work.

But I have forgotten about the rest of "The Pawn Shop"; I'm sure I can't tell just how it's coming out. You see, ten different re-takes are still in the cutting-room, but, as I remember it, when Charlie's opportune blow had saved "uncle's" life and fortune, he fell to kissing Charlie like a rapid-fire gun, and Charlie, who was lying on the floor and looking like a can of condensed milk, after being doubled up in the trunk, suggested that he be allowed to pass the kisses along to Edna, and gave a parting back kick at Rand that put his rival's courting days completely in eclipse.

Believe me, Charlie hasn't darkened the door of a pawn shop for years, but if there is any fun to be squeezed out of such a dry business—gee! Chaplin has squeezed out the last drop. They say a man is never a hero in the eyes of his valet. Well, so be it; but Charlie made us hardened knock-about and "slaps" burst out into real, thirsty laughs—and that's going some!



CHARLIE TRIED TO LOOK LIKE A CAN OF CONDENSED MILK

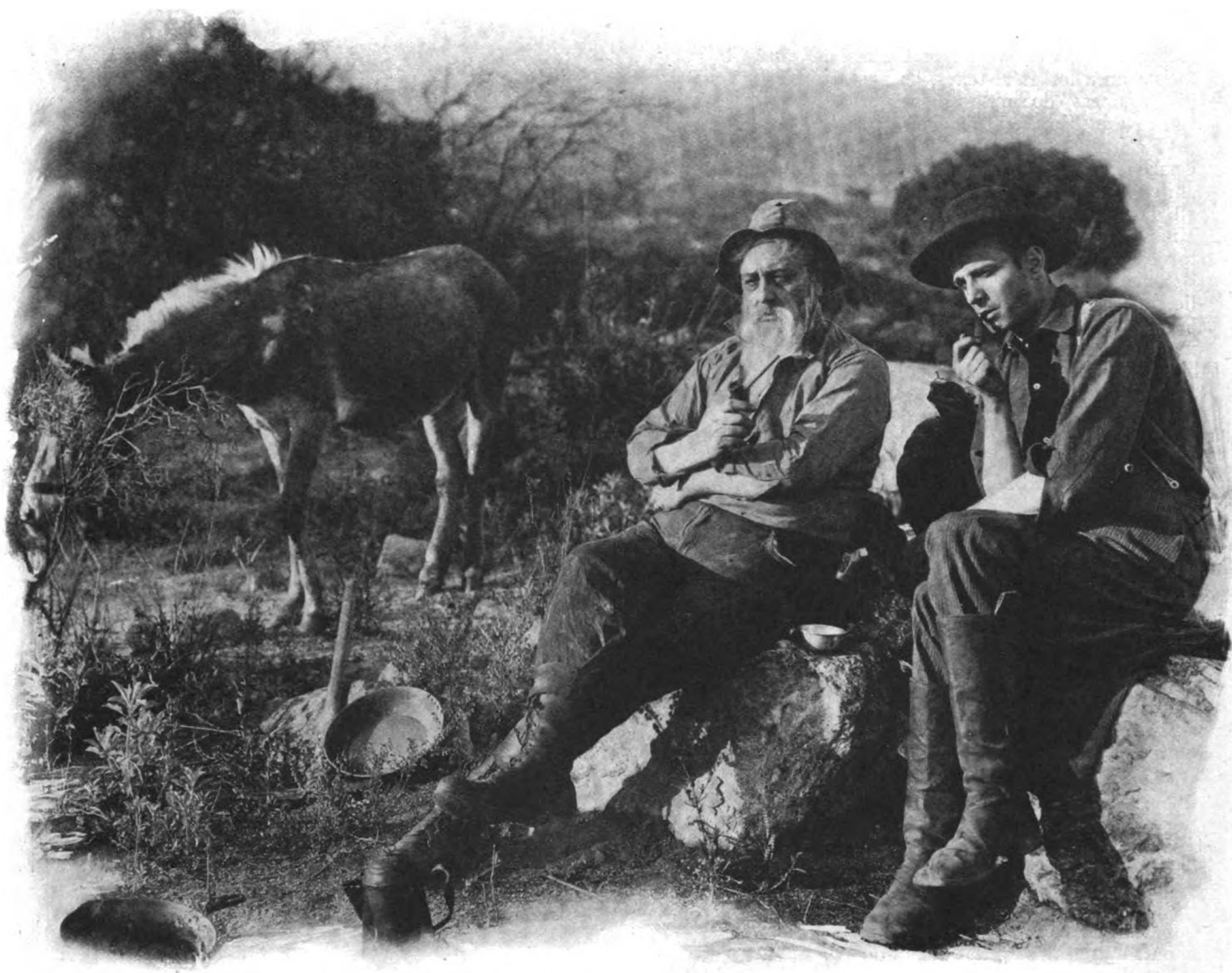


My greatest delight is to lie and dream  
Of what I'd do were I a movie queen;

(Fifty-three)

Of all the parts I'd have to take,  
And the numerous hearts I *know* I should break.





"CHUCKWALLA" BILL TELLING THE STORY

# Thru the Eyes of a Maverick

Passing Comment on Dustin Farnum as "The Parson of Panamint"

By ANTHONY CASSITA

SAY, we Westerners aint so all-fired locoed about some of these here Western Movin' Pictures you-all been a-shown.

You know, it sort of gets a man's goat to see a Broadway dude in brand-new riding-togs prance around on a Central Park horse and flash a gun on the dog-gone villain—curse him! The red-blooded fellows who spend years in the saddle, way up in the raw-ribbed wild, cant stand for any mollycoddle stunts—and the dummy-over-the-precipice business.

Gosh! how it makes the Bar X-6 gang swear!

But say, since I left the bunch-grass and sagebrush, I aint never seen anything like the good old West until—— But that's branding the calf before you get her roped!

I was going down Forty-second Street recently when I run into a newspaper yap I met in the Bonanza country in 'ninety-eight. He was sure glad to see me, but he was as rushed as a Siwash after a hooch, so he took me into the projection-room of the Pallas Pictures an' tole me to wait for him.

I jus' rambled down the aisle and took a seat next to a fattish-looking gent who might 'a' been a district judge out in our

parts. Everybody seemed sort of friendly-like, an' I was glad when the lights went down and the reading came on the curtain. It sure is h—l to be alone in a friendly bunch.

The picture was "The Parson of Panamint." The reading said: "Pallas Pictures Presents Dustin Far-num" (guess that's the way you spell his name). Aint it queer how a picture can present a man?

There was two wayfarers drifting across a real honest-ter-gosh desert, an' they happen upon the sandy wastes of the ole mining-town of Panamint. "Chuckwalla" Bill, the ole prospector,

(Fifty-four)



THE PARSON (DUSTIN FARNUM) RESCUES RANDALL.

tells the story as I am trying to get it across to you.

My heart jus' staggered out to "Chuckwalla." He put me in mind of Long Tom, a pal o' mine who was shot in the lung the day he struck pay-streak. Long Tom could blaspheme you like ole Nick and then give you the shirt off his back to the tune of the first hard-luck story.

Well, "Chuckwalla" is elected mayor of the town, and he decides the bunch's got to get respectable, so he's goin' to wish a church, a schoolhouse an' a jail on the folks. He goes to Frisco to find a parson, an' sure has a deuce of a time getting one.

One day some guys was tryin' to mob a scab. A big husky flashes up an' tries to save the poor devil. Believe me, that was *some* fight, and the husky was gettin' the worst of it until "Chuckwalla" rescues him.

They both land in the police station. On learnin' that his comrade is a preacher, "Chuckwalla" explodes: "A

minister? The h—l you are! You dont fight like one. You're a fightin' bobcat, young feller."

"Chuckwalla" gets the young parson to come to the church at Panamint, an' they all liked him because, somehow, he managed to pull all the burrs offen religion an' make it as smooth as long sweetenin'.

Say! that there parson was *some* parson. I dont care if his real name is Dustin Farnum. He can have half of my beans and sour dough any day.

Of course the strait-laced folks were scandalized, especially when the parson wiped out "Bud" Deming's saloon an' gamblin' joint by winning the whole place at roulette.

An' they was so mean they wont let the parson have the funeral of Deming in the church. Poor Deming was stabbed because he wouldn't sell any hooch to a drunken greaser.

But "Chuckwalla" just shined up an' made the whole skinflint outfit take

notice. He had to use his six-shooter. Whee! büt that string-faced goodie, Absalom Randall, was sore!

The funeral was held in the church, all right, but Randall and his bunch sent word to headquarters, and the parson lost his job.

The bunch at Panamint needed the parson, an' they needed him bad. Panamint was jus' like one of the ole minin'-towns where you could cultivate a jag and pay in gold-dust.

An' the dance-hall was full of girls: the one named "Buckskin Liz" was a beaut!

Those places with the glitter an' shine, the fever of the music and the women, was like a glimpse of paradise to the greasy men who lay out in the claims all winter.

Waal, the parson stayed an' opened a church of his own in Deming's ole saloon. He did more good out there than any man who'd hit the trail.

The rough-and-tumble gang was wild

about him, an' I kinder suspect that "Buckskin Liz" was sort o' sweet on him herself.

Somehow the church got on fire. Absalom Randall was in the steeple and couldn't get out, an' nobody would risk his life to save the ole cuss, but the parson was *some* game sport, an' he got Randall out of the steeple an' then had to jump for it himself.

That finished the parson; he just cashed his checks an' went over the Great Divide.

I caught myself sniffing like a fool, an' the frost-bit scar in my cheek was wet. The guy next to me had paper an' pencil an' was writin' like mad.

Then the lights went up an' I blinked my way to the door.

I couldn't find the newspaper guy, so I concluded that he mus' have forgot about me. Some of the folks was snatchin' pictures from a table, so I grabbed a few and hiked down Forty-second Street to Broadway.

I jus' had to stand at the corner an' catch my breath, it was all so sudden-like—the change from the cactus country, an' the mountain splashed against the sky, to the loud clang and bang of the infernal roarin' city.

An' I kin still see the camp a-bustle an' the cow-punchers an' tin-horn gamblers of the early days. The pictures

was so clear they jus' stamped the whole thing in my memory.

So I am goin' to hang around until they show the picture at a regular show-house, an' then I'm goin' to pack my kit an' beat it out West again.

Sure the blame thing's given me the fever, an' I want to be buried out there in the big alone where the coyotes howl at night.

My heart's got the hankerin' for the granite walls of the mountain heights, an' I want to rub elbows with the hardy men—the men with the brawn and the heart!

Yes, I guess I'll be a-beaten it back soon—a-beaten it back!



HELEN HOLMES AS JUDITH BARRIER IN "JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS"

(Fifty-six)



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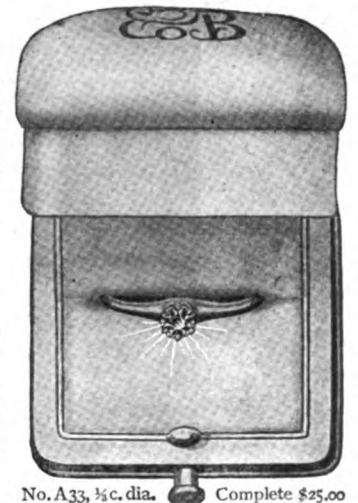
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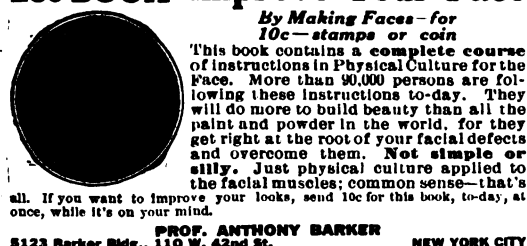
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# HINTS TO THE PLAYERS

## THE KEY TO POPULARITY

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

ONE of the most discussed questions of the day is, "Which is most essential to success in Motion Pictures—beauty or brains?" You hear on several sides the expression, "She is pretty, but she can't act. I wonder how she continues to be so popular?" And this about a girl of whom another said, "She sends you away with such a homey, cozy feeling in your heart."

Thinking it over carefully, I have come to the conclusion that players may be perfect physically, an Apollo or Venus—may be splendid in their art; but unless they are decidedly human, their audience cannot get close to them. The press agent who lauds beauty and brains usually throws in some "human" touch to awaken a kinship between the star and the audience.

When we read about Mary Pickford visiting the home for crippled children and crying when one of her little admirers asked for a kiss, we cried with her and felt friendly and close enough to have asked to borrow her powder puff, had she been present.

Now don't smile and say, "Press agent stuff!" It may be, but it's good stuff; and the key to Mary Pickford's popularity lies in her being so very human.

When a noted star, discussing beauty, permitted the statement, "Quit thinking about the war; it will make wrinkles," to be printed over her name, she killed her rising popularity with me. She is very beautiful, very talented, but very selfish. She holds beauty as the essential. Where was her press agent?

When Maxine Elliot returns from her errands of mercy at the front, where the man she was to marry died a hero, she will not need a press agent.

I knew a woman once who would not cry at her husband's funeral because it made her look so hideous. How many of you think a woman of this caliber could be popular?

Please give your public credit for the brains essential both on and before the screen and don't imagine that they derive any great pleasure from the mere looking at beautiful you.

When Mary Pickford does the most

awkward things, gets her face dirty, her hair tousled and appears in rags, she is most appealing to her audience. Many a swain says, "Gee! she's pretty, no matter how she looks." And this is true. It is also a fact that Mary Pickford does not look any prettier than the average girl when she is dragged in with a dirty face and unkempt hair. So it must be that the beauty comes from within. It's the Mary "inside" that people love.

The American public recognizes beauty and brains, but it is intelligent enough to look further, and it wants to know the real (not reel) you. It questions your heart, and if the answer is "human" it loves you. So select your press agent with care. There is a decided difference between the "love route" and the "admiration route" to popularity. The former is the surer and the quicker.

Don't climb on a pedestal of reserve and mask expression with facial beauty.

Don't cover your heart with a coat of indifference to your audience, and we'll boost for you.

Not one of you ever reached the top round of the ladder of fame without being aided by some one less talented who stood at the very bottom rounds and encouraged you in the climbing.

You know some one has to hold the ladder. The audience supports the bottom rounds of the photoplay ladder—they are called "admiration" and "enthusiasm." Wouldn't it be fatal to some of the climbers if these two rounds gave way?

And so every time you stop in your climbing to help some one else, every time you stop to shed a tear for another's sorrow, every time you show us the human side of you, we people at the foot of the ladder will take a fresh grip and boost so hard that you won't miss the time that you tarried in forgetfulness of self.

You'll be at the top of the ladder before you know it and will have found by the way the key to popularity.

As Margaret Anglin says, "It seems to me that it is better to be supremely human than to be rigidly exact."

(Fifty-eight)

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**SUNNY SAMMY.**—How de do! Alan Hale and Creighton Hale are not brothers. Yes, you can get all back numbers of the Classic from our sales manager. Viola Dana is with Metro. Yep, I am a very good judge of those things, and I do think a girl of 18 is too old to let her hair hang down her back. She should put it up at the age of 17 years, 11 months, 29 days. Sure, I like melons, strawberries and anything in the line of fruit—even hen-fruit. That's how I preserve my youth at 74. Thanks. "The Battle Cry of War" has just been finished, and from all accounts it is going to be a world-beater.

**CLIO.**—I'll tell you how to pronounce that name next time I see you—I can't spell it. That Vitagraph has not been released as yet. Our Editor is his own grammarian and speller. He spells kissed *kist*, he leaves out the apostrophe in *don't*, and he does not require an "or" after *whether*.

**FLORENCE E. G.**—No, the goat in "Hulda from Holland" did not really die. He is a fine actor and was just pretending. I have had sweethearts, but never a wife. A sweetheart is a bottle of wine, whereas a wife, I am told, is a wine-bottle. Earle Williams has gray eyes. I don't know just who holds the heavyweight championship of the screen, but I'll bet on Fatty Arbuckle.

**SZYGEY.**—Gordon Griffith was the boy in "Ben Blaire." Horace Hollacher was Yacob in "Hulda from Holland." There is no Jack Ford in "Peg o' the Ring." They are brothers. Yours was very scholarly.

**PETER B.**—Remember that everybody knows something that you don't. Bryant Washburn and Evelyn Greeley in "The Helping Hand." E. H. Calvert and Eugene O'Brien in "Lieutenant-Governor." Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn in "Despair." W. Castelet was Matilda, Charlotte Mineau was Rose and Leota Chrider was May in "Bunch of Keys." Neil Craig and Sheldon Lewis were the leads in "Business Rivals." G. M. Anderson and Ruth Saville and Lee Willard in "The Man in Him" (Essanay).

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—Corinne Grant is not playing now. No, don't send letters for her here—I don't know where she is. Marie Walcamp was the girl in "John Needham's Double." Thanks for the suggestion.

**MARTIN T. B.**—Mabel Normand was born in Atlanta, Ga., 22 years ago. She is beautiful and versatile, as you all know, and a fine swimmer and horseback rider.

**MELVA.**—You should not call Nature, God, nor God, Nature. Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God. How about Clara K. Young? Every ten days we give the Editor a lot of typewritten sheets containing notes of what our readers want and what they don't like. We get these facts from the thousands of letters that come in. In that way he can keep his finger on the public pulse.

**ALBERT ROSCOE ADMIRER.**—So you want Harold Lockwood to exchange leading women with Francis Bushman. I haven't the height of Mary Miles Minter and Mar-

jorie Daw just now. They are growing so fast that I can't keep up with them.

**MELBA H., BROOKLYN.**—Yes, Annette Kellermann has been giving free swimming lessons. Her articles have appeared in several hundred newspapers and you can find out about them by writing to the William Fox Film Company, 130 W. 46th St., New York.

**EVERETTA.**—*Nosce te ipsum.* Vivian Martin is with Morosco. Well I'm glad I'm some sort of amusement to you. Have never been a teacher nor a clown. There is not a funny bone in my body—not even a funnybone. Come again.

**MARGARET A.**—No, Donald Hall is not with Vitagraph.

**F. W., PORTLAND.**—I attribute the decline of melodrama and the "thrillers," to the perilous stunts done in comedies nowadays. An audience is no longer impressed while a melodrama is working up to its big thrill. Half-a-dozen just as good "perils" are pulled off in a two-reel comedy in less time.

**RUTH G. F.**—Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburg, in 1877. Mary Pickford's picture in May, 1916, and another in this issue. Pearl White with Pathé, Hughie Mack with Vitagraph, Ruth Roland with Balboa, Beverly Bayne with Metro, Jackie Saunders with Balboa.

**EDNA H., BROOKLYN.**—Of course I like you. Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 21st, 1888. Swedish parents. She was educated in public schools and at Erasmus Hall High School. She is a blonde, and has light eyes. She is an excellent swimmer, a good rider, drives her own automobile, and she is nicknamed Dimples.

**LAWRENCE S. C.**—Thanks for the drawing. Looks just like me. Yes, that was a re-issued Biograph. Bessie Love usually plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks. Be patient and you will get it.

**KATHERINE P.**—Now see here, Katherine, you must be more explicit. "Peggy" was taken in California.

**DEAN.**—No to your first. You never can tell. No, Arthur Johnson was never married to Lottie Briscoe. I think Winnifred Greenwood is still with American. Both players you mention have first husbands, seconds also. Louise Lovely was Bettina. Alcohol boils at 174 degrees Fahrenheit, and mercury freezes at 40 below zero.

**FAN.**—Nellie Anderson is the mother of Mary Anderson, both with Vitagraph. That player was only an extra. Mary Anderson's picture in November, 1915. Thomas Holding will co-star with Kathryn Williams.

**ELBE.**—Daphne Wayne was the fictitious name for Blanche Sweet. Webster Campbell is with Lasky—his first appearance will be opposite Blanche Sweet. Richard Neil has joined Metro. Edna Hunter has joined Clara K. Young Co.

**ELLEN F.**—"Hulda from Holland" was the last Mary Pickford play. So you think she is the only player. Nay, say not so; I know several others.

**JOSEPHINE M. T., RACINE.**—Robert Conness played in "The House of the Lost Court" (Edison). So you think the Gish sisters dont know how to handle their feet and arms. Gadzooks, zounds, and prunes! What do you expect for ten cents? Dont they handle everything else to perfection? Give their feet and arms time!

**MELVA.**—Again, child? You think Louise Lovely and Mary Pickford resemble each other, also Mabel Normand and Fay Tincher.

**ESTHER, NIAGARA FALLS.**—Pretty nice in your city now. I am not sure about the returning good for evil theory. Why compensate evil the same as we compensate good? Why not reward good with good, and evil with justice?

**WILLIE, 14.**—Warren Oland was Pierre in "Eternal Question" (Metro). Marian Swayne was Marjorie in "Tortured Heart" (Fox). Hattie Burke was Hope in "Sins of Men" (Fox). What did June Caprice ever do to you that you dont like her?

**VIOLA R.**—Send in a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list of manufacturers. Yes, I will tell the Editor you want a picture of Olga Petrova in the Classic. We have no pictures of her now.

**BILLIE.**—Wheeler Oakman was Broncho Kid in "Spoilers." Several of the regular New York theaters are showing Moving Pictures exclusively. Naomi Nichols was the Spanish girl in "The Ne'er Do Well" (Selig).

**DARNEY B.**—All right, have your way about it. You seem to think that there is no other company but Triangle. Many things torment me that only vex other people, but I try to boil within and not boil over. I do not know the size of Farrar's shoes.

**CLAIRE M.**—John Steppling has joined Universal as a director. Dorothy Greene's favorite color is purple, and to prove that it is not an affectation she has a peacock for a pet which she houses on the roof of the hotel in New York where she lives. Claire Whitney is still with Fox. She sometimes reminds me of Mary Pickford.

**S. FRANK M.**—Mr. Harrington is well, thanks. Of course I smoke. Yes, it is true Lottie Pickford is married.

**CLIO.**—Congratulations! So you are still in your teens. I was too, once. Three teaspoonfuls equal one tablespoonful of liquid, and four tablespoonfuls one wine-glass.

**WILMA S.**—It's not generally known, even by publicity men, that Charles Ray, Ince-Triangle's popular juvenile lead, was a chauffeur only a few months ago. Good work, say I! I am proud of his rapid and deserved rise.

**MADELINE J. M. F.**—Djelma was not cast in "Under Two Flags" (Fox).

**R. B.**—They do say that Jackie Saunders is the Maude Adams of the screen, Edith Storey the Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Walthall the Edwin Booth and Douglas Fairbanks the Joseph Jefferson. Florence Reed is with the Arrow Company. Achilles was a hero in Homer's Iliad and was slain by Paris by a wound in his heel, his only vulnerable part.

**JUDITH.**—There's misery in want, and danger in excess. Hence, let's get just enough and no more. Lillian Gish certainly makes a fine Egyptian goddess. Mae Marsh is the "Little Liar" and Louise Glaum the "Wolf Woman." Bueno is Spanish for good, and bourne is Anglo-Saxon for stream.

**SOCRATES.**—No, I cannot give you a list of licensed women aviators. You might think I am a chicken-hawk. I know, however, that Grace Valentine, of Metro, has been granted an aeroplane license. Lamar Johnstone was Gerald and Thomas Chatterton was Lieutenant Hope in "The Secret of the Submarine."

(Sixty-one)

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**MARION TEE TEE.**—Do not idolize too much. A player isn't a hero just because he takes a brave part in a picture. 'Tis said of Jack Gironde, Thanhouse's "brave man," that when he goes fishing he is afraid to put worms on his own hook because he's afraid of the wigglesome worms.

**DOLPH.**—You may be right—love may exist without jealousy, but this is rare; jealousy may exist without love, and this is common. However, I would advise you to be careful.

**ELSIE, TORONTO.**—Thanks, I am getting along nicely in my hallroom. I don't have many visitors. Yes, I sleep well nights, and why shouldn't I with my tummy full and my conscience clear? Crane Wilbur leaves Horsley and is at liberty.

**CLIO.**—What, again! Claire Anderson was the wife in "Bathtub Perils." Myrtle Lynd was the other girl in "Pills of Peril" (Keystone). No, that's so. We didn't hear much of "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" after it was released.

**FRANKIE T., MEMPHIS.**—So you like the Classic better than the Magazine. We have a beautiful painting of Lillian Gish, and the Editor may use it on the cover some day. As a rule, we know better the needs of ourselves than of others. To serve ourselves is economy of administration. In 1912 H. C. Parker scaled Mt. McKinley to within 300 feet of the top and made a complete series of maps of the territory.

**CHARLES T. B., WATERTOWN.**—Jane Wolff is with Lasky. You can't expect to be happy and not work. Idleness is happiness' worst enemy, so get busy like I am.

**JOHN T. D., LONG ISLAND.**—Cleo Madison played in "To Another Woman." Margarita Fischer signs up with Mutual again. Alfred Vosburgh and Vivian Rich in "The Holly House." Yes, William Russell is the "Man Who Would Not Die."

**IRENE T., UTICA.**—You refer to Mae Marsh, the eighteen-year-old girl, whose successive screen appearances have won her the praise that has made her famous; five feet three inches in height, and very slightly built. Her eyes are dark gray, and beyond their serious depths amusement seems eternally on the alert. She has beautiful auburn hair.

**BARBARA B., SEATTLE.**—Henry Leone, Fox, is the only Turkish actor either on screen or stage in the United States, but it stands to reason, now that the Sultan has gone to war, that there are lots of Turkish actresses in cut-up parts. Priscilla Dean was Nita and Eddie Lyons was Eddie, Lee Moran was Lee in "A Silly Sultan."

**FREDERICK T.**—"The Fall of a Nation" released thru V. L. S. E. Betty Howe is with International. Anna Nilsson with Ivan.

**WILLIE, 15.**—Delighted! Gilbert Rooney was the ward in "Ambition." Edward Brennan was Peter in "The Quitter" (Metro). You were.

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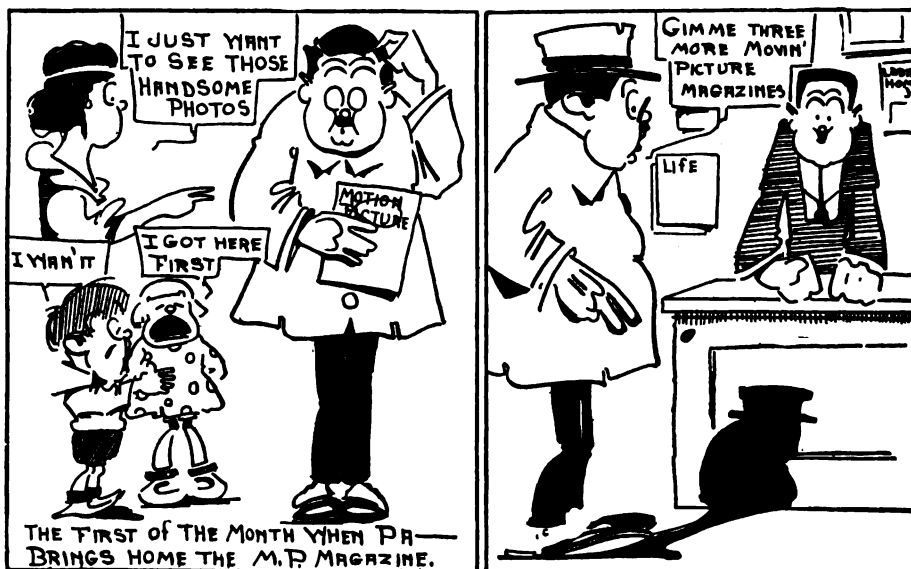
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A HINT TO MARRIED MEN

(Sixty-two)





**E**XTRA! Extree! When this appears in print, Billie Burke, of "Peggy" and "Gloria's Romance" fame, will have joined the sorosity of young mothers. Baby's name, birthday, biography, number of toes and other vital statistics will follow.

Lucille Lee Stewart, Huntly Gordon, her leading man, and Ralph Ince have just returned to Bayshore, L. I., after an extended vacation tour thru Canada and along the West coast. Personal appearances of the stars were made in Montreal, Seattle and San Francisco theaters.

Owen Moore and Marguerite Courtot have agreed to kiss and make up. Their make-up will be for a *bal masque* and "Their Kiss" is the title of their latest play. Said osculation from an unknown kissee is so honeyed that Owen chases its sweetness thru five hundred scenes before he can extract another.

Here is great news—with a string to it. We can state authoritatively that Marguerite Clark has not yet fully made up her mind to go on the stage again. She may, and then she may not, remain in pictures. If you want to gamble, lay odds on the presumption that she will still be with us.

Devotees of Marin Sais and True Boardman will be tickled to death to hear that "The Girl from Frisco" has lengthened her life from fifteen to twenty-five episodes. It will, no doubt, double her perils and prolong her wedding engagement, but don't fear but that she'll get the solitaire in the end.

Watch out for the English invasion! Vitagraph announces "The Firm of Girdlestone," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in which Edna Flugrath will support Charles Rock, a popular English player, and after that comes "Caste" with Sir John Hare and Peggy Hyland in the leads.

Henry Murdoch has deserted Ivy Close, the Kalem comédienne, as she is on her way to England for a three months' leave of absence. The cant-be-knocked-about Henry has joined the riotous Ham, Bud and Ethel family.

Sidney Olcott has resigned from the directorial staff of Famous Players. During his meteoric career, Mr. Olcott has directed such noted actresses as Gene Gauntier, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn, and latterly Valentine Grant. Welcome to a bigger and broader career, if possible, Mr. Olcott!

There is safety in numbers for Viola Dana in her forthcoming picture, "The Gates of Eden." Three well-known leading men will support her—Edward Earle, Bob Walker and Augustus Phillips. And still they say that actors are sometimes sued for non-support!

While on their way to film some outdoor scenes near Mineola, N. Y., Lillian Walker and her director, Wilfred North, recently met with an automobile accident, the car turning turtle and pinning its occupants under it. They were rushed to the Mineola Hospital, and Miss Walker was most fortunately able to leave after a few days' treatment. Director North is still confined, suffering with several fractured ribs.

And now for the monthly "Dan Tucker." "Gentlemen to the center! Ladies join hands!" Paul Panzer has side-stepped from the Universal to the Monmouth corner. Harry Carey has fox-trotted likewise to Fox, and Marshall Neilan has one-stepped from Selig to Famous Players. Madge Kirby pirouettes from Vogue to Universal; Ormi Hawley swings across from Metro to Fox, and Mary Alden, not to be out of step, glides from Triangle to Famous Players. "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!"

Little Bobby Connelly—bless his baby soul—has become the hero of a novel now on public sale. The book is entitled "Sonny Jim," and is illustrated with Little Bobby's pictures in the rôle that he made famous.

Geraldine Farrar has bidden good-by to the shadow stage for the nonce to make her reappearance in grand opera. After the completion of "Joan of Arc" in the Lasky studio, her fellow players gathered around the famous diva and presented her with a farewell gift in the shape of a kit of bureau silver.

Jack Kerrigan and his new leading woman, Edith Johnson, will shortly be seen in "The Pirates of Panama" from the William McLeod Raine novel. It is a modern story, laid in Uncle Sam's turbulent little adopted possession, the Canal Zone.

Our readers can be no more astounded than we are to learn that Mary Pickford, Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Wilfred Lucas and Dorothy Bernard are all about to appear for the Biograph Company. Their pictures are reissues of the palmy days when Griffith and Biograph had a corner on stars. If you are once great in pictures, the ghost of your greatness will always haunt you.

Bessie Barriscale is fleeing to New York for a vacation. She avers that she is going to put in every minute of her time on "window shopping" and a tour of the playhouses.

William Russell, American's sterling star, may be lost to the picture field for a season, as he is seriously considering starring in a stage-play version of "The Man Who Would Not Die."

*Sic transit gloria mundi!* Jack Kerrigan has announced that he is about to renounce all Motion Picture obligations and will enter vaudeville for at least a year, playing in all the principal cities. Many of his admirers will now have a chance to see him in the flesh, but millions more will miss him on the screen.

(Sixty-three)

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## Over the Studio Tea-cups

Spoonfuls of Gossip, Flavored with Players' Fads and Fancies

**M**ABEL NORMAND has been getting her pictures in the newspapers with scarehead captions, "Clever Crook Captured," "Beaten at His Own Game," etc. It seems that the fair Mabel was held up in the park by a highwayman and agreed to give him \$20 if he would allow her to go home for her purse. The bold bandit "fell" for the innocent eyes of the comedy star and kept the appointment, only to be surrounded by a posse of police.

Anita King has gone into business and she isn't neglecting her screen work either. Tho continually exposed to all kinds of wind and weather, her complexion is a delight to all beholders, and to her friends she often gave the recipe for the cream which helped to preserve it. And now comes the "Anita King Complexion Cream" for motorists, with office, typists, office-boys, and all that, in Los Angeles.

Sidney Drew is forgetful if anything else. Sometimes he is so absent-minded that Mrs. Drew has to remind him of the most ordinary things. On a recent occasion, the Don Quixote of comedy was about to put on a scene, when some one placed a calendar on his desk. Drew immediately clutched his hair, jumped up and declared all work off for the day. It seems it was his birthday and he had forgotten all about it. A dinner and box-party followed for the entire company.

At last it has come. The downtrodden studio extras have gotten together and taken steps towards forming an Extras' Union. They will probably affiliate with the White Rats Actors' Union. Among others present at their first meeting was Clara Kimball Young, who gave her check for \$50 to the cause and her company's check for \$100 more. Great things are promised—better wages, more consideration and the elimination of grasping theatrical agents. No strikes have yet been declared, but of course they'll come, along with the present epidemic of strikes, and then we'll have to learn to enjoy ex-servant girls and ex-bartenders in the minor rôles while the strike is on.

Film stars, just like their stage sisters, are begetting a crop of law-suits and a special class of lawyers has sprung up to handle their cases. Just at present Valkyrien, the Danish beauty, is suing the Fox Company for alleged breach of contract, and Lillian Lorraine asks \$50,000 from the World Company because she states that an unknown chorus girl played the leading rôle in "Could a Woman Forgive?" despite the fact that she is advertised as the star. She also says the picture is produced in a "daring and shocking manner." Film manufacturers for their own sake should insist on blind jurymen when screen favorites take the stand.

(Sixty-five)

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## POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

THE Popular Player Contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is drawing to a close, and some very interesting competition is developing. A voting coupon will be found elsewhere in this issue of the CLASSIC, and we herewith give our readers some advance information. For full particulars see the December issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, out November 1st. Here's how the leaders stood up to September 24th:

Mary Pickford.....	186,345
Marguerite Clark.....	146,100
Francis Bushman.....	127,015
Warren Kerrigan.....	125,130
Pearl White.....	100,865
Anita Stewart.....	94,500
Theda Bara.....	91,570
Henry Walthall.....	87,715
Edward Earle.....	86,455
Wallace Reid.....	85,535
Harold Lockwood.....	81,280
Billy Sherwood.....	78,690
William S. Hart.....	77,550
Grace Cunard.....	77,060
Earle Williams.....	76,220
Ruth Roland.....	74,425
William Farnum.....	74,195
Pauline Frederick.....	52,735
Alexander Gaden.....	50,765
Mary Fuller.....	49,810
Blanche Sweet.....	49,705
Beverly Bayne.....	48,505
Dustin Farnum.....	48,035
Mary Miles Minter.....	47,150
Robert Warwick.....	45,850
Crane Wilbur.....	45,665
Carlyle Blackwell.....	45,155
Marguerite Snow.....	42,830
Nellie Anderson.....	40,505
Florence LaBadie.....	39,115
Nell Craig.....	37,790
Creighton Hale.....	37,135
Olga Petrova.....	36,255
Norma Talmadge.....	29,885
Mary Anderson.....	29,435
Clara K. Young.....	28,190
Edna Mayo.....	27,645
Francis Ford.....	27,585
Bryant Washburn.....	27,460
Ella Hall.....	26,980
Cleo Madison.....	26,965
Antonio Moreno.....	26,955
Lillian Gish.....	26,915
Edith Storey.....	26,910
Charles Chaplin.....	26,720
Marguerite Courtot.....	26,480
Douglas Fairbanks.....	25,240
Harris Gordon.....	24,720
Alice Joyce.....	24,420
Cleo Ridgely.....	23,910
Romaine Fielding.....	23,565
Tom Forman.....	23,465
House Peters.....	22,830
Mae Marsh.....	21,960
Kathlyn Williams.....	21,935
Edward Coxen.....	20,480
Henry King.....	20,465
Herbert Rawlinson.....	20,415
Geraldine Farrar.....	20,270
Al Ray.....	20,110
May Allison.....	17,185
Dorothy Gish.....	16,830
Anna Little.....	16,440
Lillian Walker.....	16,165
Thomas Meighan.....	16,055
Naomi Childers.....	15,805
Ruth Stonehouse.....	15,800
Owen Moore.....	15,760
Fannie Ward.....	15,635
Irving Cummings.....	15,525
Marie Newton.....	15,520



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LILLIAN GISH has begged to get away, just for once, from her villain-still-pursued-the-poor-little-girl rôles, and in "Diana of the Follies" her wishes have been granted. They say that her wardrobe will be the most expensive and exclusive ever shown on the screen. One evening gown in particular makes her look like an Oriental fire-screen. We can't describe it, but it's a concoction of gold cloth under black silk chiffon. The lacy stuff which hangs from her wrists and elbows is applied in gold-flowered cloth and edged with heavy black beads.

The "Castle Preparedness Suit," designed by Mrs. Vernon Castle, is the latest film costume that is practical for street wear. The skirt is perfectly plain and reaches only to the shoe-tops, permitting a mannish stride. The coat is cut military fashion and buttoned tight around the throat. Then there is a strap of tan leather from the bust to the waist, which does duty for buttons. The costume is completed with a nifty military cap made from the suiting and the shoes are dark tan with light tan cheviot uppers.

At a recent dinner of "The Uplifters," who are the rocking-chair fleet of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, many prominent picture-players and directors were entertained. The ingenuity of the menu deserves mention. Here it is: "Hypo en Glasse (Martini Cocktail), A Red Tint (Lobster Canape), Fogged Dissolve (Mulligatawny Soup), Forest en Miniature (Celery), Static Berries (Olives), Deep Sea Negative (Filet de Sole), Assembled Cut-outs (Beefsteak Pie), Fill 'em Favorites (Lima Beans), Sun Spots (Brown Potatoes), Interiors (Lettuce Hearts), Snow Stuff (Ice Cream), The Climax (Coffee), Amber Tint (Beer), Flare Torches and Smoke Pots (Cigars and Cigarettes).

Speaking of tough luck, Anna Luther, of the Fox players, was recently ordered to appear in a scene which required a stunning gown. Miss Luther hurried to the dressmaker, and after an all-night séance and the investment of \$150, appeared at the studio in a dazzling creation. To her horror, she found out that she was required to jump into the water in the filmy gown. It was utterly ruined, of course, and the star was as disheartened as she was bedraggled. But every cloud, as well as every dress, it seems, has a silver lining, for in her next mail Miss Luther received an order on a smart Fifth Avenue modiste which brought a gasp of delight to her lips and soothed her sartorial anguish.

Here is a new fad that is taking like wildfire. The idea was discovered by

(Sixty-six)

Annette Kellermann, and she calls it a "flesh photograph." Here is the way to produce one: Take one small section of "frame" of Motion Picture film containing a picture of your favorite. Place this on your arm or shoulder next to the skin. Take a small brush and moisten with collodion. Next sit in the sunlight where the sun will tan your arm or shoulder all except the little bit covered by the square inch of film. You will find that Nature has printed a perfect photograph of your favorite on your arm. It will disappear in a few weeks, but if you want to make it permanent, coat the picture with a thin solution of collodion. Miss Kellermann is so enthusiastic over the idea that she will be delighted to send any of our readers a "frame" of herself. She can be reached care of Fox Films, 180 West 46th Street, New York City.

### Feeding with Fatty (Continued from page 46)

work in a drama," put in St. John; "we both have that blessing-curse called a sense of humor. I think Roscoe would try to work gags into 'Hamlet.' The real essence of work, tho, is to take it seriously. Every move must be mapped out and timed, and when we do a piece of business we mustn't let the audience know we are trying to be funny. That's what 'gets it over.'"

"Now, Mr. Arbuckle," I said, "for the last usual question. Have you any hobbies or particular interests?"

"No, I don't believe I have," he replied, negligently rolling a cigaret with one hand and finishing his third plate of pudding with the other, "except, perhaps, motoring. Al is such an enthusiast that he got me doing it, too, after I got a car that could stand up under me. We do a lot of that out home. Outside of that and my dinner, I have no hobbies at all."

"I'll give you a little tip," whispered St. John. "He's ashamed to admit it, but he harbors a secret passion for corn-colored silk shirts."

"We'll break up this party right now!" cried the "chief," indignantly. "The conversation is entirely too personal."

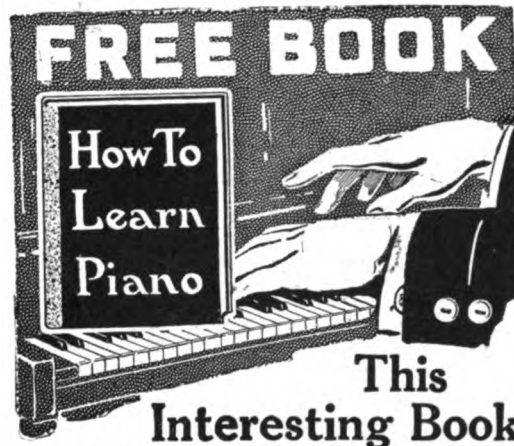
### What They Thought of Him

By CHARLES H. MEIERS

"I don't think much of the manager of this theater," said Higgins, after scanning advertising slides for fifteen minutes before the movie show started, and for several minutes between film stories. "I don't mind a few of them, but he carries the thing too far."

"I can't tell you what I think of him," returned Wiggins; "there are ladies present!"

(Sixty-seven)



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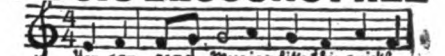
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(Continued from page 40)

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At the summit of her career, the beautiful songstress suddenly retired to her rose-garden in Hants. The girl o' dreams, fading under the strain of the concert circuit, renounced her career to lean on the garden gate again and become just Ivy Close, rose-gardener and close daughter of a fond father.

Then came the vogue of the silent stage in England, and Miss Close was sought out by the Hepworth Players. For over two years she led her company a merry chase in light comedy—the palpitating English sort that calls for masquerading in boy's togs, day-break elopements in aeroplanes and flirtative swimming on the beaches of Bath and Brighton. From the homiest sort of a home-girl, Miss Ivy became a mistress of daring stunts—the sort of frisky daredevilry that has endeared our own Mabel Normand to us on our side of the pond.

At the insistence of a large public following and under capable management, Ivy Close withdrew from the Hepworth forces at the end of two years of the most active work and started her own studio. Under its dashing and beautiful queen, the new studio hive prospered; America began to reach out and call for her pictures.

And then came the war, with its consequent calling for millions of volunteers and the closing down of many picture theaters. Among the first to volunteer was young Raymond Close, a slip of a lad and Ivy's only brother. After the first terrible days of Mons, in which the English bore the brunt of battle, word came that young Raymond had been seriously wounded. It was then that Ivy Close became the girl o' dreams again. With her white face set somewhere toward the firing-line, and on the impulse of her affec-

tion, she forthwith closed down her studio and took the first steamer to northern France. What her experiences were, how her midnight vigils brought young Raymond back to life, is a sealed story. But when she mentioned the silent call to the front, the wistful, loving light that straggled from her eyes showed that she had met death, the grim destroyer, and conquered him.

The third cycle of her life has just begun, and its setting is among the royal palms and orange-blossoms of Florida. Her sisterly duty well done, Ivy Close has come to America, as leading comédienne for the Kalem Jacksonville players. When we met her the day after her steamer had docked in New York, she had just passed thru the horrors of the Dublin rebellion. As her country seat was only a few miles away, there were marches and countermarches of gallant lads down the road in front of her villa, and farewell kisses from country lassies amid the waving of flags. And then came the gray dawn when lads were stood up against a blank wall and shot down in the flush of youth.

Her first night in a strange hotel was a comedy of errors. Bedroom push-buttons are unknown creatures in English hotels, and Miss Ivy, after explicit instructions, succeeded in doing just the wrong thing. In the daytime, when desiring a bell-boy, she always pushed the button that turned on the lights, and at night, when wanting to turn out the lights, she always summoned a battery of alert New York bell-hops, much to her merry confusion and theirs.

"Speaking of lights," she said, "the lights of the Great White Way were simply glorious! On my first night in New York, I lost myself on the crowded streets simply trying to bathe in the glow of the millions of lights. It was wonderful! When you realize"—her voice sobered—"that London at present is shrouded in the gloom of the grave, that no lights are displayed on its most busy streets, and that the people grope about like ghosts, you will appreciate how I felt on my first night in New York."

And now the little girl o' dreams, of sun-shot hair and sea-blue, humid eyes, of triumphs and of sorrows, has been whirled to that magic and—for most of us—mythical Southland, where she will soon smile down to us from her shadow stage; and between-times, you may be sure, the garden of roses will bloom as it once did in Hants for the little girl at the Gate of Desire.

(Sixty-eight)



# Guide to the Theaters

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

**Belasco.**—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the year. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

**Harris.**—"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line, but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who makes it worth while.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1916." Clever, breezy, artistic, highly diverting musical burlesque, with wonderful scenery and costumes, but with very little good music.

**Geo. M. Cohan's.**—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this bright farce well worth while.

**Astor.**—"The Guilty Man." A tense, capable and artistic vehicle for its moral—a father's responsibility to his illegitimate child. Irene Fenwick as the child of a Parisian café dansant is natural, lovable and a supreme artiste. A well-balanced cast and refined handling of delicate situations. A play that young girls can see, and should see. The trial scene might well be improved.

**Shubert.**—"Mr. Lazarus." A comedy of the better sort, featuring Henry E. Dixey, who creates an interesting character in the title rôle, but most of the fun is caused by the delightful antics of Florine Arnold. Tom Powers, well known to picture fans a few years ago, is also excellent, as also are all the others in the cast.

**Republic.**—"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

**Rialto.**—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

**Hudson.**—"Pollyanna." A glad play, after the order of "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man," intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

## The Mermaids

By K. A. BISBEE

A little girl, on seeing the mermaids in "Neptune's Daughter," was heard to ask: "Why do mermaids have feet like fishes?"

## Where the Good Go

By K. A. BISBEE

A teacher asked one of her class: "Where do good little folks all go?" This answer came from a sweet little lass: "To the Moving Picture show."

(Sixty-nine)



**You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes**

They give charm, expression, loveliness to the face, adding wonderfully to your beauty and attractiveness. Society women and actresses get them by using

**Lash-Brow-Ine**

It promotes in a natural manner the growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. A guaranteed pure and harmless treatment. Send 25c (coin) and we'll mail LASH-BROW-INE and our FREE Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover.

Beware of worthless imitations. Genuine LASH-BROW-INE sold only by

**MAYBELL LABORATORIES**  
4008-14 Indiana Avenue Chicago

## MEN and WOMEN WANTED

**\$65 to \$150 Month**

**U. S. Gov't Wants Help**

Railway Mail Clerks  
City Mail Carriers  
City Postal Clerks  
Custom House Clerks  
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**VACATIONS WITH PAY**  
Easy Work Short Hours

Send coupon IMMEDIATELY for schedule showing dates and places of the Fall examinations in your section and the valuable features mentioned.

**We Will Coach a Limited Number of Candidates Free of Charge.**

This 2-cent stamp may bring you a **BIG PAY LIFE JOB!**

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. P126  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Kindly send me, without any obligation whatever on my part, and entirely free of charge, (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Sample Questions and Answers; (3) A list of U. S. Government Jobs now easily obtainable; (4) Directions telling me how to get free coaching for the position checked.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

USE THIS BEFORE YOU LOSE IT (P126) WRITE PLAINLY

**LANDA "Preparedness" BILLFOLD**

Elegant, Practical Xmas Gift—Model result of 25 years' experience. Combines currency fold, coin purse, card case, loose-leaf memo pad, 1917 calendar, identification card and transparent photo frame. Made of finest, soft, black Seal Grain Leather—splendid wearing qualities.

Compact, thin, flexible. Will fit any pocket—for ladies or gentlemen. Size closed, 8x3 1/2 inches; open, 8 1/4 x 9 5/8. Special Price, direct to consumer, 50c; \$5.40 doz. postpaid. Order early! \$1.00 each. Any name or monogram in 23 kt. gold FREE. Packed in handsome gift box, containing beautiful engraved Xmas card and tinsel cord.

Land "Biltmore," same in finest Morocco Leather. Special Price, direct to consumer, \$1.00. Worth \$2.50 each. \$10.00 doz. postpaid. Order either kind for yourself and friends. Send today draft, M. O. or postage stamps. Order shipped day received. Write for Landa Xmas Gifts Catalog and "Landa Season for Low Prices."

**A. LANDA & SONS CO., Manufacturers, Dept. H-6 Chicago**

Money Cheerfully Refunded



## 50c

**Postpaid**

Name Engraved Free in

**23 kt. Gold**

For Ladies and Gentlemen

**Special Electric Arc Generator**

Anyone with engine can operate. Furnishes Direct Current at correct voltage for arc. Produces Current for half City Current charges. \$15.00 gives you this machine. The balance in small monthly payments.

**HOBART BROTHERS, Box P9, Troy, Ohio**

**CLASS PINS EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.** Two catalogs FREE for the asking. Pin shown here with any letters, numerals, or colors. Sterling Silver or Rolled Gold Plate, 30 cents each or \$3.00 per doz.

**UNION EMBLEM CO., 720 Greiner Bldg., Palmyra, Pa.**

## VOTING COUPON

The Great Popularity Contest for the Players.

I desire to cast my vote for

.....as my favorite player.

Name.....

Address.....

**25**

**Votes**

## DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT



Eight Months To Pay

Wear a Pure, Blue-white Diamond or Watch while paying for it on easy terms, 20% DOWN - 10% A MONTH. Any honest person given credit. No security required.

All transactions confidential. Goods sent prepaid subject to approval. Binding Guarantee with each Diamond covering quality and value and providing for exchange at full purchase price. 10% DISCOUNT allowed for cash.

Write today for FREE CATALOG No. 4 containing 4000 photographs of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. No obligation to buy.

Dept. 73 P

**JAMES BERGMAN** Est'd 1896

**37-39 MAIDEN LANE**  
**NEW YORK CITY**

# The Burlington SMASHES ALL WATCH PRICES



*Look!*

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—  
Adjusted to the second—  
Adjusted to temperature—  
Adjusted to isochronism—  
Adjusted to positions—  
25-year gold strata case—  
Genuine Montgomery Railroad  
Dial—  
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only  
**\$2.50**  
a month

And all of this for \$2.50—only \$2.50  
per month—a great reduction in watch prices  
—direct to you—positively the exact prices  
the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch  
we offer here at such a remarkable price. And  
if you wish, you may pay this price at the  
rate of \$2.50 a month. Indeed, the days of ex-  
horbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

**See It First** You don't pay a  
cent to anybody

until you see the watch. You don't buy a

Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model,  
handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the master-  
piece of the watch makers' skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

Every fighting vessel in the U. S. Navy has the Burlington Watch aboard. Many have over 100 Burlingtons and  
a few have over 200. This includes every torpedo boat—every submarine as well as the big Dreadnaughts.

**Burlington Watch Co.**  
19th Street and Marshall Blvd.  
Dept. 1558 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and  
prepaid) your free book on watches with  
full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a  
month offer on the Burlington Watch.

**Send Your Name on This  
Free Coupon**

Get the Burlington  
Watch Book by send-

ing this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch  
buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear"  
of over-priced watches which are no better. Send the  
coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

**Burlington Watch Company**

19th St. and Marshall Blvd.

Dept. 1558

Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

(Seventy)



DEC 28 1928

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

DECEMBER

15 CENTS

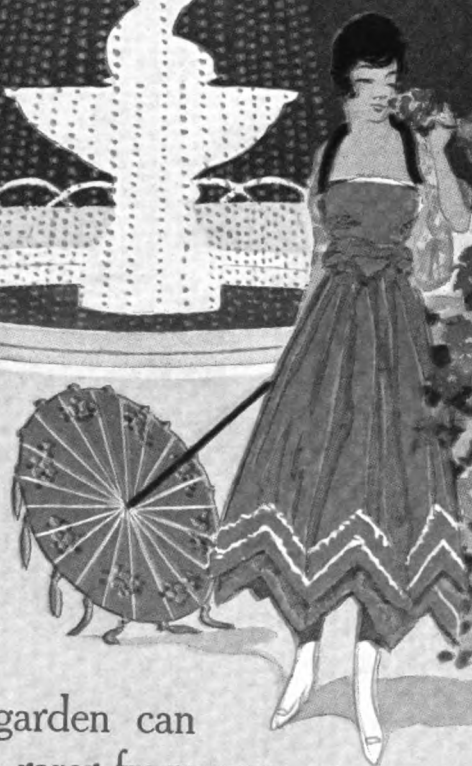
PUTTING THE LAUGH  
IN THE FILMS  
WITH  
35 FUNNY  
ILLUSTRATIONS

*Dielle Jr.*  
1928





# Page



No fairy garden can  
breathe a rarer fragrance  
than these flower perfumes—  
the achievement of

*Page*  
Perfumer  
New York

Each *Page* toilet requisite  
is offered in four odors:—

***Violet, Wistaria,  
Rose and Corylopsis***

Talcum Powder	15c
(in glass bottle)	25c
Face Powder	50c
Toilet Water	75c

## A YULETIDE HINT

*Page* has prepared three attractive Christmas Boxes—  
permanent ornaments for the dressing-table—Containing

Face Powder  
and Toilet Water **\$1.25**

Face Powder, Toilet Water  
and Talcum Powder  
(in glass bottle) **\$1.50**

Face Powder, Toilet Water  
(in glass bottle) and Perfume **\$2.50**

Digitized by



# GENUINE PERFECT CUT DIAMONDS

WORLD'S  
LOWEST PRICE

\$ **97**<sup>50</sup>  
Per Carat

DIRECT FROM  
IMPORTER TO YOU

## You Save 35%

when you buy from L. Basch & Co., direct importers of diamonds. All middlemen's profits are eliminated by our method. **\$97.50 per carat** is the lowest price at which **genuine, perfect cut diamonds** can be sold, and a comparison will prove to you that their retail value is at least \$150.00 per carat.

Thousands of Motion Picture  
Classic Readers Among Our  
Satisfied Patrons

Many of them right  
in your own town  
—let us refer you  
to them—all will  
testify to our  
reputation for  
value - giving  
and reliability.

### Our Respon- sibility

We have been  
established since  
1879. We refer you  
to The Union Bank  
of Chicago, Dun & Brad-  
street's Commercial Agen-  
cies, the publishers of Mo-  
tion Picture Classic, your  
own bank, National Jewelers  
Board of Trade.



No. X71. \$10

### Fine Xmas Gift Special

No. X71 — Solid  
gold lavalliere and chain.  
Three perfect cut blue white  
brilliant diamonds. This  
lavalliere will prove an ap-  
preciated and treasured gift.  
Encased in handsome gift box,  
free. Our special price complete.

**\$10<sup>00</sup>**

## You Can Examine Any Diamond Free—At Our Expense

You prove our claims yourself at our ex-  
pense! Just choose any diamond from this ad or  
from our catalog. We forward a selection for  
your full examination and approval at our expense—  
without obligating you to buy. It doesn't cost you  
one cent to see one of our diamonds. If you don't  
think the selection we send you is the greatest  
value you have ever seen, simply return it at  
our expense.

### Xmas Gift Suggestions

Xmas is almost here and your  
thoughts naturally turn to the  
gifts you intend to buy. You  
will find our catalog a wonder-  
ful help in the selection of  
Christmas Gifts for every-  
body, and our prices effect  
a saving for you of a  
great deal of money.

Each article is en-  
cased in a hand-  
some presentation  
box of surprising  
beauty. See our  
catalog before  
making your  
Xmas pur-  
chase!



X50. 3/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$12.00



X57. 3/4 c. dia.  
each.  
Compl. \$20



X51. 1/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$21.25



X63. 3/4 c.  
dia. Compl. \$33.50



X58. All  
Platinum  
3/4 c. dia.  
in center, 2 dias. on each side.  
Complete \$125.00



X52. 3/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$35.00



X64. Platinum top  
7 fine dias. Complete \$25.00



X59. 1/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$23.00



X53. 1/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$48.75



X65. 3/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$36.25



X66. Solid  
gold cameo  
ring. Compl.  
\$8.75



X69. 14K. Child's  
ring. 1 fine dia.  
Special  
\$2.95



X60. Solid gold  
brooch, fine pink  
shell cameo.  
Spec. price,  
complete, \$6.75



X54. 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$71.25



X68. Solid gold  
cuff links. 2 fine  
dias. Per pair  
\$5.00



X61. Platinum  
circle  
scarf pin.  
1/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$16.50



X55. 1 c. dia.  
Compl. \$101.25



X67. Solid  
gold  
and  
chain.  
1 dia., 2  
pearls. Compl.  
\$7.00



X62. Solid  
gold  
lavall.  
and chain.  
1 dia., 2  
pearls. Compl.  
\$3.95



X56. 1 3/4 c. dia.  
Compl. \$135.00



No. X72. 5/8 - 5/64  
carat diamond of a  
beautiful blue white color,  
and of magnificent brilli-  
ancy. Mounting is 14-K solid  
gold, handmade tiffany soli-  
taire. This diamond ring comes  
to you encased in a handsome  
French ivory cabinet, engraved free. Our  
special import price to you complete

### Extra Special Bargain



No. X72. 5/8 - 5/64 c. dia. Complete \$50

Great  
Foun-  
tain  
Pen  
Value,  
Only  
**\$1.00**

No. X70  
—This  
is a safe-  
ty lever  
self-filling  
fountain  
pen. The  
lever-self-  
filler is  
the sim-  
plest and  
most prac-  
tical foun-  
tain pen  
ever man-  
ufactured.

A perfect  
flow of  
ink is as-  
sured  
at all  
times.

The bar-  
rel and  
cap are  
made of  
first qual-  
ity Para  
rubber.

YOUR  
NAME  
INLAID  
IN GOLD  
FREE.  
The pen  
is made  
of 14K sol-  
id gold,  
iridium  
tipped and  
hand tem-  
pered. We  
guarantee  
free repairs  
for 2 years.  
Mailing  
charges  
prepaid.  
Gift case  
free. Send  
for this pen  
NOW, only

**\$1<sup>00</sup>**



## Basch 1917 De Luxe Diamond Book Free

It Solves Your Xmas Gift Buying Problem

We will forward you, postpaid, a copy of this valuable book upon receipt of your  
name and address. The book contains expert and authoritative facts on diamonds  
needed to buy safe. Wonderful guide to the selection of Christmas gifts and gifts for all other  
occasions. It shows thousands of illustrations of fine diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware,  
cut glass, leather goods, etc., all quoted at money-saving prices. Mail coupon or write us  
a letter or post card for your free copy NOW!



**L. BASCH & CO.**

Dept. C3590

State and Quincy Streets

**CHICAGO,**

**U. S. A.**



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

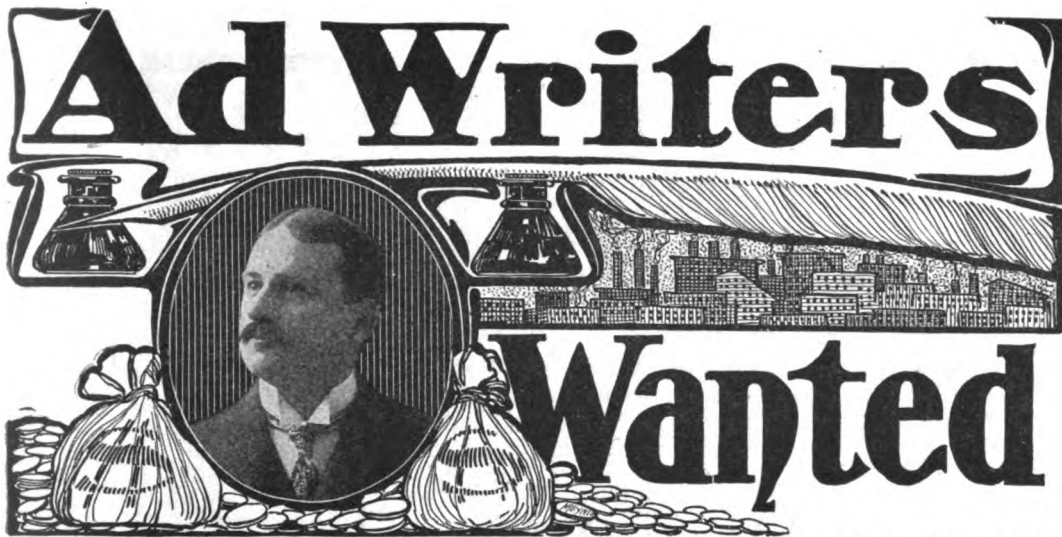
L.  
Basch  
& Co.

Dept. C3590

State & Quincy Sts.  
Chicago, U. S. A.

Please mail me FREE,  
without obligating me, Basch  
1917 DE LUXE DIAMOND  
BOOK.





**Demand for my graduates three times greater than in any previous year. In new Art Prospectus for free mailing, America's leading authorities give valuable advice to brainy young men and women about entering the advertising field, where large salaries and partnerships await those who secure expert training.**

All authorities agree that the advertising business is today in its infancy and that the skillful ad writer is being earnestly sought by business men as never before.

More than three times as many advertisers are employing and asking for Powell graduates, compared with any previous year, and I may add that they are often willing to pay considerably more than \$25 a week at the start. It is nothing uncommon for a new graduate to get a contract netting \$40 or more a week.

More encouraging still for ambitious young men and women is the added fact that former students are not obliged to long remain in these starting positions.

For example, Dr. Mackenzie, whose portrait and abbreviated testimony are herewith presented, shows how Powell graduates are taken into partnerships that result in large fortunes.

This partnership phase of the advertising business has shown remarkable growth. One reason is that the trained ad writer is generally the most valued employee, and upon his skill depend in no small degree the success and growth of a given business. Another reason is that advertising enables the ambitious, steadfast student to achieve success as rapidly as his worth is proven. Red tape and long service are entirely eliminated. It is not necessary to serve in the minor clerkships and waste years trying to get a hold. The skilled ad man in reality commands the situation.

For instance, a Powell graduate is today Vice-President of one of America's great department store systems, with branches in Europe and America. A few years ago he became my student and in four months took his first position as advertising manager of the largest department store of Hamilton, Ont. You will be interested in what he says about advertising as a vocation, although general oversight of his present great business

has compelled him to turn over the advertising work to others.

Men and women earning anywhere from \$1,200 to \$6,000 a year after receiving the benefit of my training are in all live centers throughout the country.

My new Art Prospectus, now ready for free mailing, is far more than a mere explanation of the Powell System. Not only is the whole advertising situation laid bare, but famous authorities give valuable advice to the ambitious who have at least a common-school education and desire to reach the front in the shortest time.

Why advertising instruction by the true correspondence system is far superior to the inefficient class or lecture plans, is clearly and scientifically demonstrated for the first time. The colleges and benevolent institutions have given certain preliminary theoretical advertising information, but practical advertising instruction and skill depend on the exhaustive, expert training as given by the Powell System. In this very connection you will be interested in the findings of such leaders as the *Inland Printer*, leading type founders, Y. M. C. A. directors and heads of the largest national publications, who send me students because they know they will get the best advertising training in the world.

But send for the Prospectus today.

**George H. Powell, 66 Temple Court, N. Y.**



**DR. W. A. MACKENZIE**  
Secy. and Adv. Mgr., Lake County Land Owners' Assn., Fruitland Park, Fla.

#### DECLINED \$10,000 A YEAR

Dr. Mackenzie's three-page endorsement will be found in the new Art Prospectus. These two extracts will make you want to read his complete story: "When I enlisted as your student, it was the red letter day of my existence. I finally declined \$10,000 a year to accept a \$250,000 partnership." Also: "When a young man today tells me there are no opportunities for success, I pity him. Any man with some education who will learn to apply himself and master the Powell System, I believe will make an unqualified success in the advertising business."

#### An Ideal Christmas Gift—80 PLAYERS' PORTRAITS FREE

What could be more suitable as a Christmas gift for those of your relatives or friends who are interested in Motion Pictures, and nowadays nearly everyone attends Motion Picture theaters, than a year's subscription to the *Motion Picture Magazine*? It is a gift that will be enjoyed not only for one day, week or month, but for the entire year. Each month it will be a reminder of your thoughtfulness and kindness at Christmas time.

##### 80 PLAYERS' PORTRAITS FREE

Just now we are including free with each subscription 80 attractive unmounted 4x8 1/4 rotochrome portraits of leading players, suitable for room or den decoration, or for starting an album of the picture players. This remarkable offer is made possible by printing in large quantities and thus reducing the cost.

A list of the portraits is given below.

Lillian Gish  
Mabel Normand  
Dorothy Gish  
Bessie Barriscale  
Norma Talmadge  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Mae Busch  
William S. Hart  
Henry B. Walthall  
Charles Chaplin  
Mollie King  
Muriel Outridge  
Helen Holmes  
Clara Kimball Young

Fannie Ward  
Cleo Ridgely  
Louise Glauco  
Fay Tincher  
Billie Burke  
Viola Dana  
May Allison  
Beverly Bayne  
Francis X. Bushman  
Harold Lockwood  
Mme. Petrova  
Valli Valli  
Mrs. Sidney Drew

Jackie Saunders  
Virginia Pearson  
Kathlyn Williams  
King Baggot  
Beatriz Michelena  
Earle Williams  
Frank Morgan  
Huntley Gordon  
Anita Stewart  
Lillian Walker  
Leah Baird  
Dorothy Kelly  
Lucille Lee Stewart  
Charles Richman

Jewell Hunt  
Alice Joyce  
Peggy Hyland  
Alice Brady  
Ethel Clayton  
Carlyle Blackwell  
Jane Grey  
Frances Nelson  
Marguerite Courtot  
Ruth Roland  
Annette Kellermann  
Fritzie Brunette  
Mary Fuller  
Mary Miles Minter

Pearl White  
Ormi Hawley  
Edwin August  
Kitty Gordon  
Mae Murray  
Blanche Sweet  
Anita King  
Wallace Reid  
Marie Doro  
Vivian Martin  
Dustin Farnum  
Myrtle Stedman  
Lenore Ulrich  
Edna Goodrich

Mary Pickford  
Marguerite Clark  
Pauline Frederick  
John Barrymore  
Owen Moore  
Virginia Norden  
Theda Bara  
Bessie Eyton  
J. Warren Kerrigan  
Edna Mayo

If you desire them as a present to a friend, a beautiful gift card will be sent in accordance to your instructions. All that you will have to do is to fill out coupon below and mail to us with proper remittance.  
Motion Picture Magazine, 1 year \$1.50 (\$1.80 for Canada, \$2.50 for Newfoundland and Foreign); Motion Picture Classic, \$1.75; Canada and Foreign same as Magazine.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find \$..... for one year subscription to the { Motion Picture Magazine  
Motion Picture Classic  
to be sent to..... Further instructions are given in the attached letter.

Signed.....

Address.....

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 4

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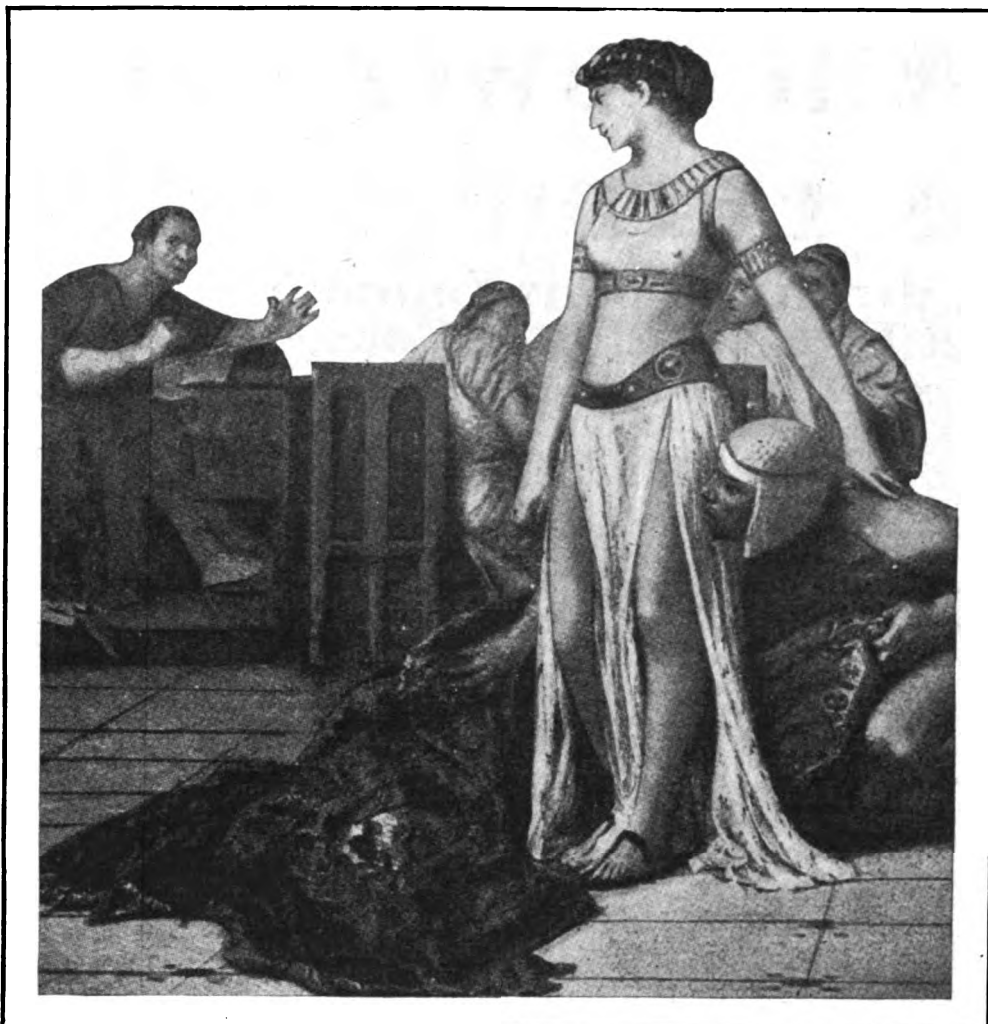
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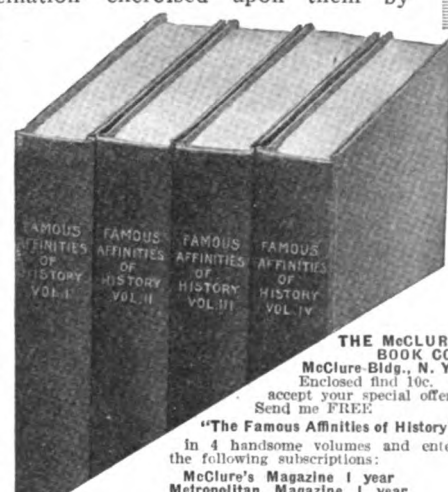
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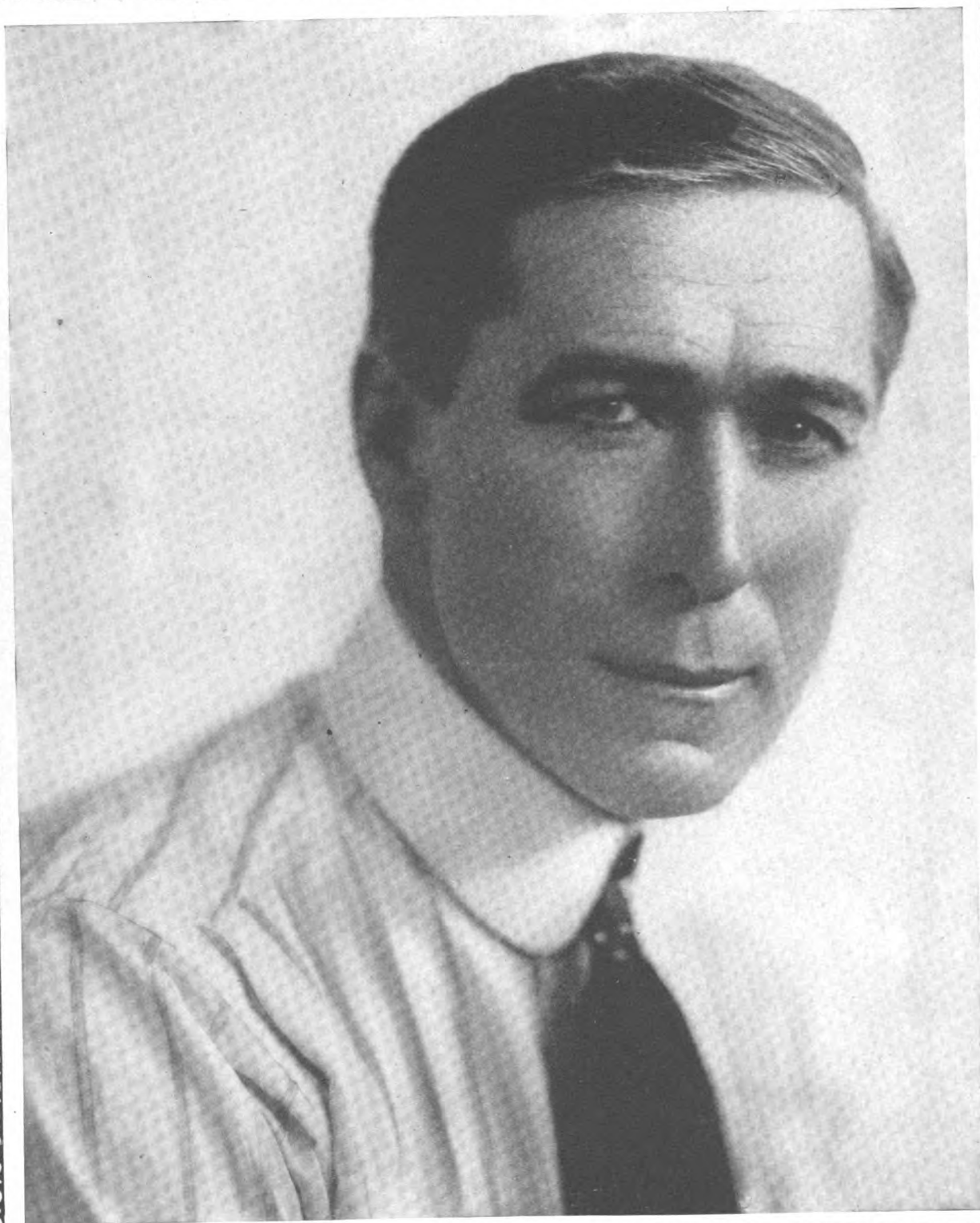
# *Gallery of Photo-Players*



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WM. S. HART  
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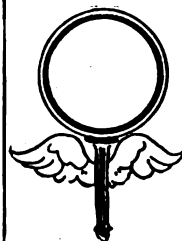
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(Fine Arts)





CARLYLE BLACKWELL (World)

# My Lady's Wardrobe

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

WE are told that the eternal question is clothes. Do clothes make the woman, or is it birth and breeding? Too many wise and sensible folk have stubbed their figurative toes on that mooted question for me, with a marsh-mallow brain, to attempt a brave and solemn discussion. So I merely illustrate the eternal question from



Photo by Mishkin

EDITH STOREY



VIRGINIA PEARSON



ANITA STEWART



ALICE HOLLISTER



MABEL TRUNNELLE

the angle of clothes—privately I'm neutral; but for story purposes I take the other side. Which is that? Why—er—the other side!

But enough of this. Clothes is—or are—the subject.

Their wearers are your good friends, if you are a movie fan, and it's

dollars to peanuts that you are, or you wouldn't be

reading this. But, before I again become entangled in hyperbole, allow me to pass to brass tacks.

Anita Stewart heads the list, wearing a dancing-frock of flesh-colored chiffon, with a fascinating skirt of a series of wide ruffles. The waist is also of flesh-colored chiffon, and the satin girdle, which rises in a large point on one side, is

(Fifteen)

of a delicate tone of blue, with an old-fashioned, adorable nosegay of pastel-shaded silk flowers. The sleeves are edged with silver lace, and a wide band of silver lace peeps from under the last ruffle of the skirt.

Doesn't it sound fascinating? It's a veritable confection, and black-and-white photography is an insult to a gown of such delectable colors. It was introduced for the first time, this gown, at a dance which the Cornell college boys gave

in honor of the fair Anita, and was especially designed for purposes of dazzlement. It succeeded, too, if rumor does not falsify.

Alice Hollister, who is vacationing in New York and Atlantic City, seems to spend the greater part of her time in a wild orgy of shopping, which is the feminine

idea of heaven and a blissful time in general. The latest result of Alice's shopping is what she terms a "dream" of an afternoon frock, by Russek. The chief ingredients of this dream are white georgette crêpe and white moire silk. The georgette crêpe forms the basis of the frock, which is made with a slightly raised waist-line. The series of ruffles

which form the skirt are bound with the narrowest of white moire-silk bands, while a girdle of the same separates—or connects, as you choose—the waist and skirt. The corsage is finished with a knot of daisies, and a tiny hat of leghorn, fastened beneath the chin with a pink satin band, with white kid slippers finished with silver buckles, complete a fascinating costume for the board-walk at Atlantic City.

Virginia Pearson is stunning in a suit of pale golden silk, trimmed in bands of brown fur. The fur collar closely hugs Miss Pearson's round chin, while two deep bands of fur finish the long coat. Pockets, in which Miss Pearson evidently takes a great delight, are a prominent feature of the coat also. A broad-brimmed, black Milan hat, faced with golden taffeta in tiny frills, completes this street costume.

After a hard day at the studio, Mabel Trunnelle loves to hurry home and slip into a loose, comfortable house-gown. The one shown here is ample excuse for such a desire. It is of blue-gray chiffon over a white satin slip. A wide band of gold embroidery, fastened with gold tassels, falls just below the waist-line. The wide collar of blue-gray chiffon is also finished with the gold tassels. A cape effect over back and sleeves is obtained by skillful draping of fine

"shadow-lace." Soft gray kid slippers, with a huge pom-pom of gold, finish the ensemble.

Edith Storey, always beautiful, is more so than ever in a dance-frock of flesh-color net, beneath which hoops of narrow, covered wire help to make the skirt stand out gracefully. The net is encircled by ruffles of exquisite black lace; the pleated



BILLIE BURKE

JUANITA  
HANSEN

BESSIE BARRISCALE



DOROTHY KELLY

girdle of pale pink satin with streamers of black satin velvet; the bands over the shoulder, that try so hard to simulate sleeves without fooling anybody, are of silver lace. White satin slippers, silver-buckled, and white silk stockings complete Miss Storey's more than attractive dance-frock. It never rains but it pours. This seems to

(Sixteen)





NELL CRAIG

be an open season for dance-frocks. Immediately following Edith Storey's, we find Billie Burke, demurely shy, a dimpled smile just waiting to sprout, and wearing a frock which, according to the press man of Billie's company, is the result of a fairy's dream. According to the P. M., the fairy, tired out with dancing, fell asleep and dreamed of a wonderful frock. Waking, the fairy wished to pass the dream on to some one who, being mortal, could make it come true. Lucille—of the daring, the shy, the bold, the modest—frocks were chosen and the dream given to her. And Billie Burke profits by the dream with a frock that is in every way worthy of the story told about it.

The dress is of silver chiffon, hand-embroidered with silver, over silver lace. The skirt is very full and "hooped," while the waist fits smoothly over Billie's white shoulders. A girdle of silver satin forms a dividing-line between waist and skirt. The silver lace at the bottom of the skirt has a wide band of dull pink ribbon, while, a little higher, is a narrow band of a different shade of pink. At intervals, around the very wide skirt, are half-wreaths of deep-blue satin roses (Oh, daring Lucille!), while the corsage is finished with a similar half-wreath. With this frock Miss Burke wears a small string of perfectly matched pearls, with no

(Seventeen)



Photo by Photoplayers Studio

LILLIAN WEST



Photo by White

EMILY STEVENS



Photo by Carpenter

RUTH STONEHOUSE

rings, bracelets or hair ornaments. Thus the dress is allowed to shine in all its glory, without being "fussed" with gew-gaws. Silver satin slippers, laced with silver ribbons over silver silk stockings, are also worn with this, completing a frock that is, in every way, worthy of the P. M.'s pretty fairy story.

Juanita Hansen, always sweet and girlish, is at her very best in an afternoon frock of cream-colored lace, over pink chiffon, over palest blue satin. The edge of the full skirt is bound in palest pink, while the girdle is of the same material, as is the binding of the flat, square-cut collar and the long, close-fitting sleeves. With this are worn white kid slippers and a tiny, close-fitting hat of dull blue, trimmed in dull pink flowers, the whole combining into a marvelously pretty costume for the little leading woman of "The Secret of the Submarine."

Dorothy Kelly wears one of the oddest vampire gowns seen on the screen in many moons, in a forthcoming V. L. S. E. feature. It was designed by Mrs. Jane Lewis, of the Vitagraph costume department, and is of black satin and chiffon, brocaded in silver. The waist and court-train are in one

piece, while the chiffon of the skirt covers silver-spangled satin. The end of the train is finished with peacock feathers.



# A Romance of

## by Pearl



SESSUE HAYAKAWA



TSURU AOKI  
(MRS. SESSUE  
HAYAKAWA)

ONCE upon a time, in far-away Nippon-land, where the moon hangs heavy o' nights; where the lazy breeze brings odors of indefinable sweetness; where the cherry-blossoms sway gently, casting fantastic, witching shadows, the God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be planned a romance. It was the will of the fat, jolly, old god to choose two children who had never even seen each other, and, after divers adventures, bring the threads of their lives together, weaving them into a bright pattern of love and happiness. He chose as the girl a tiny, sloe-eyed tot not yet six years old, whose name was Tsuru—but whose mother called

her "Cherry-Blossom." But Tsuru's mother was dead now, and the little girl lived with her uncle and aunt, famous actors of Imperial Japan.

The boy, who was then almost twelve years old, was Sessue Hayakawa, and his father had carved out, in imagination, a wonderful career for his straight-limbed, brave-eyed son. He should have a high position in the



(Eighteen)



# Nippon-Land

## Gaddis



SESSUE HAYAKAWA



TSURU AOKI  
(MRS. SESSUE  
HAYAKAWA)



(Nineteen)

And Sessue wanted to be an actor.

Now, in Japan one does not go against the decrees of one's parents.

The highest law in Japan is recognized in our own commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother." And it might also be amplified to read: "and all thy ancestors, and relatives thereof." So when Sessue had decided that he wanted to be an actor, it was without much hope of being able to change his father's opinion. Fortunately for us, the American public, however, his father was in a lenient mood and accepted the changes his son wished to make.

"If you choose to be an actor," he said, "at least be a good one. Go to

Japanese navy. And he was being educated at the Japanese Naval School. But Sessue had visited his "honorable uncle and aunt, Kawakimi and Mme. Yacco," who had, as their ward, a thin, dark-eyed little girl in whom Sessue wasn't in the least interested. Boys are boys the world over, and it isn't boy-nature to be interested, at the ripe age of twelve, in thin, dark-eyed little girls of six.



America, to an American college. Learn the American ways—the American plays—all that is best in American drama. Then bring it back to your countrymen."

So you see Japanese fathers aren't so very different from American fathers, after all. It was a big ambition that he had laid out for his son, but it was accepted enthusiastically. A few months later, with Mme. Yacco, her husband Kawakimi, and the child Tsuru, he set sail for America. San Francisco was chosen as the first city in which the noted Japanese players appeared, fresh from the Imperial Theater, Japan. They had also appeared in the Shintomi Za and the Teokoku, principal theaters of Tokio, and it was here that Sessue had first made his appearance as an actor.

But the humanitarian city of San Francisco objected strongly to the stage appearance of a child of eight years—it was two years since Sessue had first seen the little girl who was to mean so much to him in his after-life. An old friend of Kawakimi's, one T. Aoki, had evidenced quite an interest in the child. Hearing of the difficulties, he suggested to Kawakimi that he adopt the child, caring for her, seeing that she was properly educated in a way that would befit the daughter of one of Japan's bravest samurai—a man who gave up his life for his country, on the battlefields of the Russo-Japanese war. This solved the problem effectively, and the child was formally and legally adopted by the kindly little man. T. Aoki was a very famous artist. He had been given his B. A. He had been entertained at length by Victoria, "England's Gracious Queen." His works of art had been exhibited in the most exclusive, aristocratic salons of Paris and art-centers of New York. So it was to be expected that the child Tsuru could not but benefit at his hands. She was sent to a convent, her summers, carefully guarded by a French chaperone, being spent in travel.

Years passed. Sessue had entered the University of Chicago, and had spent the four years of his college life translating the best plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and similar masters of classic literature, into his native language. In the meanwhile, watched over by the kindly God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be, Tsuru was rapidly growing into a slim, lovely woman, in the depths of whose dark eyes a wonderful country awaited the venturesome explorer.

Finally, Sessue started back to Japan, to do as his father had bidden him, to "give of the best of American ways and drama to your own people." Mme. Yacco and her husband, Kawa-

kimi, were also returning to their native land, and the crossing was made together. During the days of the voyage, Mme. Yacco talked much of her lovely niece, foster-daughter of T. Aoki, who had grown up amid the sunny slopes of California. Sessue was politely bored, until, one day, Mme. Yacco chanced to display a photograph of her niece. And instantly the politely bored young man became an eagerly interested one. He begged for the picture, received it, and throughout the next two years of his travels in Japan, introducing Shakespeare and Ibsen to most of his countrymen, the photograph of the lovely Nipponese maid was always before him. And the God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be smiled slightly. Finally, overcome by a restless desire to know the girl whose photograph he had come to love, he closed his show and started for America. But his fame had gone ahead of him, and he was engaged to play the leading rôle in a massive feature production of "The Typhoon." He found the girl of his heart doing leading rôles in Japanese and Indian photoplays under Thos. H. Ince, and as the days passed, the love he had given the photograph was transferred to the original.

But Tsuru had all her native coquetry, combined with a bit that was American. And Sessue found his wooing anything but easy. Nevertheless, with a perseverance that was bound to succeed, he returned again and again to the attack.

And then—that much maligned, seldom credited "psychological moment!" Having a day off duty from her own scenes, Miss Aoki graciously accepted an invitation to watch some of Mr. Hayakawa's, in "The Typhoon." And—oh, psychological instant!—the scenes she watched were love-scenes—and, as every one who has seen "The Typhoon" is sure to remember, they are very nice love-scenes, and played in a deceiving spirit of sincerity. And Miss Aoki was jealous!

That evening, when Mr. Hayakawa called, she was more capricious than ever. When he attempted to "make love" to her, she flung away crossly.

"You say you love me—yet all the time you kiss her," she cried, stormily.

And, being wise above a great many American men, Mr. Hayakawa recognized his instant, and grasped it in passing. The next moment she was weeping out her jealousy and heart-hurt on his impeccably clad shoulder.

The next day each of them demanded four days' vacation, and Director Ince, grinning, gave it. They were married the next day—an American wedding, in an American church,

with bridesmaids, orange-blossoms, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and all the lovely, useless finery so dear to the heart of an American girl. The guests who thronged the church and crowded the house for the reception were all American.

But the next day, in a beautiful Japanese club-house, surrounded by more than three hundred of their own countrymen, including many of the highest rank in southern California, they were married in their own way, when the cups of wine were passed, the obi bow was turned—all the Japanese customs were observed.

The rest of the vacation was spent in a pilgrimage to the tomb of T. Aoki, Tsuru's well beloved foster-father, in San Diego.

"If only he could have been with us!" she cried softly, as they knelt side by side by the tomb of the man who had meant so much to her. "If only he knew!"

"I am sure that he does," said her husband, softly, as he drew her to him.

Soon afterwards Sessue was engaged to play leads for the Lasky Company. His charming little wife does not work regularly, doing only special engagements, as in "Alien Souls," released a short time ago. The best picture work Hayakawa has ever done has been in "The Typhoon," the heavy in "The Cheat" with Fannie Ward, and the appealing, lovable Sakata, the lead in "Alien Souls." Many of his countrymen objected strongly to his part in "The Cheat," believing that he cast a slur on his nationality by making the man a Japanese.

"He might have been a Russian, a Frenchman, a Spaniard—the nationality didn't count," he explained; "the man was merely a villain, and a new twist was given the scenario by making him a Jap."

But since essaying the rôle of Sakata—a rôle which fits his personality—everybody is pleased.

They live in a beautiful bungalow in Hollywood, an essentially American bungalow, with American furnishings and an American bulldog, named for the Japanese god of destruction, "Shoji."

On the Japanese equivalent of our own All Saints' Day, which, in Japan, is the Day of Souls, they make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Aoki. And some day they are going to take him home, where he may rest beside the bodies of his well-loved ancestors. And despite their love for America and Americans, and the love of America and Americans for them, they still love Japan and yearn for the day when they may return to her.

(Twenty)

# Kerrigan's Home Life Ideal. Finds Mother the Best Companion

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

**C**APABLE as J. Warren Kerrigan is as an actor, and well recognized as that fact is by the great majority of theater-going America, still there is one quality possessed by that star of the film world that endears him more to his host of friends and acquaintances than his unusual histrionic ability. That quality is his deep-rooted love for the little mother who has watched over him and who is so largely responsible for the success and the high ideals which he possesses.

J. Warren Kerrigan is unmarried, and so long as he has the mother to preside over his household, he is likely to remain so, for the two are inseparable, and it would be a paragon, indeed, who would be able to usurp her place in his regard.

She is a poetess of considerable standing among the ranks of contemporary writers of this country and, in addition to verse-writing, is the composer of many successful songs. Art is a passion with her, and is second only to her writing. One easily detects the note of pride in her voice when she

says her son is her severest and kindest critic, and it is to him that she first shows her manuscripts. Needless to say, he takes a deep interest in this line of her chosen endeavor and does all in his power to encourage her.

And so, on the other hand, Mrs. Kerrigan is the inspiration which has been so important a factor in her big son's success. Ever ready with a word of encouragement when it is needed and always waiting to offer her experienced advice, she has helped him along that road of hard endeavor that leads to solid success.



In these days, when the slogan, "Take heed of thy children," has so completely usurped the mandate of past decades, "Honor thy father and thy mother," it is pleasing to see an exception so noteworthy as is the relation between Mother Kerrigan and her son.

In his home in Hollywood there is the little mother, the head of the house, ruled by and at the same time ruling her big, handsome son, who treats her with the same deference, engendered by real affection, that he manifested as a boy. They read his coming rôles together; they discuss his interpretation, his make-up, the details of his action. They are both fond of flowers and animals and, together, keep the rose-bushes abloom and care for his saddle-horse.

And so it is that the Kerrigan family is regarded as one of the happiest in the Los Angeles photoplay colony, and her friends regard Mrs. Kerrigan as the most fortunate of mothers. And, if one may judge from the light in her eyes when her boy is near her, perhaps Mrs. Kerrigan feels very much the same way.

(Twenty-one)

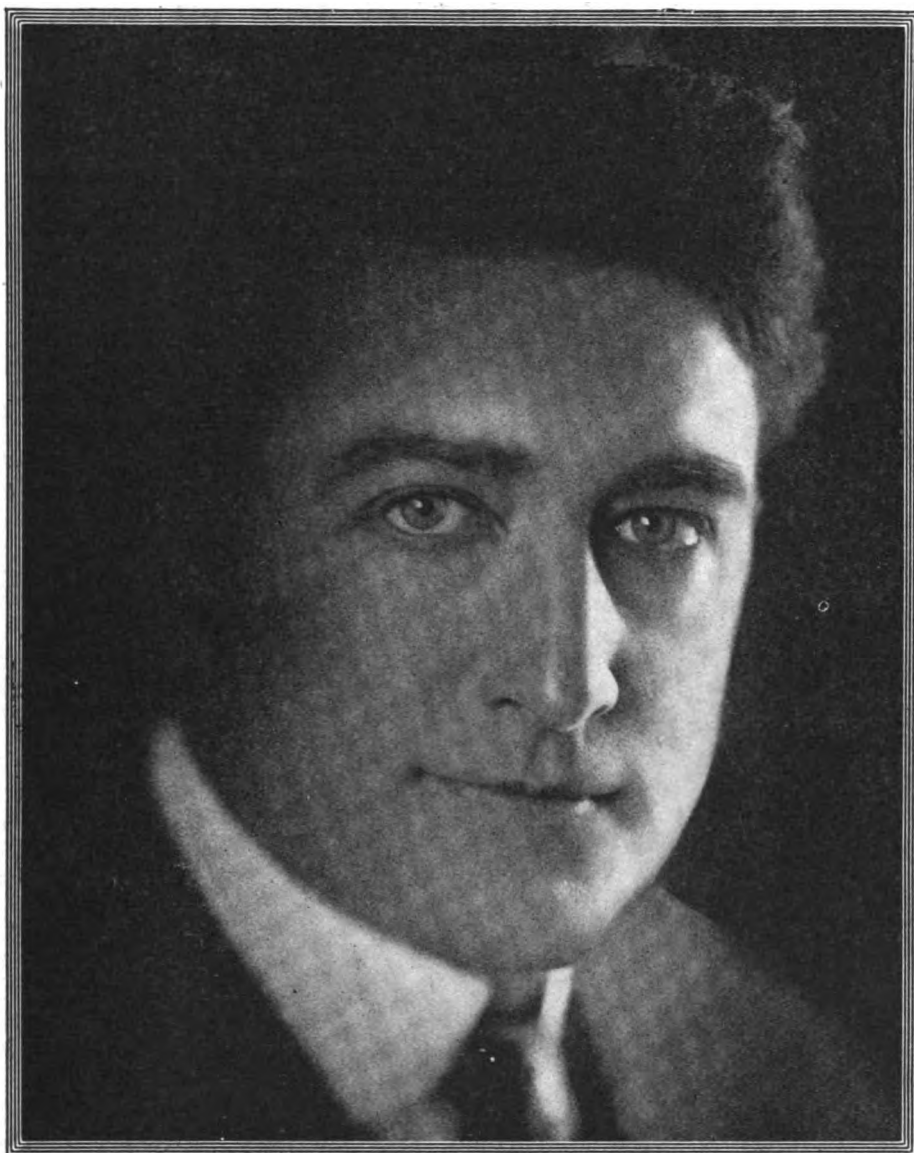


Photo by Harrington

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

**N**OT every actor can be a star, but every actor should aim to be one in his particular work. Without pride and ambition art cannot long endure. It is said that the star system is passing—that the play of today stands on its own merits. I cannot agree. There may be fewer stars on the theatrical horizon just at present than at some past period, but is it not possible that our troupes are more nearly “all-star” companies and conceal individual excellence by the high *average*?

The contention that abolition of the star system will improve the play and make it more agreeable to the average audience is poorly founded. If we represent the average individual ability of a troupe by fifty and mark one of the members ninety, the high-class man may redeem the play by his individual power—his personality; but an even tone must be a very high tone to win by its evenness. Most theatergoers, particularly since the photoplay has familiarized the unlearned classes

with drama, idealize some certain actor, and go to see him, confident that he will make the play interesting, whatever it be. I know a girl who would spend a dollar to see Warren Kerrigan as Mother Goose.

This personal adulation is the making of an actor—financially. Regardless of the ultimate effect on the drama as an institution, of the star system, it is undeniable that the actor individually profits by it. Personality counts. If you are an actor, be a star if you can.

Personality may be smothered. Potential genius must have a favorable medium for expression. The old-stager knows his powers and his limitations; he can lift a part to his level; but the star whose light is yet comparatively dim is wise to make a special study of adaptation. Suit the part to your personality until you are able to suit your personality to the part. The power of adjustment grows by exercise, but must not be strained.

Individuality is cultivable. The

# The Actor's Person

## Health and Strength Are of His Mimed

By L. E.

words of Lewes are as true today as when he uttered them many years ago: “People generally overrate a fine actor's genius and underrate his trained skill. They are apt to credit him with a power of intellectual conception and poetic creation to which he has really a very slight claim, and fail to recognize all the difficulties which his artistic training has enabled him to master.”

An actor's individuality, personality, stage-presence—whatever that quality is that makes him exactly what he is—is both physical and mental. The best conception of a rôle is useless if imperfectly expressed. A weak, effeminate man could not by any technical skill make a good “Sea-wolf.” He could depict vindictive brutality, true—but not in the way London's character did it. A Sea-wolf must be a big, powerful, hard-fisted man, with a jaw and a voice as big as his shoulders. This we may term elemental expression of the physical. There are many others—the magnetism of vigorous, vibrant health, as seen in a “Parsifal”; the pulsating passion of warm blood and a perfect body in a “Cleopatra.” Physical health is the founda-



THEDA BARA IN “CARMEN”

(Twenty-two)



# Physical ality

## the Powder and Shot Emotions

EUBANKS

tion of personality, its vehicle, ranging in force from the brute strength of a savage chieftain to the half-ethereal caress of purest love. Touching on this physical phase, Brander Matthews said:

"Sometimes a playwright beholds one of his characters transformed by an actor, who charges it with a meaning and a purpose, a variety and veracity that the author himself did not suspect and that he had not consciously intended. This transformation may have been caused by the artistic insight of the performer, or it may have been due simply to his personality. Sometimes a part is thus transfigured by the physical fitness of the actor for the character. For it is not only the personality of the actor which affects his art; it is also his actual person. The tools of his trade are the members of his body. His hands and his arms, his walk and his gestures, the glance of his eye and the tones of his voice—these are the implements of his art; these are his chisel and his marble, his brushes, his palette and his canvas."

Too many actors underestimate the possibilities of corrective measures. In this day of marvelous surgery, even



WARREN KERRIGAN IN "THE  
RESTLESS SPIRIT"

(Twenty-three)



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

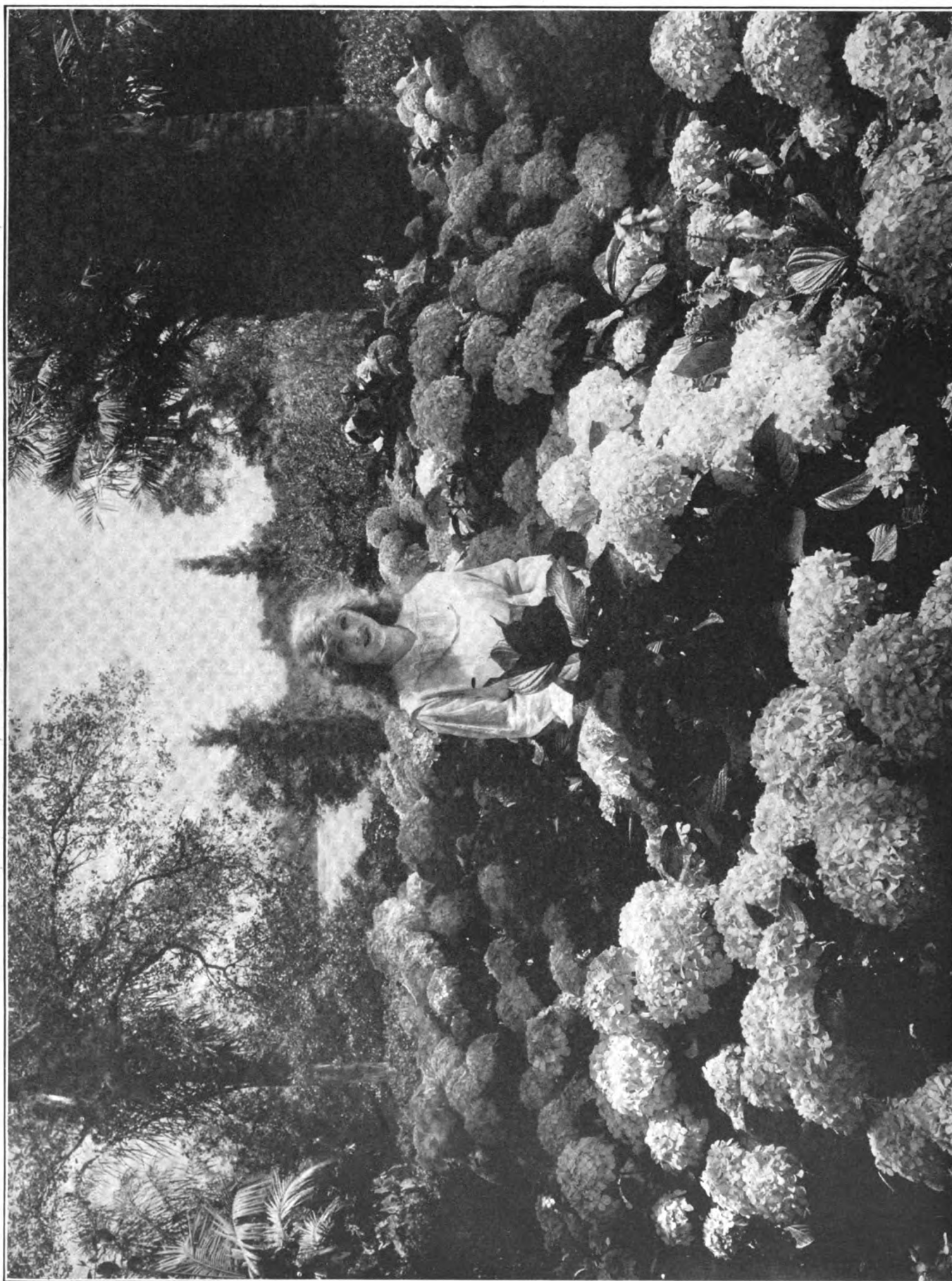
WILLIAM FARNUM

facial features may be altered. Many players suffer ugly handicaps which could be easily and safely removed. If you have a nose that hides the rest of your face, don't resign yourself to walk in its shadow thru life until you have consulted a specialist. If the eyes lack strength and expression, get at the cause and remove it. Expense you cannot afford to consider; your appearance is a large part of your capital. Surely physical attractiveness is an invaluable asset when by it alone so many actors have won success.

Strength and grace come thru physical exercise. Many present-day actors have wisely recognized this. Such men as Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum and Warren Kerrigan—kings of the screen—study to keep their physique at its best. Bushman is an all-around athlete, a sculptor's model, and one of the best wrestlers in the country. He cultivates every side of his physical self, and is as graceful as he is strong. Farnum's robust manhood and physi-

cal wholesomeness account in large measure for his popularity, and the handsome Kerrigan simply would not be Kerrigan without the broad shoulders, athletic carriage and chivalrous spirit. Yes, health and beauty mean much to the actor. Theda Bara's charms are physical; her serpentine suppleness, her warmth of passion, her fire of expression—all come from fine physical condition, intense health.

Naturalness is the essence of individuality, and naturalness will not live in the same corporeal citadel with ill-health. Nerves, in a pathological sense, have no place in an actor's make-up. Self-control is the very foundation of the histrionic art. For the nervous system, if there were no other reason, all actors should practice outdoor sports. Theatrical work is extremely wearing, and the best performers are most likely to suffer nervous breakdown, for the reason that they put into their efforts more emotion—work harder physically and psychologically—than most of us do.



MARY MILES MINTER IN "DULCIE'S ADVENTURE" (MUTUAL)

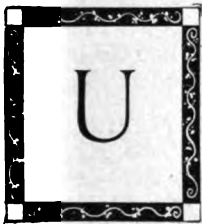
EMILY STEVENS

LYSTER  
CHAMBERS

# The Wager

by  
Dorothy Donnell  
~ Metro ~

This story was written from the Photoplay  
of GEORGE D. BAKER



UNIVERSAL grayness shrouded the early morning world, or perhaps the great, gray stone building tinged everything about it with its own dullness, the dreary color of lost hopes.

A heavy mist, that clogged the eyelashes and trickled in green slime from the stones, rose from the river, which always ran, like molten lead, by the prison, tho it was blue-and-green-and-golden enough below. The girl shivered and drew her wrap more closely about her shapely young shoulders, as she peered up at the great iron gate, with the arc-light still burning above it.

It was a strange wrap for such a time and place—a garment of beautiful craftsmanship and material, and of a style at least two years old, shabby, pathetically jaunty. And it was a strange girl who wore it there at such a time and such a place—a slip of a thing with a small, pointed face dwarfed by a mass of exotic red-gold hair, with great, purple eyes that could be at will either blankly ingenuous, or honey-sweet with coyness, or hard and old and weary as now.

"If they dont open that gate pretty d—n quick, I'll be goin' buggy," she murmured resentfully, then bit her lip in vexation. "There now! An' me plan-nin' to be a perfect lady! I'll do it, too! Dont I always turn every trick I set out to? But, Lord! it's goin' to be a stiffer job than pinchin' the crown jools!"

A clamor of reluctant hinges broke the thread of her thoughts. The tall iron gate swung slowly open, protesting rustily at the distasteful task of letting loose one of its wards. A man stumbled out and stood blinking as tho the dull daylight were too bright for his eyes. The girl gave a cry of joy, of pain, of mother-love and sweetheart eagerness, and ran to meet him.

"Jim!" she sobbed. "Oh, Jim-boy, I've waited so long—since four o'clock—

I thought you wasn't never goin' to come! God! but I'm glad to see you! Oh, Jim!"

"Daisy!" said the man, in a hoarse voice, rusty as the gate from long disuse, "I was goin' straight to find you, girl."

The arc-light sent strange shadows reeling in the cold gusts from the river. It tossed the stark outlines of the gate-bars across their locked shadows, and the girl saw them and shuddered.

"Let's get out of here," she cried shrilly; "this place gives me the creeps."

"It's given me more'n the creeps," said Jim, grimly, and something in his tone sent her glance upward in sudden terror. She had not seen him yet clearly, but she saw him now, thin, with dark hollows under his eyes, and cheeks all fallen in—her handsome Jim! And in two years they had done this to him! But, womanlike, she veiled the dread of her soul.

"You're lookin' fine, Jim—fine!" she lied.

"You cant fool me, old girl," said the man, smiling. "I got about ten months left in me an' no more. It's here." He struck his chest with a great, gaunt hand. "I been spittin' blood a month now, but dont you fret, Daisy. I'd a d—n sight rather die than do any more

time—back there."

"You aint goin' to die, an' you aint goin' to do any more time." She faced him militantly. "Jim, I been thinkin'; let's live straight from now on. I got a reg'lar job—ten dollars a week." Pride lurked in her tone. "I want to be honest, Jim, an' have a little flat somewhere up in the Bronx, with a rubber-plant an' a canary. I want—I want to be married, Jim!"

The man gazed at her in utter bewilderment; then he put out a hand and touched the worn sleeve of her gorgeous wrap.

"Aint that—the one I got with the money Slim let me have on that last haul?" he queried wonderingly. "That's all o' two years ago, Daisy. You mean to say—"

"I haven't bought any clothes since," she nodded, "except a pair of shoes an' a rain-coat—marked down. Ten dollars



dont dress a girl *stylish*, Jim, but she can keep respectable on it——"

He laughed out, harshly, bitterly. "Aw, ferget it!" he scoffed. "You cant do it, hon'. Ten a week—you! Lord! an' I've seen you spend a hundred in an evenin' without winkin' an eye! An', anyhow, how can I get a reg'lar job—an ex-con with a bum chest? No, hon'; once a crook, always a crook, I guess; but I'm goin' to play safe now. I'd rather cash in outside——"

She reached up and checked his words with a hand across his lips. They felt fevered and dry under



"YOU'RE TRYIN'  
TO FRAME ME UP—I WONT TOUCH IT!"

her palm, but she forced herself to speak gaily.

"That'll be about all o' that, old man!" she cried. "I guess I can manage for both of us till you're feelin'—rested up. I got fifty dollars saved. Listen, hon'; you gotter give my plan a try anyhow. I got a hunch I'm right. The straight an' narrow dont lead to any road-houses nor swell hotels; but the other way—the crooked one—that'll carry us back *there*, Jim, sooner or later. They've never got me yet, but they would. Duggan's been watchin' me like a cat for two years, but I've give him the laugh to his face every time I seen him. It's great to give th' bulls the laugh, Jim!"

She chatted merrily on, trying to drown the voices of her dread. They clamored above it all in the ears of her soul. How could one buy medicine for Jim's great, lax body—food that he needed—how could one buy life and the power to work and live and love like honest people with a pitiful ten a week?

Unexpectedly her question was answered two weeks later, at a moment when her strong soul was off its guard. All night she had watched some unseen evil thing doing its will with her man, tearing at his throat with terrible, strangling fingers, beading his poor brow with the salt of agony. All night she had fought this devil of disease with the pitifully inadequate remedies she had, and all night she had heard the doctor's words in her tired brain:

"He must have cream and eggs and country air, or he will die within six

months——" So when the heavy knock sounded on the door, and when on the heels of it Duggan's coarse face appeared, she cringed under his insolent gaze as tho she were



small hand shot out, snatching off the hat crammed down on the detective's head. "You take off your old lid when you're talkin' to a lady!" she commanded grimly; "an' Jim, you lay still. Stone aint got nothin' on either o' us, an' I aint afraid to tell him so to his face." She was struggling into her coat as she spoke; she flung open the door, eyes shining, and tossed Duggan's hat down the hall.

"You follow yer hat!" she said, militantly, small, red-gold head high. "You aint got nothin' on me an' Jim—not one d—n thing!"

She repeated the remark later to Police Commissioner Stone in the office where she had faced him, sullen and defiant, so many times before, and Stone nodded cordially.

"Not a thing on you, Miss Daisy," he agreed blandly; "but I've got a job for you, if you care to make two thousand dollars. It's a clean job—no peaching, no spy work. And it's a job that only you can handle, young lady. You see, it's this way. I want you to steal a diamond necklace and tiara from Thorpe's jewelry store for me."

"It's a plant!" cried Daisy, angrily.



the  
"Dia-  
mond  
Daisy"  
of two  
years  
ago.

"Well, darling, they want you up at headquarters," said the detective, suavely; then his eyes fell upon Jim's ashen face on the pillow. "Hul-lo!" he whistled. "Slippery Jim! I'd forgot you were due about now. Wonder if th' ol' man dont want you, too——"

Daisy's sagging figure stiffened. One

"I WANT SOMETHING  
THAT NOBODY  
COULD BUY,  
EXCEPT  
ME"

(Twenty-six)



"JIM!" SHE CRIED SHARPLY.  
"WHAT 'THEY BEEN DOIN'  
TO YOU, HON'?"

"You're tryin' to frame me up. I wont touch it. You've never got me, an' you never will. I tell you I'm wise to that game!"

"Read that, and you'll see it's no plant," said Stone, curtly, handing her a paper. "That's a written guarantee of immunity. It's all a wager. Thorpe has been boasting that 'no 'con' game could take him in the way Chandler was fleeced three years or so ago. Perhaps you remember how a beautiful, veiled widow, who wanted to sell her husband's heirlooms to him, got the heirlooms mixed up with a diamond necklace worth fifty thousand, and walked off, leaving a pile of ten-cent-store junk behind. Very clever work it was——"

Daisy met his glance calmly. "Seems to me I *did* read about it," she murmured. Stone chuckled.

"Well, Chandler got peeved at Thorpe's boasting, so he bet him five thousand he could find some one to rob *him*, too, within a month. And then he asked me to get the job done for him—done successfully. So I sent for you. But maybe two thousand doesn't listen good, eh?"

Daisy clutched the paper he had given her till the knuckles grew white with the grip. Jim—Jim—*Jim!* Two thousand meant breath for his lungs, blood for his body. She must buy it for him with the only talent she had—her knack of sinning. She could not refuse. Love urged, but her face was white and drawn with pain when, at last, she looked up.

"I'll do it," she said briefly. She turned; her steps dragged. "I'll do it; but it's tough—it's tough as h—l!"

William James Thorpe sat in his office, a solid, stolid figure of prosperity and

(Twenty-seven)

prose. There was nothing subtle about this man who made his fortune from the subtlest of all things—precious stones. Diamonds were not dreams to him; opals held no mysteries in their mystic flames; sapphires no secrets—they were his wares. He sold them as he would have sold potatoes, unenthusiastically, unimaginatively. For thirty years he had sat at that desk, dumptily, with a hundred romances, a score of tragedies, a dozen unwritten chapters of nation's history, and king's loves hidden away in his cabinets, and dictated dull letters, and thought dull thoughts, and lived his dull days. But today was destined to be different—quite, quite different from any day he had ever lived. And the difference, tho he did not guess it, lay in the charming, beautifully dressed schoolgirlish young person, who stood at that moment before one of the counters of his store examining a tray full of diamond rings.

"But they dont any of them *cost* enough," she was objecting ingenuously. "They're the sort of thing *any* girl could afford to own. I want something that *nobody* could buy, except me." She leaned forward, round-eyed, dimpling, in an aura of violet sachet. "My papa is Martin Meloney, the munition man," she told the awed clerk. "Just this one year he's made two or three million dollars, or maybe it's *six*—I cant remember exactly—and he's given me five thousand to spend on my birthday present. I want to spend that five thousand so it'll look like *ten!*"

"Just be seated a moment, Miss Meloney," the clerk fluttered; "I'll speak to Mr. Thorpe himself."

If Thorpe had had an imagination, he might have used it now, as he came forward, bowing and smiling, to meet the pretty daughter of the mushroom millionaire. Having no imagination, he saw the curls, the ruffles, the dimples, but not the watchful look in the wide eyes turned up to him. And somewhere under the dimples and curls and winning smile a very determined young woman registered complete satisfaction.

"I have just the thing you are looking for, Miss Meloney," beamed the jeweler, fussing with the clasp of a maroon velvet case he had brought out with him; "but, unfortunately, altho this set *looks* at least fifteen thousand, it costs *ten*. Ah, isn't that a beauty?"

Somewhere underneath a crowd of childish pleasure, and a clapping of girlish hands, Diamond Daisy gave the opened jewel-case the tribute of a long-drawn breath of amaze.

"Oh! how darling dear!" she cooed. "But I haven't got only five thousand. I'll tell you what!" She sprang up, laughing gleefully. "I've got my car outside. Mr. Thorpe, you come home with me and show the jewels to father. I know he'll buy them for me. He never refuses me on *any* day, and on my birthday he wouldn't dare!"

Ten minutes later the unsuspecting Mr. Thorpe found himself seated in a closed automobile, opposite an excited little figure cooing over the maroon case clasped to her breast. Agreably expectant of a pleasant sale, the jeweler leaned back on the cushions and benignantly surveyed the landscape of the Hudson River and Palisades unrolling thru the car-window. It was fully half an hour before they drove up a long, winding roadway and stopped before a low house quite hidden from the road among the trees.

"Here we are!" cooed Miss Meloney, jumping out of the automobile. She reached up, drew a black veil down from

the brim of her girlish hat over her face, making her look oddly mature. When she spoke to the two husky attendants who ran down the steps to meet them, her voice had changed as well, from high, shrill girlhood to a mellow, sad-timbred tone that seemed full of tears.

"You will have to hold him securely," she told the attendants tremulously. "He is very wild this morning. I thought I would never get him here."

To Mr. Thorpe's horrified amazement, the attendants promptly seized him, one by each arm, and bore him, protesting and struggling, up the steps and into the hall, where they were met by a bewhiskered gentleman with delight tempered by respectful sympathy.

"Very bad, doctor. He is raving about stolen jewels now," murmured the veiled lady, applying a handkerchief to her shrouded eyes. At this point Mr. Thorpe, kicking one of the attendants viciously in the shins, cried out, in a voice hoarse with rage:

"Where am I? What does this outrage mean? Where are my diamond necklace and bracelets?"

"You see, doctor," sighed the lady. She then turned to Thorpe, who, in consequence of his ill-advised kick, was now held quite helpless, and actually kist the affronted man on one leathery cheek.

"Good-by, my poor husband," she said tenderly. "Try, try, dearest, to get over these terrible delusions and come back to your loving Emmie!"

And she was gone, frantic echoes of fragmentary speech floating after her anent: "Thief! Huzzy! Jewels worth a fortune!"

An hour later the same lady stood in a pinched little room in a New York apartment house, describing her adventures for the edification of a haggard man in a dressing-gown and a broad grin.

"It was too easy, Jim!" said Daisy, glowing with pride; "not a hitch from beginnin' to end. You'd ought to have heard your little Daisy spiel like a lady. Gee! Supposin' I'd been doin' it on my own! Wouldn't we have made a haul!"

She opened the case and took out the jewels with fingers that loved them. A greedy look sprang to Jim's sunken eyes.

"Aw, Daisy," he whispered, "you'd never give them back, would you? Think what they'd buy us, girl! Slim would give six thou' for 'em any minute, and we could skip out o' this d—n hole of a town—go where a man could breathe! God! Daisy, with the price o' them bits o' cracked ice I believe I could cheat the devil yet, and I want to live! I'm only twenty-nine; it's too young to blink, girl; we could have good times yet—"

"Jim! Jim!" she besought him. "Dont, hon'; I—I cant, Jim! I would if I could, but somehow I—I got to be respectable! We'll get the two thousand and go somewheres, boy. I got to take the shiners back to Stone. Thorpe'll be breakin' loose any minute now."

She took up the beautiful stones, lin-

geringly, regretfully, and then, in sudden whim, held the necklace up to her throat.

"Looker me, Jim," she cried. "Are they becomin'? Do I make a good millionaire, old man?"

The words died in her throat as the door was flung suddenly open and Duggan stood before them, laughing noisily.

"Caught with the goods on, darling!" he wheezed. "When I saw you comin' out o' Thorpe's this mornin', I says to myself, 'Here's where I hang around Daisy's happy home a spell an' see what's doin', and here I am. Hand over the pretty twinklers, my angel, and come along of me.'"

Daisy drew a quick breath and glanced about the room under veiled lashes. The window open, and the next roof only three feet away—she could make it easily; she *must* make it and carry the jewels to Stone, or he'd think she'd played him an ugly trick.

All the time her slim fingers were laying the jewels back into their velvet nest. Then, before either of the men

Over the roofs fled Daisy, down a fire-escape at last, dodging into alleyways, a hunted thing. Often and often she had been pursued thus when she was a fugitive from the law, but today, the maroon velvet case clutched to her breast, she was a fugitive *toward* the law, and she knew well her only chance of safety lay in reaching Stone's office unarrested. It was fully two hours later when, lips sagging apart with her gaspy breaths, she burst at last into the Police Commissioner's office and leaned heavily against the door, staring at the scene which met her eyes.

In an armchair sat Jim, sagging in every joint of his big frame—Jim, cowed, dazed, with a look of awful fear on his poor, white, wasted face. There were men all about—Thorpe, garrulous with the shrill anger of a dull man; Duggan,

leering triumphantly at her;

Stone, red and fussy and bullying. But she

saw none of them, only Jim, her man, whom they had been torturing. She sprang to him with the hovering



THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HANDED HIM TWO SLIPS—

realized what she was about to do, she had sprung to the window-sill, catching up her hat and cloak from the bed, wavered there an instant, then leaped across the chasm and was gone.

"I'll get you, anyhow!" snarled Duggan, inarticulate with fury, leaping upon the gaunt figure on the bed and snapping a pair of handcuffs on Jim's wrists.

"You're an accomplice. Get up now, and quit yer shamming. You'll tell Stone what you know about them jewels, or I'll kick you into the middle of next month!"



gestures of a mother animal, and flung her arms about his neck.

"Jim!" she cried sharply. "What they been doin' to you, hon'?"

Then, suddenly, she grew quiet; she and Jim were creatures caught in the envenomed mesh of the law's web. What use to struggle? She drew the jewel-box from beneath her cloak and tossed it to Stone, who passed it to Thorpe. The jeweler opened it and held the bits of icy fire up to them all.

"Count 'em," said Daisy, grimly. "Dont take my word."

"All here," said the jeweler, with a sigh of relief. He turned to another man, with a grimace of chagrin.

into the neck of her gown and took out the paper Stone had given her. "He hired me to do the trick; ask him."

"How will that sound at the next election, Cap'n?" purred Duggan. "Better get the paper back and tear it up—eh?"

Stone's glance shifted. He had passed a wretched afternoon of uncertainty as to whether Daisy meant to return the jewels or not; he had been reprov'd and scolded and threatened.

than you are, anyhow! We never stole a woman's chanct to live decent; we never robbed a sick man o' his chanct to get well. Aw, what's the use talkin'——"

Her voice broke. She turned to Duggan, with a hopeless gesture, and held out her hands.

"Snap 'em on an' get it over," she said lifelessly—"I'm done!"

"No!"

Stone stood between the girl and the handcuffs in the detective's outstretched hands. His thick face was congested with shamed blood. "Take your bracelets away, Duggan," he roared, "or put 'em on me! The girl's done nothing. It's my fault, and, by Heaven! I'll stand the consequences. I was a d—d fool to meddle with a rotten wager like that, but if anybody here wants to use my d—d folly against me, they're welcome to. I aint goin' to hide behind a girl like this one—square all the way thru!"

Silence fell over the little office. Daisy crept closer to Jim. Chandler and Thorpe consulted in the background, then beckoned to Stone.

"If there aint any arrestin' to be done, I suppose I can go?" growled Duggan, swinging angrily on his heel; but Stone's voice swung him about again. The Police Commissioner handed him two slips of paper.

"Give these to the young lady, Bill," he directed. "Our friends here have handed over the stakes they put up for the wager for her to take her man away to the country, where he can get strong and well."

"What—give 'em the whole thing?" gasped Duggan, slack-jawed. "Ten thou'! Ten thou' to a couple of con-workers!"

The disappointed detective hesitated and looked from one to the other.

"Do you mean that these guys are to get the whole thing, Commissioner?"

"I mean just that, Duggan," replied Stone, tartly. "Remove those handcuffs and hand over these checks."

Duggan sullenly walked over to the pair, who were now happy in each other's embrace. His crestfallen face was comical in his defeat, but he removed the steel bracelets, stuffed them janglingly into his pocket, planted the two slips in Daisy's outstretched hand and turned on his heel.

Daisy looked down at the bits of blue paper in her fingers. They meant life, and love, and a chance to be happy and respectable; they meant a little flat in the Bronx, with a rubber-plant and a canary. She looked up, and it seemed to her that Jim's face, seen dimly thru her tears, was working with a new softness and tenderness he was trying hard not to show.

"Come along, Daisy," said Jim, putting one great, gaunt arm about her—beneath her cheek she felt the muscles tighten, as he straightened his shoulders, man-fashion—"come along and we'll find a parson. I want to begin bein' like folks. I want to begin now!"



"GIVE THESE TO THE YOUNG LADY, BILL," HE DIRECTED

"You win, Chandler," he admitted. "The five is yours. It's worth it to get out of that insane asylum and to get these jewels back, and I wont lose the money, either. I'll just change the price-mark on these"—he tapped the case tenderly—"from ten thousand to fifteen."

"And now, suppose you two come along with me," said Duggan, briskly taking a step toward the two flies in the web of the great spider. "Your story about this being a put-up job'll sound pretty phoney to the judge—eh, darling?"

He laughed aloud in sheer delight of his triumph. It would give him the promotion he coveted, and, after all, ex-crooks were fair game. If he didn't get them, some one else would.

"I've got his word I wasn't to be touched for it," said Daisy, slowly. Her face had gone very white. She reached

sinister possibilities of what had appealed to him as a friendly joke appalled him. But he did not meet Daisy's scornful eyes as he held out his hand.

"Give me that paper, my girl," he said doggedly.

Daisy rose to her feet, one hand on Jim's thin shoulder. She could feel it trembling beneath her touch, and her blood took fire.

"So you're goin' to throw me down, are you?" she inquired clearly. "Why, even a sneak thief 'ud be ashamed to treat a pal like that! You're goin' to get us sent up—me who's gone straight as a die for two years—Jim as'll die in a month in the pen! We was goin' to live clean; we was goin' to get married like reg'lar folks, an' now you're figurin' on takin' our chanct away." She drew a slow breath. "Gawd! but aint you a skunk, P'lice Commissioner Stone! Me an' Jim here, we're crooks; we've took what didn't belong to us; one o' us has done time, but we're more respectable

# Wallace Reid, Cook, Student, and Housekeeper

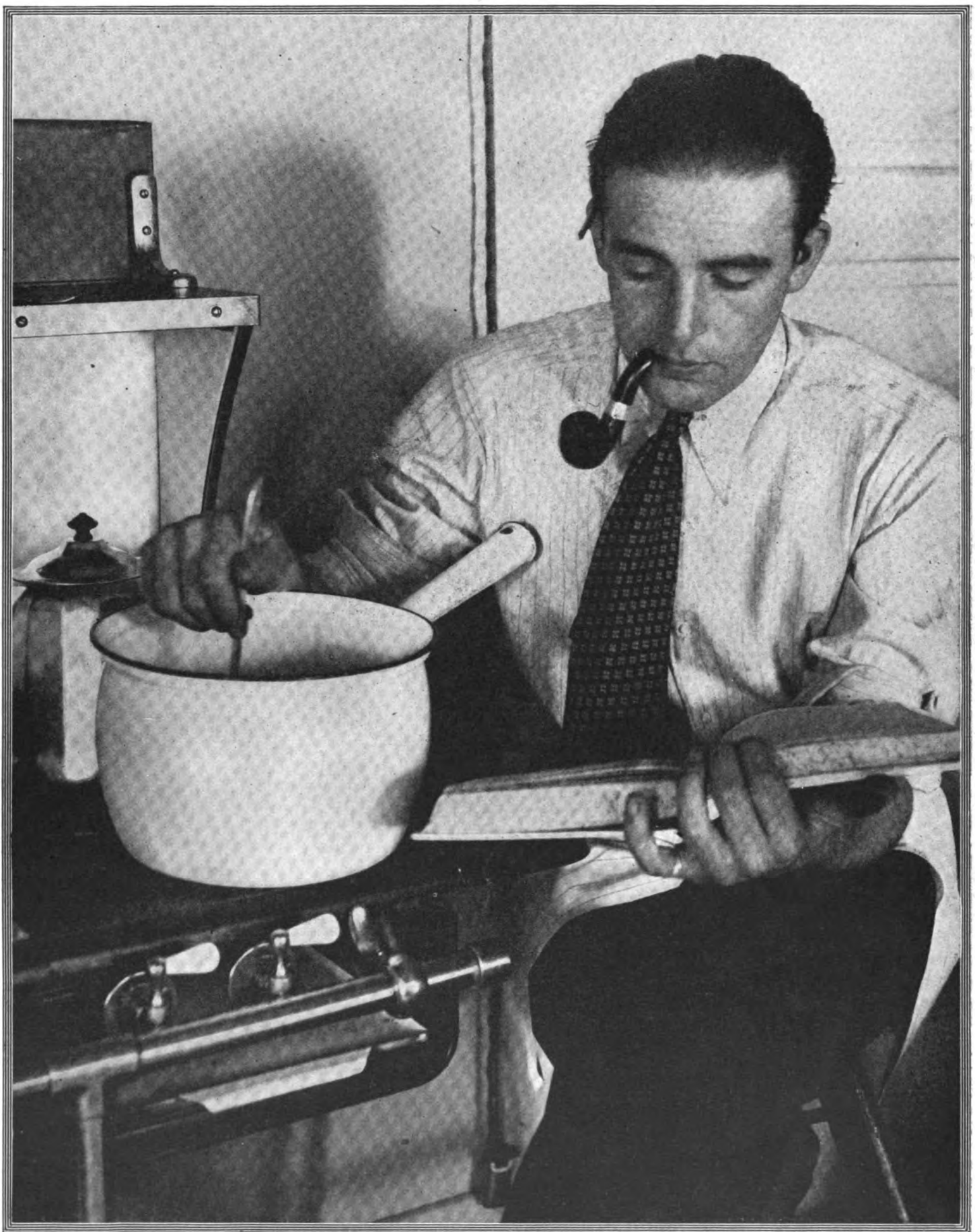


Photo by Stagg

WALLACE REID

Wallace Reid, the popular leading man of the Lasky Company, is not only a student, but his wife, Dorothy Davenport, finds him a very handy assistant about the house. But Wallace believes in killing two birds with one stone, whenever possible, and here we find him stirring the soup and reading a copy of Bryce's "American Commonwealth"

# Keeping in Training for the Strenuous Movie Life

Many of the Players Are Real Athletes Because They Love to Be, and Many Are Athletes Because They Have to Be, in Order to Be Fit for the Arduous Tasks That Are Often Assigned Them

By PAULINE ALLEN

"ANYBODY do anything outdoors—sports—tennis, golf, riding, swimming—that sort of thing?" I asked of one of those shorter and uglier persons known in filmland as the P. A.

"Everybody does everything," he answered, true to type.

"Be reasonable," I urged; "be specific. Who does what?"

Now, any press agent who would be reasonable would lose his job, and after I had listened, while he named all the stars of his company and declared each one expert in every known outdoor sport, I decided to take a little trip around the studio and check up on him. The quest of outdoor lovers thus begun lasted many days, for these film-folks are as hard to find with a minute to spare as J. P. Morgan or H. E. Huntington, and you wonder when they ever get time to play at all, at all.

They get it—some of them—before you and I are out of bed in the morning and at all sorts of odd hours. Take the Gish girls, for example—Lillian and Dorothy—and I am beginning at a studio far from the one where I asked the question of the P. A., to avoid a suit for defamation of his character. They are up when the birds are breakfasting on the blossom-buds of the fruit-trees and the first bit of green that shows in everybody's garden, for they love to walk. They love it well enough to get up in time to walk the four miles to their studio and be there by eight-thirty in the morning.

They are real sisters, these two—chummy and inseparable. And for all they look as delicate as the flowers that bloom at the edge of the snows in the high Sierras, they are keen outdoor girls. When they have overslept a bit, and haven't time to walk

to their work, they hop into their motor-car and drive there. And on Sundays, and the stray holidays that happen unexpectedly in filmland, they are off together to a near-by tennis court, and, not satisfied with these things, they joined a gymnasium class at the Young Women's Christian Association, and two evenings a week they are there from six to seven in the evening, doing all sorts of setting-up exercises, folk-dancing, club-swinging, and playing lively at basket-ball and baseball.

Another one who likes to be up with the birds, and while the dew is still on the grass, is a young star that has just begun to twinkle. And let me whisper in your ear that *they* say she is destined to make people forget Mary Pickford. Her name is Mary MacLaren. To her the greatest outdoor sport is to go tiptoeing barefoot across the wet grass in the garden of her Hollywood home, with only a few wisps of gauze between her and the weather, and with no one to see but the sun, peeping thru the branches of a tall eucalyptus at the edge of the garden.

It's real fun to dance that way, sans camera, sans director, sans audience; that is, of course—well, she wouldn't like it best then and there and that way all the time; but it's fun while she's doing it, and it puts her in fine trim for the day's work.

"That's the answer," said Herbert Rawlinson, when I came upon him in his dressing-room, playing with one of the Universal kiddies, and he kicked a bit of muslin that spread out V-wise and declared itself that little bit of nothing that is a track-suit. Beyond it lay a pair of soft-sole running-shoes.

"Every morning I get out and take a run over the hills—that is, every

morning that my wife and I don't roll out of bed into our bathing-suits and then on into our car and drive down to the sea (ten miles away) for a plunge in the surf before breakfast.

"When I first went into the movies I had to do all sorts of outdoor things to keep in practice for any sort of stunt I might be called on to do. But now that Moving Pictures are something besides falling over precipices and off horses and railroad bridges, now that it is drama and not a mere series of stunts, I've cut down my outdoor sports to the ones I like best—running, rowing, swimming, golf, tennis, and sometimes I do a bit of boxing just to keep from getting lazy and slow. If you want to put 'pep' in your work, you must keep physically fit."

Even as he spoke, he was sitting in a pair of riding-breeches and boots, still damp from some mad ride or other thru some rushing river or other, with some armful of maiden or other, and he was keeping his legs very straight that boots and breeches would dry in good shape, so I really felt no alarm lest the movies grow suddenly too tame.

I came upon Ruth Stonehouse rehearsing a scene where a gentleman-villain in carrot-colored hair and goatee was seizing her rudely in his arms, but just before he did, whatever he meant to do, Ruth's hand fell luckily on a paper-knife or dagger—which-ever it was that chanced to be on the parlor-table—and, with bulging, blue eyes, the gentleman-villain desisted.

While the director was telling the villain how to be more villainesque, I learnt from Miss Stonehouse that her favorite outdoor sport is riding, with a gun across her saddle-bow. She spent a number of years on a ranch in Arizona, and there she learnt to handle a rifle like a man. She can nip

(Thirty-one)



the tail-feathers off a bluejay as far as she can see one. Not long ago she was with a party of friends at one of the beach resorts near Los Angeles, and she gave them all the surprise of their lives when she shot the yellow glass-eye out of every nigger that went

buckin' broncho that ever bucked. Marin Sais, too, is a lover of horses and a splendid horsewoman. She has won the unique reputation of salting down some of the five- and six-figured checks that are the smallest

legal tender known in filmland. She owns a California ranch, and among her crops is a string of polo ponies.

There are some keen polo-players in southern California, and one of them undertook, not long ago, to teach Miss Sais the game, and the gossips are saying that little Dan Cupid was sticking around while the lessons were going on, and got in some of his deadly work.

However that may be, Miss Sais thinks polo the greatest game ever and is trying to make up a polo-team among the

horsewomen of the studios. In my quest I came upon Dustin Farnum, just back from a fishing-trip.

RUTH  
STONEHOUSE



MARY MAC LAREN

bobbing across the screen of one of the shooting galleries on the pleasure-pier, and sent every duck under the water. She put the shooting-gallery out of business in an hour.

It would be a sorry day for any real villain that might try to molest Miss Stonehouse when she is strolling or riding about the Hollywood hills with her gun.

Jane Bernoudy is another real wild westerner who loves her horse better than any old make of automobile. Before she went into screen work she had made a name for herself as a Wild West rider and rope-thrower, and she does not allow her hand to lose its cunning. She can still put the noose of her lariat on hoof or horn of any animal in full career, and can ride the

LITTLE ZOE BECH

(Thirty-two)



CLASSIC

and there was no question at all about his favorite outdoor sport.

"There's just one big city on this globe," he said sagely—"that's New York. There's just one perfect spot on this same globe, and that's Avalon, Catalina Island."

And on the lapel of his coat was the silver button of the Light Tackle Class of the Tuna Club—if not the most ancient, surely the most honorable and enviable order of anglers in Christendom. Either of two of this catch entitled him to this button.

MARIN  
SAIS

"No sport like it anywhere," he said. "Ever tried fishing on a sled? No?"

Well, then, you cant quite understand." But I did understand, for it must be



MARIE DORO



WALLACE REID

HOUSE  
PETERS

Now "Dusty," as they call him lovingly out here in California, has given the once-over to most of the places on the globe, having belted it once and having slipped into all the nooks and crannies of Europe many times, so he ought to be an authority, and you are sure he is when you look into his honest-Injun eyes.

But to prove the second half of his dictum, he pulled out a picture he had brought with him from Catalina, showing himself and a string of five yellow-tail he had caught the day before, one of which was then in the oven for a fish-dinner for all hands at the studio.

(Thirty-three)



J. WARREN KERRIGAN

some sport that would make any actor willing to go down to posterity on the pages of a magazine as a common garden variety of ugly, unshaven man, to say nothing of his having posed with his fish on the wharf at Catalina after the manner of every amateur angler that ever made a catch in that famous bay.

"I'm just as big a rube as anybody when I go fishing at Catalina," laughed "Dusty," the darling of the girls.

Mr. Farnum is a lot of things besides being an actor. Up in Maine he's a farmer—not of the gentleman sort that doesn't



know alfalfa from artichokes—and for the three years he has been working in the movies in California he has cut across the country in mid-summer to see how his crops

where along the Maine coast, and has the salt of the sea in his blood, and that's why he is never so happy as when he is within sniff of the

scared, snared yellowtail. Dustin Farnum's string of yellowtail makes J. Warren Kerrigan's string of trout look like a bunch of bait, unless you happen to know just how sporty a sport trout-fishing is, just how many miles one must walk or crawl along the rocky bank or thru the tangle of willows, tickling, teasing, taunting, terrifying those wary, nervous little streaks of lightning.

Whenever the company is "on location" Kerrigan is up at daybreak whipping the nearest stream, and everybody has fresh trout for breakfast.

JANE  
BERNOUDY

MABEL  
NORMAND

HERBERT  
RAWLINSON

DUSTIN  
FARNUM

TOM FORMAN



are coming on. This year he cut diagonally across from San Diego to Maine in his motor-car. He was born some-

where along the Maine coast, and has the salt of the sea in his blood, and that's why he is never so happy as when he is within sniff of the

One morning, when they were in the mountains, Kerrigan made his usual promise of a trout breakfast, and some bets were made as to whether he would make good. He came back in a very short time with a very long string, and he collected nearly as many dollars as he had fish. And it was a day or two before the fellows who had paid over the money learnt that Kerrigan had reached the stream just a little while after some road-workers had fired a blast of dynamite and found it full of dead fish floating on the top. He waded in, scooped up the fish, strung them on a string, and carried them triumphantly back to camp. And the bets couldn't be declared off, because

(Thirty-four)



nobody had stipulated the form of murder he was to commit on the fish.

They had told me Wallace Reid was some tennis player, but the day I happened in at a rehearsal of "The House of the Golden Windows," he was much more inclined to talk about the black bass he had been catching up somewhere near Santa Maria in somebody's private lake. But afterwards he did admit that he liked tennis, and plays it whenever he gets a chance, and that he is also keen on motoring and horses and dogs. All the dogs he has just now are some Saint Bernards, a mixed wolf and black shepherd, and a Spitz—the latter owned with the apology that it's a pretty bit of a thing for his wife to wear, said wife being Dorothy Davenport, a player that the Smalleys are proud of finding and who, by the way, likes all sorts of outdoor things, and especially golf.

That very day Mr. Reid was in mourning over the loss of a young Saint Bernard and the near-loss of his half-breed wolf. Just at going-to-work-time the Hollywood populace was regaled by the sight of an Apollo in lavender pajamas sprinting down the main thoroughfare at record speed, urged by the yelps of a dog that had got mixed up with a motorcycle. The owner of the motorcycle thought the animal a real wolf and was afraid to go near it, and nobody else dared. But he of the lavender pajamas went right down in the dirt and disentangled his mad, hurt pet, registering more real emotion in five minutes than he registers of reel emotion in five miles of film.

The bystanders looked about for the man with the little, black box on the long, black legs, for every time anything unusual happens the people of Hollywood think it is part of a Moving Picture.

Besides dogs and horses and motor-

ing and tennis and fishing, Mr. Reid confessed to a liking for and a bit of expertness at swimming.

"I used to do a good deal of swimming along the Jersey coast," he said. "Came pretty near the record on high dives and hundred-yard dash. When I first came out here, those feats were magnified into all sorts of Pacific Coast championships. I hadn't had very close relations with the *genus homo, species Press-agenticus*, and I began practicing jiu-jitsu for fear the real record-holders would attack me on sight for trying to steal their glory."

And swimming, somehow, led to a confession that he was a bit of a sprinter and weight-thrower—in fact, one of the all-around track men at Lafayette (not Lafayette, Indiana, he begged with all the hauteur that Easton, Pennsylvania, feels toward Lafayette, Indiana).

I began to understand that first press agent, and, by way of simplifying matters, I asked:

"Is there anything in the way of outdoor sports that you don't do, Mr. Reid?" And he said, quite simply:

"I've never tried landscape painting."

Tom Forman is a famous Nimrod. He goes out into the tall timber after game in his automobile and forgets there is such a word as good roads in the vocabulary, and, if I can diagnose the picture he gave me to prove his prowess, he can't get in between his own gate-posts when he gets home with the tonneau loaded with deer and bear and jack-rabbits and other trophies of the chase.

And so one might go on indefinitely. Marie Walcamp likes riding and doesn't care whether her horse goes on four feet or two, and if there isn't a horse handy she can jump into the cab of a locomotive and drive it just as well. Mabel Normand swims like a

mermaid. Anita King is motor-mad and drove her car all the way across the continent. Cleo Ridgely rode horseback from New York to California. Marie Doro has become a devotee of the most popular of all outdoor sports in southern California, Moving Picture taking. Charlie Chaplin made her a present of a camera, and all her pin-money goes into film, for she shoots everything she sees in motion, from the back yard cat to a floral parade.

Last and littlest, but by no means least of these few doers of outdoor things in filmdom, is little Zoe Bech, alias Zoe Du Rae.

The other week there was a big motor-car parade at Ascot Park for some benefit or other, with all the movie queens sitting tight at the wheels of all the makes of motor-cars there are. Big as life, and braver than most and best driver of them all, was this five-year-old, with her snow-white Spitz, "Cinders," helping to fill the seat.

Somewhere out of sight sat a man who now and then eked out the baby-arms and legs when there was manipulating of the brakes or other things that no human baby could do. But Zoe managed the wheel and had a lot of applause.

It was only the second day after the car was bought that Zoe climbed into her father's lap and said:

"Daddy, I know how to run that car—jump in and I'll give you a ride."

"What do you do?" queried daddy.

"To start the car, I turn on the ignition; then I retard my spark-lever; then I step on the foot-lever; then de-clutch; then I shift my gear into first; then I step on the accelerator; then I watch the trees run backward."

After all, that P. A. wasn't so short and ugly as I thought.



## "La Nuit Blanche"

(A modern improvement (1) on Kipling's nightmare)

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

I had seen as dawn was steering  
East—I staggered to my rest—  
All the stars in Filmdom leering,  
As at some infernal pest.  
I had seen the eyes of Theda  
Burn and quiver, swell and sink;  
Was it earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning,  
Billie Ritchie, Chaplin, all  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
Paraded gently up my wall;  
Then I watched a camera walking,  
And I heard Bob Leonard sing;  
And the Selig zoo all talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.

(Thirty-five)

Half the night I watched the building  
Of a million zigzag sets,  
Helped the wizards do the gilding  
Of their ordinary pets;  
Shook Dave Griffith for his tameness,  
Wept for Ince's dying zest;  
Beat my breast for Pickford's sameness,  
Kicked Arbuckle off my chest.

Next, a chain of leaders, weeping,  
Dragging "Later" by the tail,  
Waltzed into my hot brain, keeping  
Step along the crimson trail.  
Kalem's grinning, flashing pinwheel  
One-stepped with Triangle's "T",  
Beauty's blood-red rose spit cornmeal  
In the phiz of Frank X. B.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
On a thousand-year-long race,  
But that whizzing, square, white curtain  
Kept me always in one place.  
All the limbs and forms of Undine  
Begged me for a place to skip,  
So I—with a smile of sunshine—  
Gave them all my—upper lip!

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,  
Broke the solemn, pitying day,  
And I knew my pains were ended,  
So I turned and tried to pray.  
Nevermore, while time I'm stealing,  
On the movies' Gay White Way,  
Will I set my poor brain reeling,  
Chewing twenty reels per day!



# Psychology and the

IF you get out Volume P-Q of that new Encyclopedia Britannica, that you're buying at a dollar down and a dollar ever afterwards, you'll find that the subject of this article isn't so hard as it looks. Reduced to brass tacks, it simply means the way the brain works—my brain, your brain, and the brain of your next-door neighbor (provided he has one). And so the psychology of the screen means the way the Motion Picture actors and actresses express the emotions that are supposed to be going on in their minds—love, maybe; and how some of those be-yootiful heroes and heroines do express that—whee!—or hate, or jealousy, or despair because the cook is leaving—and the way they make these emotions reach out across the orchestra and set the fat drummer in the third row blubbering, or the high-school girl and her beau to holding hands.

In the spoken drama, the audience is continually being coached and directed how to feel. The characters of the play explain and argue and scatter words right and left in the most spendthrift fashion. When the playwright is afraid his audience won't understand the heroine's state of mind, he simply sets the butler and the maid to tidying up the drawing-room to the accompaniment of a conversation something like this:

The Butler (shaking head mournfully)—It fair breaks me heart to see how unhappy the mistress is these days!

The Maid (dusting a papier-mâché bust of Lincoln)—Yes, it's because she's too stout to wear this season's styles. She's afraid she'll have to give up ice-cream sundaes to keep master's love. What brutes you men are!—

VALESKA  
SURATT



EDITH STOREY



SCENE FROM "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD" (VITAGRAPH)

(Thirty-six)

# Screen *By Dorothy Donnell*



SARAH  
BERNHARDT

THEDA BARA

(Thirty-seven)

and so on, until every one knows the whole situation. Now, on the screen it is difficult for an actress to behave like a woman who has had to give up ice-cream sundaes, or yet—as somebody or other has suggested—to enter the room with the air of just having had a cup of tea.

Subtleties like these are too fine for the screen. If the movie audiences are to understand what is going on, only the most elementary and recognizable emotions can be chosen for photoplay use. We've all of us presumably experienced love, remorse, jealousy and sorrow at some time in our lives, and it's dollars to doughnuts we'll know them when we see them. When the handsome hero with the square jaw kisses the lovely heroine with the expensive hair, *Friend Wife* leans against our shoulder and murmurs, tenderly, "He doesn't do it half so well as you did, Jim; and I don't see—do you?—why they call *her* so good-looking!" And when the villain repents, and dies to slow music, we remember the time we gave a lead nickel to the conductor, and feel for our handkerchiefs in real sympathy.

A few years ago, photoplays were mostly pictures of action, cowboys and Indians on horseback, guns going off, trains being wrecked, autos speeding after fugitives, and "something doing" generally. But people got sick and tired of Chief Rain-in-the-Face and his band of Irish-American Indians, and gun-fights—with the pianist bearing hard on the bass—ceased to thrill. So the word went forth to the scenario writers to work a little plot and heart-interest into their scripts. The "picture-play" became the "silent



OLIVER TWIST SCENE IN "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD" (VITAGRAPH)



drama," and the movie actors found that it was distinctly up to them to register a large number of emotions, so that they would "get over" to their audiences.

Lacking words, the picture people adopted a sort of shorthand code of gesture to represent different emotions, and the faithful fans have learnt this code by heart. When the persecuted heroine clutches her chest and rolls her eyes, they know she is not having an attack of acute indigestion, but a pang of unrequited affection. When the hero beats his brow and clenches his fist, they know it is not the bill for his wife's new hat that troubles him, but the fact that he has just dropped a couple of millions in Wall Street. Jealousy has its bitten lip; revenge, its flashing eye and set jaw.

When Theda Bara lets down her back hair and runs her hands thru it, in a sort of vampirish shampoo, it is a sign that she is being very naughty. I don't quite know why back hair is as naughty as it is, but when a movie actress lets hers down, it's one of the surest things you know that trouble is brewing. Likewise when she smooths it straight back, à la Valeska Suratt, or parts it and rolls it very low, so that it hides her ears.

When Edith Storey's sensitive nostrils quiver and her eyes dilate, the fan recognizes her portrayal as that of dread. And when Charlie Chaplin stumbles onto the screen, with his million-dollar mustache, he gets a laugh before he earns it, because, in the code of moviedom, a stumble and tumble and ten-cent-store scrap of whisker is mighty humorous.

To be sure, some people do not recognize this code at once. When you take dear old Aunt Matilda from back home to the Motion Pictures, and she sees Charlie Chaplin playfully kick a lady in the stomach, it is just possible that she may nudge you and inquire, anxiously:

"What are all the folks laughing at, anyhow, Lizzie? Why, ef that young feller should cut-up round Green Corners scand'lous as that, the select men would put him in the jail."

Come to think of it, I'm blest if I know *why* a short man in baggy trousers, kicking out with a shoe two sizes too large, is so uproariously funny; but it must be, for Charlie gets seven times as much money as the President of the United States every year for doing it. You point out this fact to Aunt Matilda, and when a little later Charlie upsets a perambulator with the crook of his cane, the good old soul is quite convulsed with merriment.

Memory is perhaps the most im-

portant function the brain of man performs. Our emotions are nearly all of them dependent on the process of remembering—of tying the present to the past. We cannot hate very cordially without memory; we cannot love successfully, nor hope, nor grieve. A baby's worn shoe is not a pathetic or tender object unless it makes us remember some child we have loved or lost; a rose is significant to a lover because of its connection with past love-episodes; the knife is terrible to a criminal because of the association it has with his crime.

In the representation of this most universal process of psychology, the photoplay has the advantage of the



CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUMBLES ONTO THE SCREEN WITH HIS MILLION-DOLLAR MUSTACHE

spoken drama. It can picture to the spectator the actual scene that is being recalled to the hero or heroine's mind. In Vitagraph's "The Man Who Couldn't Beat God," the man's conscience-tortured brain is bared to the gaze of the audience. He has thought about his old crime so much that sick memory twists ordinary, everyday happenings into visions of his victim. Finally, sitting in a box at a performance of "Oliver Twist," he sees Bill Sykes murdering his light-o'-love, Nancy, and rises up with an irresistible cry of warning and confession. No mere pantomime could portray this man's emotions without the aid of camera trickery. But the "double-exposure," with its possibilities of representing dreams, hallucinations and memories, has done much to change mere *Motion Pictures* into *emotion pictures* with dramatic possibilities of spiritual and mental conflict.

Partly on account of this trick work, the camera is more successful in por-

traying abnormal phases of the mind than normal ones, the heightened emotions than the simpler and commoner feelings. Thus love makes a better picture-theme than affection or friendship, sorrow than grief, and jealousy than doubt. Of course leaders are often used to explain emotions that cannot very well be visualized, but leaders at their best are boring affairs, and at their worst they are impertinent interruptions. Two long-separated lovers at last reach each other's arms, but before their lips can meet, the inconsiderate director cuts them off with a remark something on this order:

The Misunderstanding Between Grace and Tom Is Finally Removed.

A bank clerk, worried by the odd millions he had abstracted from the petty-cash drawer, is about to end his troubles with a pistol, and again that busybody of a director interrupts at the crucial point with a leader anent the wages of sin. No, no; as few leaders as possible, if you please, Mr. Photoplaywright, and, if they are necessary, make them at least truer to life than they are now.

A little care taken to make not only the leaders but the letters or newspaper notices shown in the plays more convincing would help a great deal toward improving the psychology of the screen. As it is now, the characters commit the most dangerous secrets to paper, and conveniently lose the paper for some other character to find. Crooks communicate freely by letter, prattling artlessly of murder and robbery; young ladies leave their love-notes about, to be found by irate parents or husbands, and a man informs his wife of his plans as follows (in backhand grammar-school script):

Dear Wife: Am leaving on business for China at two o'clock. Will be back a year from next January.

Your affectionate husband,  
BOB.

The psychology of the screen is at present a rather elementary psychology, but one in a wonderful process of development. Its success depends upon the collaboration of the spectator with the playwright in supplying, imagining and interpreting what he cannot say. For this reason it is a valuable aid to concentration and alertness of understanding. In a way, when you and I go to a photoplay, we are author and actor and audience, too, like that famous individual of the Bab Ballads, who was "cap'n and cook and bo'sun, too and crew of the *Nancy's brig!*"

(Thirty-eight)



MARGUERITE SNOW

**MARGUERITE SNOW**  
the Brilliant Planet of Stardom, Believes Sincerity Is the Final Word

**T**HERE is nothing that has the scope for learning and broadening that the picture field has. It is a very difficult thing to get in nowadays—even as an extra; but if you get an opportunity to start as an extra, take it! It is a very good training, and oftentimes will cure one of camera-fright, which is the silent sister to stage-fright. I think it bad to visit studios every day, as one can usually tell when the casting of a picture is going on. Wait a week, if necessary, but be sure to try again.

Were I out of an engagement, I would try to meet some good producer or director personally, and try to convince him that I was worthy of a trial. I think a few letters are answered; but then it must be remembered that the majority are not; and then again, who knows but what yours may be the lucky one. Of course the applicant should enclose photographs, as it usually can be determined from photographs whether a person will photograph well for the camera. There are some people, however, who photograph much better in Motion Pictures than in stills,

EDNA GOODRICH



## How to Get In the Pictures

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—This series of articles began in the July issues of the *CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*. Nearly all of the great photoplayers are contributing to make this the most comprehensive and authoritative series of articles ever published. Those who are particularly interested should read *all* of these valuable essays, because opinions differ, and conditions vary in different localities and studios.

and I, therefore, think it a splendid idea to have a few feet of film taken of the applicant, and to have this sent along with the application.

The average salary for beginners, I believe, is about three to five dollars a day, and for those playing small parts, ten dollars. Some extras are fortunate enough to get a guarantee of four or five days a week. I know of quite a number of extras who have finally gotten in. I can cheerfully confess that I, also, was an extra once, and I feel that I am a beginner yet.

A great number of people have succeeded in pictures without stage experience; but I think it must be a great advantage to know repose and expression, which is bound to come with situations and lines in the spoken drama. Originality is almost everything, and it's too bad more of us are not blest with that wonderful trait. It always stands out brilliantly in any gathering, no matter how large, and demands recognition. I have seen an audience held thru a whole evening by a pair of steady, earnest eyes. They do the most acting, the kind that will be remembered the longest.

RUPERT JULIAN

Whose "Heavy Leads" Have Made Him Famous, Says One Must Fight Upward from the Ranks

**P**ICTURES, like all other arts and professions, demand those persons who, by nature, are most fitted and adapted to their needs. To the average beginner, the business holds out abundant promises of glory and easy money; but, in reality, it is a hard uphill fight, beset with failures and heart-breaking reverses. It takes a great deal of luck, courage and perseverance to succeed. I certainly believe in every kind of prep-



RUPERT JULIAN

aration, dancing especially, which adds greatly to the player's deportment.

Personally, I am a believer in actors rather than types. However, talented young people of any type get their chances, and those with brains, temperament, steadfastness, personality and originality will get there in the end. An applicant should use discretion in applying to the director at the opportune moment. Many have lost a chance by pressing a director when his mind was seriously occupied. In sending photographs, it is questionable whether it can be determined from them whether a person will "register" well, because the fact of an applicant "registering" well depends upon his or her ability.

To my mind, starting as an extra is the only way to break in, these days. An introduction or influence is of no value whatsoever, if you haven't it in you. The salary for beginners is from one dollar to ten dollars per day, and for extras about five dollars. To be frank, I have never heard of any one who was really successful who did not begin as an extra. All extras, and even old actors, are coached by directors. The stage and screen alike require every description of face, feature, complexion and form. Variety of action and feature,

MABEL NORMAND



plot and character, is not only the spice of life, it is life; and the stage, as well as the screen, is only life at its crucial periods.

#### MABEL NORMAND

The Star Who Jumped from Extra to the Head of a Feature Film Company, Thinks "You Have Got to Have Something to Sell"

**A**s it is a very hard proposition to get in these days, I think that an introduction to some head of a studio, or the influence of an official, would mean a big help. The only way for the inexperienced person to start is to apply as an extra. The average salary for extras is from three to five dollars a day, and twenty-five dollars a week and up for people in stock. Most girls that are making a success now—not the stars, but those who are just "coming up"—started as extra girls, and were picked out by directors and given parts. There are so many girls on the lists of the different studios now, however, that it is difficult for a stranger to get a position even as an extra.

I would not advise sending letters of application, as these are usually not answered, unless the person is known professionally. Only a personal talk to back them up will aid and abet all the letters and photos that an amateur might write or send to the studios.

You must learn the ins and outs of each studio; who the casting director, or business manager, is; what his hours are for interviewing applicants; the kind of players he needs. Going to a studio nowadays is "carrying coals to Newcastle," unless your looks and talents—latent or apparent—are the "real goods to sell."

#### EDNA GOODRICH

Who Has Shared Equal Honors in Musical Comedy, Stage and Screen, Emphasizes Personal Charm

**A**LTHO stage experience is not essential, it helps immensely to break into the studio fold. If I were a beginner and wanted to get in, I would seek an introduction to some player in the movies, who has been successful, and take his or her advice. If the applicant can afford it, I would advise having a few feet of film taken of himself or herself, and send this along with the application; but this is not always necessary, as it can usually be determined from a photo whether or not a person will photograph well. There have been many extras who

have succeeded by hard work, much patience and willingness. I should say that the principal requirements are naturalness, power of facial expression, personality, originality, grace, and, above all, persons who photograph well. Outside of photographic requirements, I would group all other essentials under the head of personal charm. What is it that instantly attracts us to some people and repels us from others?—personal charm. It's part and parcel of yourself, or else it does not exist. And its expression—its voice—will show in your ease of manner, personality, deportment and facial expression. It can be developed and must be guided by stage training; but it must first be born in you.

#### DELL HENDERSON

Keystone Director, Who for Eight Years Has Handled Thousands of Types, Says There Is No Middle Ground for Looks

**I**F you are good-looking, or if you are homely, there is an excellent chance to get in today; but if you are just ordinary, passable, the everyday face, there is very little chance, unless you happen to be the possessor of good common-sense and lots of talent. Personally, I think the market is oversupplied with bad photographers; but there's plenty of room for the good ones. An applicant should apply to the studio manager, and show him that he or she is capable of hard work and study. I advise starting as an extra only when there is absolutely no chance of getting a small part with a company. The only way that I know of for extras to advance themselves is to display their talent. And don't forget that originality counts for everything, too. I know of many extras who have finally gotten in, and, as a matter of fact, mostly all of the Moving Picture stars started as extras.

#### THOMAS SANTSCI

Selig's Sterling "Character Lead," Declares This the Day of Strong Personality and Decided Types

**T**HIS is the day of types, and the beginner hasn't the chance he had a few years ago. Yet, talent is of great value to those who are starting at the foot of the ladder, and I advise starting as an extra, as a great deal of experience can be gained by so doing. The chances, of course, are much more in an applicant's favor if he should call personally at the studio, altho I think quite a few application letters are usually answered, provided bust

and full-figure photographs are enclosed. Of course, it cannot always be determined from a photograph whether a person will "register" well on the screen; but still, in many cases I think it hardly practical for the applicant to have a few feet of film taken of himself or herself.

Yes, indeed, I know of a good many extras, some of them of my personal acquaintance, who are very clever actor-directors today. If you should ask them how they got there, I am quite sure that they would tell you that it was only by close attention to the work that they were directed in, personal magnetism, and by trying to improve on what they had done.

Stage experience is not always essential, but is a big asset. However, some of our most popular screen stars of today were inexperienced in pictures; but, personally, I think that a person with no experience has very little or no chance of getting placed with a company, unless he or she happens to be a "type." The day of just pretty girls and handsome men who simply walk, or pose, thru a picture has come and gone.

#### CLAY M. GREENE

Lubin's Distinguished Author-Director, Gives Some Succinct "Donts"

**D**ONT forget that extras can advance by: attention to calls; profit that they know what ladies and gentlemen look like; by minding their own business; by not being "catty," and by constant proof of earnestness.

Dont go into Moving Pictures for the fun of the thing.

Dont dream of it, unless you have some reputation in the drama, or are willing to suffer many disappointments and humiliations before you get your chance.

Dont consider it, unless you are thick-skinned and willing to suffer many stings from evil tongues. This will surely come to you, especially if you are promising enough to be advanced rapidly. There are more "knockers" in the Moving Picture business than in any other walk of public life.

Dont let any one convince you that it is easy work and plain sailing, for it is full of head-winds.

Dont, unless you are sure of yourself, make the effort—it wont count.

Dont be blind; if you haven't qualifications and have neither experience nor "pull," let it alone.

Dont mince matters. Is it worth while at all? That is open to serious question.





# ❖❖❖ *The Enemy* ❖❖❖ *by Gladys Hall* *Vita-graph*

This story was written from the Photoplay of CANFIELD THOMPSON, Based Upon the Novel by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER

**I**T would take O. Henry to describe Mike Doud's "Sink." It would take his pen—dipped in the ink of sympathy, wise with understanding, at one with man, erring and godlike—to give to you the atmosphere of the flotsam and jetsam collected in that place. Creatures distorted beyond all semblance to men—human *things* with the evil in them, the animal greed in them, hideously pre-eminent; derelicts with pasts behind them, stranger than any Arabian Nights, crueller than the grave to which each was traveling along the whisky route. Driftwood tossed ashore from God alone could tell what turgid, troubled seas.

"Slumming" one night, it was my unforgettable privilege to hear one of these pasts direct from the unfortunate who had lived it, to be projected, too, for a brief instant, into his future.

I shall never forget the evilly smelling place—the rank stench of strong, cheap

whisky; the stink of soggy cigar-butts; the loathly odors of creatures to whom bathrooms are a joke and water an excrescence upon the face of the earth; to whom existence means but whisky and sodden sleep, sodden sleep and whisky; who wake but to lurid intervals in which their past lives take on unendurably haunting forms: black hells of a despair, under which they sink again, defeated. It was in such an interval that Hamilton Stuart told his tale. Sitting there in the bad light, his conflicting face seen now dimly, now vividly, thru the shifting smoke, his clothes recently well tailored, his face presentably shaven, his eyes wide and stricken, his mouth spongy and craven—dear Heaven!—I shall never forget him—

"Whisky!" he screamed suddenly. "Whisky is what does it: takes from us our splendid nudity; gives us, instead, filthy carcasses, lower than the beasts; filches away our souls—our souls Christ Jesus died for—ha!—for such as we—for you, Red Whitey, and Piggy Mar-

shall, and all of you! He died for such as you. And women—women, too"—his voice sank, and he crouched back on his bench—"they have been a million times crucified," he said, "for such as we; they have given their honor and their youth, their first-borns and their strength to such as we. And in the end, what do we do, Red Whitey? In the end, what do we do? We throw it in their faces—the whole, indescribable miracle of it—the pain and the shame—the giving without end—for *whisky!* We carve for ourselves careers—out of the sinews of our youth; we plan and toil and dream and achieve; we reach pinnacles and look down upon the fawning backs of men. We hold forth our hands, and behold! they are filled with the fruits of our labors; and we toss it all away—for *whisky!*

"I had done all of that," he mumbled. "I had won the woman I loved—that I should live to voice it in such a place! I had a little baby; she could have made a heaven out of such a hell as this, with her corn-flower eyes and her unearthly

purity, but she could not save her father. And yet, thru the many years, her voice comes to me still like a clear bell; I remember her awakenings as one remembers an unfolding rose; I feel her little, chubby hand in mine till my palms ache with the memory; I hear her call me Daddy, and it is the only prayer I know.

"And I had won my laurels; they hadn't been easily won. To be a structural architect is to have studied, and thought, and worked unceasingly. It held not only a necessarily vast knowledge, but a vaster responsibility. Why, I knew the very foundations of this city of New York by heart! I could have told, in those triumphant days, the lay of each clod of earth, the

there. Perhaps I ramble; but you're all asleep, you bums—not one of you is listening—and if you were, then would you understand? It was like this: I was about thirty-five when it got me for keeps—the booze—previous to that I had been a 'gentleman-drinker.' Don't let them fool you, boys, a souse is a souse, and there's no hair-line between the two. Whisky is whisky, and the love of it is the love of it—and there's no two names to call it, even tho there are two ways. They tried—oh, of course, they tried—my Jean, my wife—and my baby. They roped me round about with their soft,

I shamed them, humiliated them, repented, fell again, laughed at them, cursed them, abused them, then capitulated. Yes, I capitulated thoroly. Harrison Stuart died. And there followed a hell of years. There was no reckoned time. There was no abiding place. There was no scheme of things. There was no ordered plan. The body ceased to exist. The soul atrophied. The mind dived into its own cesspool, and wallowed there. There must have been

short trips—with whisky along the road, and whisky at the end. There must have been run-ins with the police, tho for the most part I believe I was as inoffensive as a whisky-soak can be. I drank, and crawled into some

formation of the very substratum, the courses of the underlying waters.

"I had won friends—friends who would have pal-ed with me along the twilight years; friends who had worked with me, shoulder to shoulder, and counted the work good; friends who played with me after that work was done. Good old boys, I haven't forgotten them yet. I wonder were you ever such an one, Red Whitey? Sometimes there is that in your fleshy eye that makes me think of other things than Doud's 'Sink.' All right, old chap, dont answer; you cant—God help you!—you've had the one too many.

"Ever hear of the resurrection of the dead? Ever believe that it could be so? It can, even in life, in a measure. But the dead go back to their graves again, old tops; the whisky dead always—go back to their graves. We may rise for a brief instant and startle the world with our living presentments, but the old grave is yawning for us all the time, and in the end—we go—

"I had been in the grave a long time— Whisky, Mike, for the sake of— Thanks, old man; I've got to tell this tale tonight—tonight or—never. Maybe—I guess not—but *maybe* it will reach some poor wreck and pull him safe ashore; maybe it will do nothing other than send—but that's neither here nor there, old man—that's neither here nor

tender arms; they tried to satiate my lips with their eager kisses; they perfumed my whole existence with the fervor—the striving of their love. Stronger than it all, assailing first my nostrils, then my will-power, then the very roots of my manhood, came whisky. I reached over all of them and grasped it.

bellied thing, I drank again. And so they went—those years.

"One day, a very short time ago, I heard two men talking; as they talked they came into the 'Sink.' One was short, keen-eyed, alert; he didn't interest me much. The other was tall and built like a Greek god. He had kindly, intelligent eyes and a cynically humorous mouth. I

(Forty-two)



"HE WAS TALL  
AND BUILT LIKE  
A GREEK GOD"

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had the fool fancy that women would like him—uncomfortably. But it was their talk that 'got me.' I hadn't heard that talk thru all the years. They were talking 'shop,' my 'shop'—the one thing on earth I thoroly understand—the one thing on which no man ever dared to touch me. I crept to the bar, and leaned over it, and listened. They were talking about a survey they had made, and something being solid as the universe. I didn't get it all. I didn't need to. I knew my job, and by the same token I knew my New York. I faced them. 'Survey's wrong!' I snarled aloud; 'shale up-cropping; substratum runs down there like a trough; you're on the point—'

"The tall one, Billy Lane, knew I was talking straight. He is the success he is only because he is astute. He was able to see, under the horror of my exterior, the knowledge that lodged there. He took me home with him.

"There followed a nightmare week, a week in which Billy's valet guarded me night and day, jabbed me unmercifully with the hypo, doled out only enough whisky to keep me from going off my nut, and finally achieved my resurrection.

"Then he made me over. You chaps had called me 'Bow-wow'; you would call me 'Bow-wow' again if you got the chance, but that's neither here nor there. The day I appeared in his study, freshly clad, shaven, manicured, palid as death,

begged him to find my family, the wife I had lett, and the little, fairy daughter who seemed still to be the baby to me. I told him my whole history, and as he listened I saw him change color and shift in his chair. When

I finished, 'It gets me, too, Stuart,' he said; 'I have to fight it like the very devil let loose.

I did it at first just

the while, and all the while I shuddered, for these same things had been said to me, and a woman had pleaded with me with her whole life, and a little baby had begged with her whole innocence—bah! Whisky, Mike, a long one; ah, but it hits the vitals—

"We worked together, he and I. He was rapidly rising to the place none other had held since my day, and this Pannard Building was going to be a big thing for him. But I knew New York, and I gave him points he never could have grasped. Ah, but it felt good to grasp the T-square —to bend



"ONE DAY TAVY CAME TO OUR OFFICES"



"NOT TILL YOU'VE BEATEN IT, BY GOD!"

sober as a judge, Billy recognized me! He was the 'younger generation knocking at my door,' as Ibsen would say. He was the man who *could* have been my son, but my fame had not died out. My name was still revered by my fellow professionals. When he recognized me I broke down. I blubbered all over the place, and I

loathsomely bearded, unbathed, unkempt, noisome. I held myself up to him as I had been long before he had ever known me—beloved, famed, successful, powerful. I tried to ask him if it were worth

for good fellowship. I do it now, often, because I have to.

"I felt sick all over while he was speaking. He was so stalwart, so full of promise. He had

before him all the tomorrows I had cast aside. I don't know how I talked to him, but I tried to make those rum-soaked years real years to him. I recalled myself to his mind as I had been when he found me—

my mind to the old figuring, the old calculating—to thrill again to the joy of having conquered.

"And while we were working, he found my wife and my little one. And when he told me about it, I knew that he had found more than my little one—he had found the woman who was to mean the secret of life to him. 'She is beautiful,' he said simply when I asked about her, breathlessly, avidly. 'More beautiful than the most beautiful woman you have ever dreamt of.'

"'And Jean?' I asked him; 'my—wife?'

"'She is beautiful, too,' he told me, 'but it is the beauty of great pain—the inner glory shining thru flesh that has borne too much.'

"That night I fought a terrific battle. After all, old chaps, I think I'm glad I shall not fight that way again—the sweat, and the nausea—the dizzy ache—the craving that grabs your innards and twists them about to a jellied pulp. God, yes, I am glad! I'll not fight again! I fought till I fought it down, and fell on my bed limp. But I knew that I must



Mabel Normand as its passenger—again soared upward. And here enters an indisputable element of the psychology of Moving Picture comedy—

screen humor is never so contagious as when viewed in a crowded theater. It has been demonstrated again and again that film farce, when viewed by a comparative few, will fall flat, yet

achieve their best results by treating comedy seriously.

Analysis of Moving Picture comedy points irrefutably to the fact that it is only a short step from the dramatic to the farcical, from tragedy to comedy. Settings, environment, atmosphere—all contribute to the ultimate result, and the production of dramatic interest or laugh-making situations oftentimes swings on a very slight pivot. The same fundamental action that makes an essentially dramatic scene thrill an audience with suspense, may, with only a subtle change of atmosphere, rouse that same audience to spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

It is the writer's firm belief that the greatest living tragedian of the legitimate stage of today, appearing before the camera and in the hands of a competent director, giving the same degree of seriousness to his comedy that he is accustomed to give to his tragedy, would prove a perfect riot of fun

be a perfect riot of fun when projected before a large audience.

Reverting for the moment to the comedy mentioned in the foregoing, it is of some interest to mention that, to the best of the

writer's belief and knowledge, this was Roscoe Arbuckle's first appearance as a Keystone star. It is typical, however, of Fatty's style—to treat comedy seriously. Both Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand

and laughter without a single effort on his part.

Apropos of this truth, a well-known film manufacturer said recently, in discussing with the writer the general subject of comedy films:

"I had a funny experience a few years ago that bears somewhat on this question. We had been working on a picture that was plotted as a straight melodrama. Somehow it didn't come out quite as we had expected it would, and as an experiment I put some comedy titles in, burlesqued one or two scenes, and sent it out as a farce with the title, 'The Mystery of the Salt Mackerel Mine.' It proved the biggest comedy success that I think we have ever turned out. Yet it was staged originally as a serious dramatic production and filmed as such."

Many rules might be given for

(Fifty)



making successful comedies, and to every one, one hundred and one objections might be voiced.

Personality counts. Yet some of the funniest of stage comedians have failed utterly in screen comedy.

Charlie Chaplin's success as a screen comedian is undoubtedly due to a happy combination of screen personality—and there is a vast difference between screen personality and stage personality—and original mannerisms and stunts. Imitators have tried to do on the screen the same things that Chaplin has done with unparalleled success, and failed dismally—their imitations only inviting comparison with the comedy idol of the nation.

On the other hand, impersonations of Chaplin on the vaudeville stage or the speaking stage almost invariably result in storms of laughter. The line between impersonation and imitation is finely drawn, but it is drawn nevertheless, and the one succeeds and the other fails for pretty much the same reason.

To a very large extent Chaplin's success may be said to lie in the fact that Chaplin is always Chaplin. No matter what character he may impersonate, or what his surroundings, he never completely merges his identity with that of the character he portrays.

His make-up may be perfect. His impersonations may be wonderfully realistic. But never is there any doubt that it is Chaplin. He is always himself—that droll, irresistible, comical chap who has been making people laugh on both sides of the Atlantic ever since his first appearance on the stage of a London music hall a score of years ago.

This trait is not peculiar to Chaplin, however, but is possessed by practically all of the screen comedians who have achieved lasting popularity.

By being essentially themselves and treating their comedy seriously, they have made millions laugh where mere burlesquers have failed. Facial distortion and grimaces are not necessary to their comedy, and it has been the failure to recognize this fact that has caused many would-be screen comedians to fail.

Character make-up, on the other hand, has proven frequently the success of film comedians. Ford Sterling with goatee, glasses and high hat became a popular favorite, yet is hardly recognizable when disguised as himself. Yet even then he gets the laughs.

Chaplin is funny without his dinky little mustache and his big shoes—

remember him as the souse in that old Keystone?—but not nearly so funny as in the character that his vast following knows. The mere flashing of Chaplin's name on the screen today is provocative of laughter.

Billie Ritchie, in style, mannerisms and make-up, approaches Chaplin closely and has almost as many imitators. There are many, indeed, who argue that Ritchie is himself an imitator of Chaplin. Both, however, claim originality for what is undoubtedly the most popular style of film comedy make-up today.

With just enough individuality to make him seem different, yet withal following closely the general style of both Chaplin and Ritchie, Hank Mann is rapidly forging his way to the front in the field of screen comedy and is destined to achieve equal and perhaps greater popularity.

Mack Sennet, the dean of comedy directors, is quoting as saying:

"It is doing the unexpected at the unexpected moment that constitutes one of the essentials of real laugh-provoking screen comedy. The player must know instinctively and intuitively just what to do and when to do it. A second too soon or a second too late, and the whole effect is lost."

This is a rule that applies particularly to that style of comedy commonly termed in film parlance "slapstick," and it is for this very reason that few if any pictures of this style possess any well-defined plot or story. The action, to a very large extent, is, and must be, extemporaneous.

"Slapstick" comedies are undoubtedly the vogue of the day, and the more carelessly they are thrown together, yet following at the same time the more or less well-defined rules that apply to this style of farce, the funnier they are. It is perhaps strange, but none the less true, that to see one comedian beat another over the head with a mallet until he reels and falls in seeming unconsciousness, invariably results in a whirlwind of laughter. Brick and pie throwing tactics always get the laughs and water stuff never fails.

The law of contrasts is particularly applicable to screen comedy. To go literally from the sublime to the ridiculous, one moment doing what may be reasonably expected, and the next something totally different, is one of the most universally successful and most prevalent rules of comedy direction. Many of the funniest comedies ever screened have relied on this rule for their big moments, working up to

tremendous dramatic climaxes and then at one stroke smashing the dramatic interest with a comedy touch, as a house of blocks may be tumbled to the floor with one sweep of the hand.

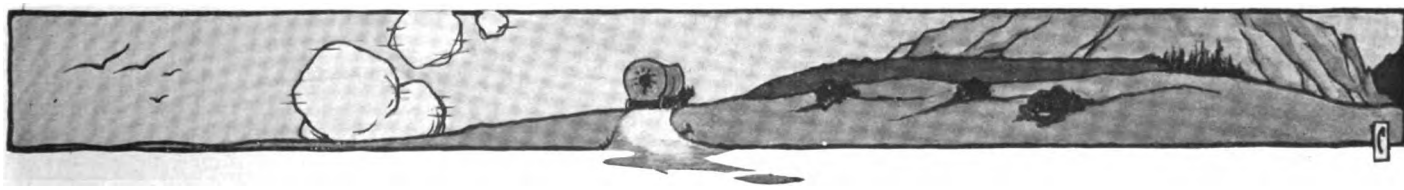
In following this line of development the modern comedy is becoming as sensational in treatment as the melodrama of old. Nor are "fake" thrills longer effective. The blasé picture-goer of today, gulled with sensationalism, demands the real thing. Studio scenes don't go any more and are easily detected.

In this field of comedy the Triangle-Keystones seem to lead, but are by no means alone. For example, in a recent release, real villains tie a real girl to a real railroad track. A real locomotive rushes down upon her as she lies bound, gagged and helpless across the rails. It approaches within a few feet of her. The audience is thrilled with suspense and revels in the excitement of the moment until—just when it seems that the onrushing locomotive must crush her beneath its wheels, it strikes a switch, hitherto unseen, and crashes thru the side of a "brick" building, the papier-mâché bricks flying in every direction.

Sensationalism to the 'nth degree abounded in this production. All the old-time melodramatic thrills were resorted to, but always with a comedy twist and an unexpected ending that gave them an entirely new angle and resulted in storms of laughter.

Consequently the making of comedy films today requires the same degree of serious attention as is given dramatic productions. The players take just as many chances in creating comedy thrills as the dramatic players do in furnishing the audiences with real hair-raising excitement. Similarly, the same attention to detail and setting that characterizes the making of a dramatic picture applies, and often much more money is actually spent in the staging of a farce than in the filming of a straight dramatic subject.

But the world must laugh. The theater managers are crying constantly "Gives us more comedies!" and the producers are seeking hourly to find some new way of putting the laugh in the films. There are many who claim that the demand for the "slapstick" comedy is waning. But if so, its successor has not yet been found, and today Charlie Chaplin, Hank Mann, Billie Ritchie and the followers of the rough-and-tumble brand of comedy are in their zenith. What the morrow brings no man can know.

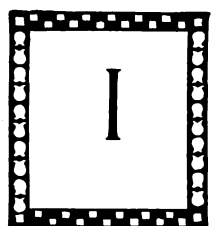




# Behind the Screen

Relating the Latest Adventures of Charlie Chaplin

By JOHN OLDEN



It was day and night work in the Sunset studio. When it rained or fogged for five or six days at a stretch, the dramatic ribbons were ground out at night; and when the sun con-

descended to peep forth, there was feverish activity to make up the lost daylight.

The directors were temperamental and appeared to thrive on the fickle weather; but the curse of Endor seemed to have fastened upon Alec, the fat property-man, who was neither industriously, spiritually, nor temperamentally inclined. He needed sleep, did Alec, with an hour or two over his beer at the lunch-hour. This ceaseless struggle with the weather and with directors' temperaments had worn him down to baggy cheeks and a perpetual, nervous growl.

But Alec was forced to complain under his breath. His lords and masters, the directors, had built up a high reputa-

tion for him. He was thought to be a man with a double, if somewhat vulgar, brain, and gifted with at least six sets of arms. The studio revolved around him, so he thought, and the stars and ingénues and leading men were but puppets that danced foolishly in and out of his sets.

There came a sun-bathed morning, following upon two days of drizzle and two nights of strenuous hustling under the "overheads," when Alec made up his mind to chuck his job. He meant to do it dramatically, as befitting his station of property-man. The studio must appear to be a disorganized wreck without his guiding hand.

The sun was still cozily resting on the saddle of the mountain range back of the town, and the night watchman was still taking his forty winks, when Alec started to tug the heavy "flats" out of their frames and to lug them onto the studio floor. At last, perspiring greatly, he had made a heterogeneous mountain of the painted canvas walls of everything from

a Louis Quatorze salon to a Barbary Coast gin-mill.

In his satisfaction at leaving the disaster complete behind him, Alec proceeded to disembowel the property-room and to scatter his thousand-and-one props—parlor furniture, rusty typewriters, suits of armor, wooden cannon—in disordered heaps across the stage.

As he stood puffing and perspiring amidst the confusion, tears of self-righteousness sprang into his eyes. "Holy smoke!" he commiserated. "How those bum directors will miss your Uncle Alec!"

In the golden sunrise he slipped on his coat and started to go. Something of the exultation of Nero was within him, as he watched the burning of Rome, and then, as the property-man lumbered proudly across the huge, deserted stage, the Great Fear smote him. Each tumbled "flat," each heap of backing, each outraged property seemed to rise up like ghosts and haunt him with their helplessness.

Alec stood, alone and trembling, in the

(Fifty-two)





"IT'S EASY, KID—I'VE BEEN THRU IT MYSELF"

midst of his ruin. The swelling and scowling visage of the supervising director appeared to tower over him. The chorus of outraged directors' and actors' voices babbled in his ears. Panic seized him, and he lifted his heavy feet in furious flight.

As the winded property-man rounded the last monument of "flats," he was brought up standing by the sight of a little creature in baggy trousers and ridiculous, overgrown shoes, who stood on the edge of the stage and twirled his walking-stick merrily.

"Huh! Watcha lookin' for, kid?" bel-  
lowed Alec.

"I want to be a picture actor," replied the little creature, with a voice the size of a canary's. "Can you direct me to the proper party?"

"Surest thing yuh know," said Alec; "I'm the guy what bosses the whole establishment."

At this the little man took off his hat respectfully, and made a nimble bow, so that his tight curls jostled in the morning breeze.

"The only way, son," confided Alec, leading his victim to the privacy behind a huge paint-frame, "is to begin at the beginning and work up. Just three years ago I started in here pastin' the labels on booze bottles and hammerin' the studs into them military dress-suits. By workin' meself to the skin an' bone and goin' without grub an' sleep, I've riz to be head 'props' and boss of the whole film foundry."

The little applicant surveyed Alec's waist-heavy bulk appreciatively. "If you are skin and bone," he said, "and the work agrees with you like that, I am willing to be a martyr."

"Aw right," cried Alec, spinning his new assistant around on one heel, "you're engaged as assistant property-man. Gimme a hand at puttin' them 'flats' and 'props' to rights. It's turrible the way them bum directors muss up things."

Under the property-man's direction, the diminutive

(Fifty-three)

helper performed prodigies of labor. One by one he up-ended the heavy "flats" and staggered across the never-ending stage with them. He was as playful as a kitten and as tireless. The endless assortment of bestrewn properties were a ceaseless wonder to him, and he extracted all sorts of amusement out of the task of toting them back to their shelves. When, in the course of an hour, he had done more work than Alec performed in a full twenty-four, the stage was swept quite bare of its confusion, and nothing remained but a sprawling, straw dummy, dressed in dingy evening-clothes.

"Yank that stiff in," ordered Alec, "and kick him in the slats good an' hard fer muh."

The assistant did as he was bid, and even improvised an emotional scene, wherein the dummy was an intoxicated gentleman, and himself and a sofa were the "hurry-up wagon" and its officer. With violent expostulation on the part of the dummy, he was finally wrestled onto the sofa and carried to the property-room, where he was deposited head first in a portable bathtub.

One by one, or in little, shabby, genteel groups, actors began to arrive at the gates and to gather in the yard. Alec made feints at bustling about and kept a wary eye peeled for the supervising director.

"Say, bo," he confided sleepily to his assistant, "you're the goods, aw right, and I'm goin' to let you take my job a day while I catch up a year's sleep. There's sun today and lots of doin's, so be on the job."

Presently a tall, bow-  
chested man whirled  
up in a car and  
stepped out  
on the bare  
stage. His  
hands were  
full of dia-  
grams,  
and  
he



HE WRAPT HER SNUGLY IN THE BRIGHT BROCADE

proceeded to get busy by making rapid chalk-marks on the floor.

"Hey, Alec!" he cried, "shoot in that bar-room set for stage two and knock 'er up in a hurry."

The little assistant was right on the job, and in a few words he explained that he had been engaged as assistant property-man, and, before the supervising director could utter a protest, had started in setting up the "flats."

"I'd like to know," muttered the director, "what right that slob Alec has got to engage an assistant, but any old daffy is better than he is."

With marvelous speed for a beginner,



SHE SAWED A NEAT STACK OF BACKING INTO LENGTHS

the assistant erected the bar-room set and rustled in necessary properties. Then, nimbly, he hopped behind the bar and proceeded to mix himself an imaginary bracer. During this time the actors had begun to arrive and stood around waiting for their director. A fog crept up from the sea and gradually closed down over the studio, drizzling in a most disheartening way.

At last the director arrived, glanced up where the sun should have been, and pulled out his watch. "If this con-founded fog don't stop leaking," he said to the assembled company, "we'll have to shoot this scene at seven p. m. sharp. Company is dismissed for the day."

"Hoity-toity!" muttered the supervising director again. "Here's more work for the undertaker. Props, strike this set—Alec's paint aint any too water-proof." Thereupon the little assistant proceeded to demolish and stow away his

long, hard morning's work. Presently the twelve-o'clock bell struck, and there was a rush of scene-painters and helpers to the property-room. Alec was already there, wading into a neat pile of pies. When all were seated, with dinner-pails opened and jaws working overtime, the little assistant sidled in and took his place on the edge of a bench.

His eyes traveled toward the stack of pies, and he licked his empty chops reminiscently, but the relentless stare of his boss gave him no hope. One by one the pastries disappeared into his huge paunch. At last the hungry helper began to search his pockets, and finally drew forth an aged sandwich, the relic of better days. This he ate neatly and with dispatch, doubling

lifted it until an old straw hat, with its one frayed feather plume, was uncovered to him. Beneath it he saw a very white forehead puckered into a frown, and screening eye-lashes that quivered across blue hollows. And flung round her neck, like a rope, was a thick braid of ruddy-gold hair.

The assistant dropped the drapery in alarm, and a pair of wide, blue eyes stared bewilderedly up at him. The girl sat up, yawned, and dug her knuckles into sleepy eyes.

"I'd like to know——" began the assistant sternly.

"Please, Mister Manager," blubbered the girl, "my name's Effie, and I ran away from home, and I want to be a picture actress. They wouldn't have me, sayin' I hadn't no style, and I crept in here, and I guess I must have fallen asleep. Please, mister, dont put me out on the road."

The assistant coughed quite brusquely. After all, the little stowaway was very much like himself, he thought, only she was a helpless kitten and he was a wary terrier.

"You gotta begin at the beginning," he advised, remembering Alec's instruction to him. "How would you like to be my assistant?"

"I'd do anything to get in," she cried. "Wont you please help me?"

"All right," said the little assistant, briskly; "you're a boy. I'll get you a pair of overalls, and tomorrow I'll teach you how to begin to be an actress. It's easy, kid," he comforted, at the look of astonishment in her eyes. "I've been thru it myself, today."

Thereupon, as the girl shivered and her eyes fogged with sleep again, he commanded her to lie down, and wrapt her snugly in the bright brocade again.

With the dawn of a new day, the friendless girl stepped out on the stage, togged in the overalls and cap which the assistant had brought her. He could not help but notice that even in her disguise she was far too good-looking. "It hurts, but I guess I'll have to rough her up a bit," he soliloquized, and, rubbing his hands smartly in the dirt on the studio floor, he plastered it generously over her cheeks and throat.

"That will do for a starter," he said. "Now look around and get familiar with the place, while I hit the hay for a spell."

It was not to be. The little assistant had barely snuggled himself on the luxurious couch, when Alec, refreshed and assertive from his long siesta, came blustering in and ordered him to get busy. "What do you think this is," he bellowed — "a sailors' lodging-house? Come; hump yourself and saw up some lengths of backing."

"Say, boss," the assistant confided, as they walked over to the bar-room set, "I caught a boy hangin' around the studio this morning and set him to work. I dont suppose you mind as long as it dont interfere with your beauty sleep."

Alec turned on him like a bulldog. "Beauty sleep! you little rat!" he thundered. "If you'd been worn down to skin and bones for three years, there wouldn't be enough of you left to make mince-meat for a pet cat. I'll show you what honest work is!" And thereupon he stood over the cowering assistant, and his still more trembling assistant, while



"COME, COME; IT'S ALL AN ADVENTURE—  
TOMORROW WE'RE PRINCE AND PRINCESS"

they sawed a neat stack of backing into lengths.

"How are you with the hammer?" stage-whispered the assistant to the girl.

"Never used one in my life," she whispered back.

Presently these two were off in the property-room alone, gathering their tools together. She looked up at her little boss defiantly, tears gathering in her deep eyes, and hands puffed and blistered from the work. "I'm afraid I can't learn to be an actress," she blubbered; "it's so different—"

Her boss seized the points of her shirt-collar and neatly dried her eyes. "Come, come," he laughed; "it's all an adventure. Today we're property-man—and woman; tomorrow we're prince and princess, or maybe gypsies—who knows?"

The girl listened to his philosophy wonderingly, while she attempted to grasp a hammer with a mannish stroke. "That will do," chuckled the assistant, as she made a fell swipe that came almost within three inches of a nail-head; "you just make the noise and I'll drive the nails for you."

Under his reassuring guidance, the two worked like beavers until, at the noon-hour, Alec came around to make an inspection. The little assistant was not without his sense of humor. He remembered his sudden precipitation thru the

trap-door on the previous day, and slipped its bolt so that it would open downward at the slightest pressure. As Alec ponderously approached, his assistant stopped working and grasped the girl by the arm.

"Stop working," he whispered, "and strike a pose of luxury with me on the bar-rail."

The conspirators squatted and, apparently, were lost to the approach of the enraged property-man. "Here, you!" he bawled, but the rest of his words were lost in the sudden downward whirl of a heavy body and its splash in the water below. The folding-doors of the trap-door had sprung upward and caught his round cheeks between them, and there he hung suspended, thrashing and kicking, while his merry slaves grinned down upon him.

"Caught in his own trap!" cried the assistant. "Lights! Camera! Action! The 'heavy' will register painful distress."

When the fat property-man finally pried himself loose, he proceeded to make the studio a veritable hell for his workers. The assistant and the girl were set to labors that made their backs creak like rusty hinges and almost tore the flesh from their hands.

As for the stage-hands, they held an indignation meeting and decided to walk out. "And as for that big stiff," cried the husky ringleader, "we'll plant a stick of dynamite—no fake property, either—under him and blow him to kingdom come."

That night the girl stowed herself on the couch again, and the assistant sat in the shadowy bar-room set, smoking his corn-cob pipe and pondering on the flinty road that leads to Actorland. In the midst of his star-roving, stealthy steps and whispering voices sounded on the stage, and he saw a ghostly group of stage-hands unlock the door to the property-room.

The little assistant was outnumbered ten to one, but, with his thoughts on the girl, he reasoned there was just a chance of protecting her in the coming struggle in the dark. Noiselessly, he followed the striking stage-hands in and watched them cross the property-room, their flash-lamps cutting jagged streaks of light in the dark.

Presently they came to the luxurious bed where Alec slept, and slipped a long, ugly-looking cylinder under it, and just as noiselessly they retreated on tiptoe, leaving the assistant alone in the tragic place.

Instantly he was upon his hands and knees, fumbling under Alec's bed, and his hands came in contact with the bomb. Its fuse was sparkling like a glow-worm as he drew it forth, and he squeezed the fatal thing tightly, until it glowed feebly and went out. Then to the little man came a happy, adventurous idea. There was a chance of giving the dynamiters a taste of their own medicine. Once outside, he saw them groping toward the

gate, and, with a loud "Hello!" he lit the fuse again and gave chase.

The deadly thing sputtered in his hand like a glorious Roman-candle, but if he could once gain the gates with it and then the road, his chance might come. On little pipe-stems of legs that fairly twinkled across the stage, he dashed out into the yard and ran toward the gate. The last of the conspirators, alarmed at his shout, had just run thru.

Then commenced a weird chase down the road, with the frightened strikers running for their lives and the sinister bomb ever gleaming behind them. Just as the fuse sputtered out its last gasp, the assistant property-man gave the bomb a hearty toss ahead of him, and it burst in the sky with a roar that fairly shook the heavens.

The pursuer turned around, grinned widely into the moonlight, flipped his coat-tails, and pirouetted back toward the studio gates. He knew that the night watchman and Alec would tumble awake at sound of the explosion, and would be doddering around, hungry for his tale. And then, too, there was the girl. Per-



"LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! THE  
'HEAVY' WILL REGISTER PAINFUL  
DISTRESS"

haps he had kept her young star-roving career from being cut short, too.

"We've got it in us," he chuckled—"deep down in us. Tomorrow I'm going to ask the director to let me stage a real thriller. And as for that game little package in overalls, I'll make a star of her yet."



# Hello, Central! Give Me Mr. Bluebeard!



Photo of Earle Williams, copyright Underwood & Underwood

Earle Williams has taken to star-gazing, and his observations have been so keen that ten "Novae" now revolve about his planetary self. Novae, astronomically speaking, you know, are newly discovered stars. It all happened in "The Scarlet Runner," and Christopher Race, who is down on his luck and takes to public chauffeuring, meets a host of adventures, each one heralded by a fresh leading-lady. It takes ten stars to make an orbit around "The Scarlet Runner," and if you follow his star-gazing eyes, starting from their level and "taking observations" heavenward around the circle, you will also discover Louisita Valentine, Betty Howe, Adele Kelley, Gypsy O'Brien, Lillian Tucker, Edith Storey, Gene Stuart, Peggy Blake, Billie Billings and Zena Keefe. Billie Billings, Zena Keefe and Edith Storey have been, of course, long since discovered

(Fifty-six)

# A Message from Stars You Know



Every winter I use Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops. They always make my throat feel better.

*Cordially Yours  
Errol Dutton.*



In my business a sudden fit of coughing can ruin an entire scene. "Retakes" are costly and when I find a mean little cough getting the best of me and endangering the success of my work before the camera, I simply slip a Dean's Mentholated Cough Drop under my tongue and forget the cough.

*Very Sincerely Yours  
Virginia Walker*



As a means of heading off a fresh cold, relieving the throat and stopping a "hacking" cough, I have found Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops worth many times their small cost. During my studio work, when a cough means ruin to a picture, I wouldn't dare be without the soothing relief they afford.

*Mary Fuller.*



I guess I've tried every different make of cough drop since I was old enough to eat them, but Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops, it seems to me, hit the sore spot quicker than any I've ever tried and their taste is pleasing, too.

*Earl Williams*



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## Movie Chess Puzzle

It's Your Move---Try It and Win a Prize. You Can Play This Game Even If You Can't Play Chess

HERE is a little game to while away a winter's evening—or, perhaps, several evenings. Imagine that the diagram given below is a chess-board, and that you have only one piece, a king. Now, a king, as you know, can move only one square at a time, in any direction. Every square you light on must be counted, and when your move is completed the letters will spell the last name of some photoplayer. For example, suppose for your first move you begin with A in the first square. You then might move to square 2 just under it, thence to square 2-2 to the right, thence to square 1-2 above, thence to square 2-8, thence to 8-8, thence to 8-2, ending at square 4-8, which spells Anderson.

write to us for any further instructions or information. To be fair to all, we can say no more, for we have given all the rules necessary. Be sure your name and address is on your answer, and don't forget that neatness and artistic get-up will be considered in case there should be several who succeed in discovering all of the hidden names.

In sending in your answers you may suit yourself as to the form, only you must be sure to let us know *where you found the names*. A mere list of names will not be considered. For your convenience we have numbered each square, and you could write your answers thus: "Anderson, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, 1-2, 2-8, 8-8, 8-2, 4-8." Note that

1.....	A	E	H	S	T	A	U	R	U	S	O	R
2.....	N	D	R	I	D	N	E	D	O	B	S	T
3.....	N	O	S	G	N	A	W	I	L	E	H	U
4.....	R	A	N	E	T	T	E	S	L	A	N	T
5.....	S	M	I	L	Y	O	N	T	I	M	E	T
6.....	H	U	F	U	L	A	J	L	T	S	N	O
7.....	A	R	F	E	P	C	O	E	E	W	O	H
8.....	L	O	R	D	O	O	K	Y	C	L	A	K
9.....	L	D	N	A	H	U	W	A	M	T	R	R
10.....	K	E	O	T	G	R	P	R	B	E	S	I
11.....	B	U	R	I	X	E	T	O	K	Y	C	H
12.....	S	N	R	M	O	C	N	T	E	L	A	V
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

For the next move, you may start anywhere you like, and if desired you can move on some of the same squares as before. But please note that you can never use the same square twice in the same move, nor can you skip over a square—every square you light on must be counted. If you require a double, such as an "o" and "o", as in Wood, you must use two different ones, for you cannot light on the same square twice in the same move.

Now, you will readily find a dozen players concealed in these 144 squares; but there are a great many more than that, and perhaps the clever player of this game will discover five dozen or more—just how many, we refuse to say. Do not

the first figure of each group is from the column of figures at the left, and the second is from the column at the bottom.

Or you may cut the diagram out and attach it to your answer sheet, or print a diagram yourself, and make marks on it from square to square, showing the course of each move. Or, you can adopt any other method, but be sure to make it clear.

For the best answer containing the largest number of names of players, we will award a prize of \$10. For the next best, \$5; for the next five best, a yearly subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. All answers must be received on or before Jan. 31, 1917. Address, Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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(Fifty-nine)

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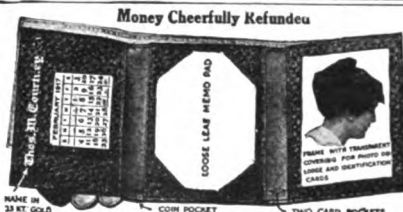
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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

**JEAN M.**—Glad to hear from you. What do you mean? Henry Walthall will be in "The Truant Soul." Mary Charleson will play opposite him. Vitagraph have "Within the Law," which will be released soon. Yes, it is true that Charles Ogle joined Lasky.

**KATHERINE.**—You ask: "If a girl has ability plus being able to cry at will, but no experience of any kind, has she a good chance to obtain a position at a minimum wage in pictures?" No. The business is overcrowded with experienced people, and the ability to cry at will is not rare.

**BETTY G.**—No to your first. Beauty is a priceless possession, but personality is even more so. Mary Pickford is at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. Alice Joyce in care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

**YAMA YAMA GIRL.**—Irving Cummings is taller than William Russell. Charlotte Burton is no child. She is of the vampire type for American. Ah, you flatter me. Please don't lay it on too thick, Macduff, for, like wine, it soon goes to the head.

**MRS. J. E. L. VIENNA.**—Surely I got the apples. Thanks. The date of Romaine Fielding's birth was May 22, 1879. Yes, I remember saying "The face of a man is like the face of a watch—it reveals without what it conceals within." And you say that reminds you of Romaine Fielding's face.

**CHUB.**—You have reference to Mahlon Hamilton in "Molly Make Believe." Norma Talmadge with her own company now, and Constance has a three-year contract with Griffith. Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley in "The Revolt." I don't know whether Annette Kellermann has any regular nickname, but over at the Fox studio they call her "U-53"—she is such a clever submarine.

**GAY LEE.**—Charlie Chaplin directs all his own plays, and he writes most of them also. Earle Williams has no permanent leading lady, but Katherine Lewis is playing opposite him now. Gordon Griffith had the part of Ben Blair in the play by that name. You refer to Ted Dean in "Then I'll Come Back to You." I should say you were in the mood for letter-writing. And why don't you leave a little white space between the words? Let me hear from you again, but let me see more white paper.

**FRANCES M.**—Your letter dated September 28th arrived after the November Classic had gone to press. Hence the delay. The Ridgelys left Brooklyn on August 26, 1912, to cross the continent. They secured subscriptions for our Magazine. Mr. Ridgely is not playing at present.

**MRS. L. A.**—You say that some of the photography in "Purity" was poor. I don't think the film stock suffered from over-exposure—but Audrey Munson did. Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Smile of a Child." It is too old, and has not been re-issued.

**MAL., DALLAS.**—Indeed! We have never published a picture of the late Sydney Ayres. Hobert Henley in January, 1916. No picture of Roland Bottomley. Louise Lovely is with Universal, ditto Rupert Julian.

**ELIZABETH D.**—I now get \$8.00 a week, and am known as "The Eight-a-Week Century Plant." David Powell as Dick Freeman in "Gloria's Romance." No, to your last.

**MARY F., LOS BANOS.**—He was divorced. It is easier to get married than to stay so.

Yes, some of those scenes were taken in Alaska. You just bet that was a real fight in "The Spoilers." If you could have seen the way Farnum and Santschi mugged each other up you would think so.

**LUCILLE C.**—Please hire a hall! Or, better still, get a publisher! You are as prolific of words as a dictionary. Yes, Valentine Grant did the Scotch hornpipe finely in "Daughter of MacGregor."

**WAGGIE N. C.**—Yes, your writing has improved. Your jokes are pretty good. Give us some more and I'll publish them. She is not an old maid, only a bachelor girl.

**LILOLA.**—You refer to Adele Lane in "The Second Childhood" (Selig). Yes, the marimba has taken the place of the ukelele as a popular instrument in New York cabarets. The marimba comes from darkest Africa, and has hollow wooden keys that are struck with wooden hammers. I am not a tango artist; but I have heard the marimba, and it makes me feel awfully itchy-pitchy and hunchy-bunchy.

**S. F. M.**—No, I didn't play in "The Gentleman from Indiana." I'm from Brooklyn. No new contract for Mary Fuller as yet. At the present time she is taking a much needed rest in the mountains.

**ELOISE C., MIAMI.**—So all you ask is for a picture of Harry Hilliard—the fair Romeo. Well it's easy enough to learn how to economize; the main thing is to learn how to live without economizing.

**ELIZABETH.**—But don't you know it is against the rules to ask questions without giving the full name and address, Betty?

**MELVA.**—Welcome. You refer to Louise Bates in "Falstaff." I, too, detest those chalky-white faces of some of our players. Why, our screen stars use enough powder in one year to lick the Germans and Allies combined.

**MILLIE, MEDINA.**—You ask if Rose Tapley buys her clothes at Altman's. No, Altman buy their clothes of Rose Tapley. Silly questioners have their uses—if there weren't any I could not make a living.

**POLLU S. V. OLSON.**—Norma Talmadge, Seena Owen and Tully Marshall in "Martha's Vindication." Fire away; I'm always on guard!

**ETHEL ANITA.**—Alice Rinaldo was the woman and Mae Gaston was the girl in "The Conscience of John David" (Horsley). So you want Vitagraph to reproduce "A Million Bid." The Capitol at Washington covers an area of 153,112 square feet, and the dome is 287 feet high.

**OLGA, 17.** So here you are. Crane Wilbur was born in Naples, Nov. 17, 1887; educated all over the world; parents are English and Italian; spends evenings writing and attending theaters; favorite hobby is motor-boating; very fond of reading; 5 feet 11½ inches in height; weight about 175 pounds; sings; is a baseball fan; does very much walking and swimming, and is particularly fond of all outdoor sports. Is that sufficient? I suppose you will want Walthall next.

**BRAINS, S. C.**—I do not know why Charlie Chaplin spreads his feet to either side nor why he always wears a small derby hat and a cane; but I imagine he does it to make little girls ask silly questions. Joseph Henabery was Abraham Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation."



G. E. H.—William Hart was Draw Egan and Margery Wilson was Myrtle in "The Return of Draw Egan." Mary MacLaren was Estelle and Phillips Smalley was Robert in "Saving the Family Name." Wrong title on your other.

HELEN F.—Claire Whitney and James Corbett in "The Burglar and the Lady." Marguerite Nichols was Phyllis, R. Henry Grey was Bert, and Lulu Bowers was Bertie in "A Matrimonial Martyr." Of course, I wish you were better—wish I could help you.

MADELINE J. M. F.—I have attended to both of your requests. There are several correspondence clubs now. The Pansy Correspondence Club, Queens Kaliba, Box 217, Corning, N. Y.; The Reel Club, John H. Chase, 116 E. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and the Scroll Club, Grace Kramer, 3009 North Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Take your choice! They are all good.

MARY D.—Yes, they are twins; Marion and Madeline Fairbanks in "Their One Love." Always put your name first. I observed a very strong resemblance between Lillian Gish and Sarah Bernhardt.

ELEANOR.—William S. Hart has no regular leading woman. He ought to have Blanche Sweet—then they could call it the Sweet-heart Company.

GEORGE C.—Don't believe all you read about players' salaries. The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. The nurse wasn't on the cast in "Where Are My Children?" See back issues for that contest.

GRANDDAD'S GIRL.—No, I am no granddad, and never expect to be. I agree about that cold-blooded lead. But some of our prettiest flowers are without scent and some of our prettiest players are without heart. The soul is pretty sure to show thru, however.

D. L. C., IOWA CITY.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. New list out. Forrest Stanley was James in "He Fell in Love with His Wife." So you don't like the brown ink in the Gallery.

CLIO.—Haven't seen the "Clarion" this month. A photoplayer is an artist and a musician; he paints pictures by means of the art of facial expression and gesture, and he plays all kinds of tunes on the human heart-strings.

M. L. D., MONTREAL.—The next Pearl White serial will be "Pearl of the Army." Fay Tincher is still with Triangle. That is very *mauvais gout*.

MADELINE J. M. F.—I agree with you. So you think "Under Two Flags" is the best picture you have ever seen. How many pictures have you seen?

BESSIE J.—Of course I always welcome a newcomer. The more the merrier. You must put your questions at the beginning of your letter, please.

CHUB.—Again? Mary Pickford and Edward Martindell in "The Foundling." John Barrymore and Katherine Harris in "Nearly a King." Irene Fenwick has gone back to pictures. She was the star of the stage play "The Guilty Man," which played in New York. She started her stage career as a chorus girl in "Peggy from Paris," and remained in the chorus for only three weeks. Her opportunity came thru understudying a star, whose rôle she assumed when the latter became ill.

MARIETTA, PORTLAND.—Yes, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was splendid in "The Old Folks at Home" (Triangle). Esquire is a title used for magistrates and public officers.

JOHNSON T. D.—Mary MacLaren and Phillips Smalley in "Wanted—A Home." Will some one kindly oblige them? J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Social Buccaneer." Quite so; love does much, but money does more. Alas, I have neither.

JOHNNY SUNSHINE.—We discontinued "When the Stars Appear" thru lack of space and because it was crowded out, but it is to be resumed, I think. Any time you want to know what play a star is to appear in next, or the kind of part he or she will take, just heckle me and I will let you know.

(Sixty-one)

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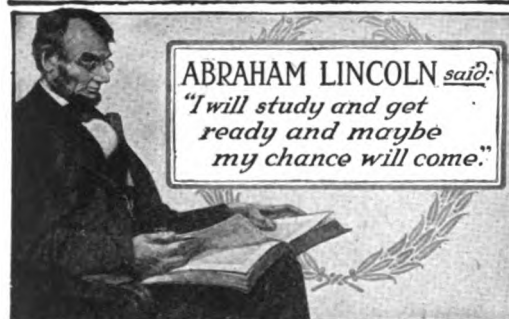
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UNDERWOOD T., CANADA.—Fannie Ward in "Witchcraft." Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore in "The Kiss." Wallace Pyke, the well-known character man, has been engaged by Pallas to play in "The Son of Erin." See story in next Magazine.

TONY.—Ah, ha! I have heard that too—that Ben Turpin's real name is Benjamin Turpentine; but he cut it down when he became an actor, because they don't allow explosives around where films are. Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist."

RAMONA.—Myrtle Gonzalez and Val Paul and Fred Church in "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill." Dorothy Davenport played in "Barriers of Society." Frank Borzage directs and plays leads in his pictures.

LITTLE JOHN.—William Russell was Tom and Charlotte Burton was Marie in "The Love Hermit." No, you couldn't quite call me a love hermit, because I am not a hermit and am not in love. Newfoundland's output of copper ore increased from 2,000 tons in 1914 to approximately 15,000 tons during the past year. Most of the ore was purchased by dealers in the United States.

ESTY.—Francella Billington and Jack Holt in "The Black Sheep of the Family." It was Juanita Hansen herself, and not a "double," who descended the cliff in "The Secret of the Submarine" by lowering herself on the stems of vines. By no means do all stars "double" risky parts or "fake" the perils.

MICHAEL T. B. J.—Bessie Love in "A Sister of Six." Yes, the scenes were in 1860, and a very pretty thing. The six were Violet Radcliffe, Carmen De Rue, George Stone, Francis Carpenter, Beulah Burns and Lloyd Pearl.

ADOLPH H.—There's no time like the pleasant. So you like Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin in "The Crimson Stain." Franklyn Ritchie and Helene Rosson in "The Undertow." George Gebhart is with the American.

HELEN L. R.—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty! Always glad to see you whenever you call, or at any other time and place.

STELLA A. D., MEMPHIS.—Gypsy Abbott is with Mutual. There are sixty-eight Mutual exchanges thruout America. Mary Miles Minter has played in "Youth's Endearing Charm," "Dulcie's Adventure," "Faith," "Dream or Two Ago" and "The Innocence of Lizette," while she has been with American. She is what they call "a comer."

LOUISE T. H.—Cleo Madison is still with Universal. She is playing in "The Chalice of Sorrow." Andrew Arbuckle is with Universal. William Garwood with Western Universal. He played in "A Soul at Stake." Many of the screen players are dandy cooks, and our articles written and signed by them were not made to order. A good deal of the time they are out on a location anywhere from the backwoods to the desert, and they pick up all sorts of native recipes. One player told me ten different ways to cook eels, which she learnt at Martha's Vineyard, and she invited me to taste them, too.

MAZIE T. D.—Mary Fuller played in "Cheaters" (Universal). At this writing she is taking a rest.

SOCRATES.—Picture stars' names and fancy names in casts have given the Southern cullud folks a much needed christening field. Black babies used to run to Mary Andersons and Lilly Langtrys, but now I understand they are all Mary Pickfords and Marguerite Clarks. One fond ebony mother has written me that she has named one of twins "Bella Donna," and asks me to suggest a name for the other. How would "Nux Vomica" do?

FLORENCE C. T.—Yes, she is a widow, I believe; but I don't know what kind—maybe grass, maybe sod. Yes, Louise Fazenda is a fine character player. H. B. Warner is playing opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Vagabond Prince."

JOSEPH T. D.—Read the article on Douglas Fairbanks in the December Magazine. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, Cal., on August 26, 1892. Parents, German and Irish. She is about five feet seven and weighs about 128 pounds. Auburn hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion. She is a crack shot.

CLEOPATRA.—Indeed! Thomas Chatterton is playing in the Kolb and Dill comedies. They do say that Winnifred Greenwood is an expert fortune-teller. I believe Edwin August is located for a while. He is playing in "The Law of Nature," opposite Iva Shepard.

LILLIAN G. C.—Carter De Haven is Timothy in the "Breaking Into Society" plays. Vola Smith was Vola in "The Eternal Way."

MINTA D., WALLA WALLA.—You ask me to name the fifty classics of literature. You have sent me a Herculean task, but here is the Editor's list in alphabetical order: Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverly"; Aesop's "Fables"; Boswell's "Johnson"; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Butler's "Hudibras"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Byron's "Childe Harold"; Bronte's "Jane Eyre"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Cervantes' "Don Quixote"; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"; Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe"; Defoe's "Crusoe"; Dickens' "David Copperfield"; Dante's "Divine Comedy"; Darwin's "Descent of Man"; Emerson's Essays; Goethe's "Faust"; Gibbon's "Rome"; Gray's "Elegy"; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Holmes' "Autocrat"; Homer's "Iliad"; Hugo's "Les Miserables"; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Kingsley's "Hypatia"; Lamb's "Essays of Elia"; Longfellow's "Hiawatha"; Meredith's "Lucille"; Milton's "Paradise Lost"; Macaulay's Essays; Pope's "Essay on Man"; Poe's "Raven"; Plato's "Dialogs"; Plutarch's Lives; Pepy's Diary; C. Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"; W. Reade's "Martyrdom of Man"; Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; Swift's "Gulliver"; Scott's "Ivanhoe"; Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde"; Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; Spenser's "First Principles"; Spenser's "Faerie Queene"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Virgil's "Aeneid." I think I can agree with the Editor in the main.



ELLA HALL PLAYING WITH HER DONKEY COLT WHILE ENJOYING AN OUTING IN THE COUNTRY NEAR LOS ANGELES

(Sixty-two)



**J**UST to prove that she is not so black as she is screened, and is as white as she is painted, Theda Bara is posing for an heroic-sized portrait of herself by the distinguished artist, José Ruchti. The "reformation" of Theda is complete; in her portrait she is posing as an angel carrying the flaming sword of virtue.

"Los" and its studio colony has seen the last of Lou-Tellegen. Having just completed his farewell picture, "The Black Wolf," he is hastening to Baltimore to open the theatrical season in his last winter's success, "The King of Nowhere."

Last winter the fans were all "het up" over the rival Carmens in the persons of Theda Bara and Geraldine Farrar. Now come the rival Julietts, Theda Bara and Beverly Bayne, making their screen appearances as the famous loved ones at the same time. No doubt, the stars who have not been deemed worthy of Juliet's rôle are saying, "A pest on both their houses."

Hobart Bosworth and Tully Marshall have both decided to make the Lasky studio their permanent abode. The distinguished character stars took part in a special engagement for "Joan of Arc," supporting Geraldine Farrar.

Edith Storey's trip to Los Angeles is being turned into a triumph such as is accorded only to stars of the first magnitude. In Chicago, Vitagraph's Bernhardt was entertained at a supper party by the leading exhibitors and editors, and finally wound up in a cell, where she had to be handcuffed. But this was at the State Penitentiary, and was only a "thrilling experience" staged by the warden.

Clara Kimball Young and Conway Tearle are starting to emotionalize Thomas Dixon's novel, "The Foolish Virgin." We don't know what happened to the virgin in the novel, but we feel quite sure that Clara will put her thru all her paces.

On page 44 we have Charles Kent, Julia Swayne Gordon, Peggy Hyland, Evart Overton and James Morrison playing in "The Enemy," in the order named.

While still in the thick of her triumph in the stage-play, "The Gully Man," Irene Fenwick has decided to appear also in pictures. Her first photoplay will be "The Princess Zim Zim," and Owen Moore will be her leading man.

Norma Talmadge announces that her first screen presentation of her own will be "Panthea," from the international stage-play success of Madame Olga Petrova.

Ruth Roland's postal cards to her friends and admirers are newsy and to the point. "I am sure," she writes, "you will be interested in knowing that I am now working on the first Pathé serial for 1917, entitled 'The Neglected Wife,' in which I will be featured. I hope you are voting for me in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE contest."

No sooner has Edith Storey started for the West than we hear of Antonio Moreno "hot-footing" it after her. It is not a romance—"No" (quite coldly), but on the West Coast Antonio will co-star with Edith in "Money Madness," a story by Hamlin Garland.

And now for a few dressing-rooms "To Let" and newly furnished. Vera Sisson has transferred her wardrobe from Universal to Metro; Edwin August still rings the changes by going from World to Mutual; Flora Finch is now roosting in the Thanhouser henery; Harry Edwards and Julia Faye have cavorted from Keystone to Fox; Warda Howard has left Essanay, and Patsy DeForest has been welcomed into the Vitagraph nest.

Not to be outdone by his elders, little Billy Jacobs has started a film family of his own, and it is said that it is financed from the money that he saved during his career as a baby picture actor. Let's hope that Billy is as good an investor as he is when "just himself" on the screen.

Handsomeness Jack Kerrigan's latest picture is a comedy, entitled "Parted from His Bride." As he has been wedded to his art and to the Universal Company for the past two years, and the rumor is persistent that he is leaving, his comedy title seems pretty pat.

Enter Dorothy McGowan, the adopted daughter of Helen Holmes. Lucky little Dorothy was one of a very large and very needy family, but when she proved her dramatic worth in some scenes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands," Helen Holmes obtained permission to permanently adopt her.

"Rensageki," or a combination of screen- and stage-drama, is now all the rage in Japan. The fans want to go to see anything else. As we understand it, all the sentimental parts—lovers' farewells, love avowals, and the oh-so-pitiful passages are done in dialog. When it comes to the thrills the stage is darkened and the camera holds sway.

H. B. Warner, the impressive character lead with Triangle, has decided to portray one of the "Seven Deadly Sins" for McClure pictures. Mr. Warner will be the star of "Wrath."

Here is another efficacious little box of news pills: Naomi Childers has ricocheted from Vitagraph and has not yet announced new plans; Sally Crute has been gathered in under the Metro umbrella, and Vivian Rich has just become a young Fox. The Horsley studios have reopened, and Crane Wilbur is still the spotlight man. All on one ticket, Neal Burns, Betty Compson, Stella Adams, Harry Ratten and Billie Rhodes, the Nestor comedians, have shunted over to the Cub Comedy lair. And then, too, Sidney Dean is leaving Lasky; Earle Fox has joined Metro; George Beban will resume his Italian rôles with Morosco, and, last but not least, Art Acord has stampeded from the American corral to Fox.

Edna May, the heroine of "Salvation Joan," has just recovered from an attack of appendicitis and the ensuing operation. The former famous stage star may never appear on the screen again, but all of her earnings, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, have been contributed to a fund for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Allies.

Juanita Hansen, the dazzling blonde who rode to fame in "The Secret of the Submarine," has just joined the Keystone fun-makers. Miss Hansen, by the way, made her film comedy debut under Mack Sennet two years ago.

The photoplay brides of Santa Barbara—Helene Rosson, Anna Little, Rene Rogers, Gertrude Robinson and others—are going to produce playlets in their home town for the benefit of European war sufferers. Their first production will be "Cricket on the Hearth," under the personal direction of James Kirkwood.

Speaking of brides, Mary Miles Minter turned a neat little trick when she gave a "Welcome Home" to Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood (née Gertrude Robinson). On their arrival at their honeymoon bungalow they found each room festooned with bowers of roses, smilax and ferns, all gleefully arranged by little M. M. M.

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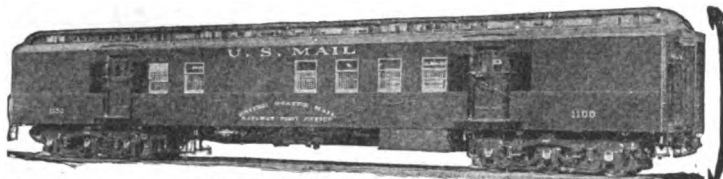
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Anna Nilsson is about to make her debut on the stage, co-starring with Guy Coombs in a playlet, "The Naked Lie."

Here's a toothsome dish for Bushman-Bayne cohorts: The news has just leaked out that these famous players are soon to be co-starred in a long serial. Its title and nature are not yet divulged, but we promise to be on hand with a "still" camera as soon as the affair takes the studio boards. In the meantime, they will be seen in "The Diplomatic Service," their forthcoming picture.

Now that Earle Williams has "shot" the last scene in "The Scarlet Runner," we will see him at least once a month in an evening's entertainment. His next best bet is "The Soul Master," from the James Oliver Curwood story.

Versatile Grace Cunard shows that she is there in a pinch. Recently Francis Ford was taken ill, and underwent an operation on his nose. Miss Grace immediately stepped into the breach and directed, as well as starred in, the third episode of "My Lady Raffles."

"Broncho Billy," otherwise G. M. Anderson, has at last been run to earth. We have discovered that he has doffed the buskin and donned the directorial megaphone. Dame Gossip sayeth that he will direct future Olla Nazimova pictures.

With the Vitagraph studio heads and players bidding them good-by and good luck, Ralph Ince, Lucille Lee Stewart and Huntley Gordon are retiring to form a new company of their own. Mr. Ince may take the Vitagraph's former studio at Bay Shore, L. I., nearby his home in Brightwaters.

Milton Sills, who is at present leading man for Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria," is a good example of studio pluck. While taking part in a recent scene a heavy flagstone fell upon Mr. Sill's foot, crushing it into the ground. Without a murmur, he continued playing to the end of the scene, and after that, medical attendance and an improvised ambulance were hastily summoned.

Little Mary Pickford wears two distinct kinds of pajamas in "Less Than the Dust," and avers that the real Oriental ones are cosier than the "East Indian" night-clothes made in New Bedford, Mass. By the way, we have advance information from our Cape Cod look-out that "Little Mary & Company," clad in Scotch plaid, have just descended on New England's "barren shores" to capture some Scottish locations for her next picture.

Methinks Norma Talmadge is grooming herself to play in "Maid, Wife or Widow?" The recent announcement of her marriage has brought a denial from her mother; her husband cannot be found to either deny or affirm, and Norma herself hints at an engagement. But we have heard something about a license and wedding presents; so there you are!

Carlotta De Felice and Vinton Breese were secretly married in Newark, New Jersey, on September 11th. It is a little late to gladden us with the news; but as the players' lips were sealed, we had to dig it up ourselves.

Glue your eye to another kaleidoscope of shifting players: Anna Mae Walthall waltzes from Selig to Essanay; Tom Powers has just joined Mutual; Universal denies that Ella Hall is about to leave; Harry Benham will play leads for June Caprice; Raymond McKee is again with Metro; Elsie MacLeod will beam for Sunbeam, and House Peters has been paged by Morosco.

A slam-bang Kentucky feud is on between William Fox and Herbert Brenon, the author-director of Annette Kellermann's "A Daughter of the Gods." Everything but bullets are flying. It started with words, thickened up with law-suits, and ended by Fox barring Brenon from the Lyric Theater, N. Y. Despite the presence of sentinels who could recognize him, Brenon, who is a master of make-up, got thru their lines and saw his picture. Somebody ought to screen it: "Fox, the Foiled Film Fiend!"

A permanent "playhouse" has at last been found for Clara Kimball Young, Norma Talmadge and Kitty Gordon. The magnificent Biograph studio in New York has been taken over for their future studio home.

(Sixty-four)



## Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

**44th St.**—"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

**Belasco.**—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

**Hudson.**—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy-long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man," intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

**Harris.**—"Under Sentence." A strong gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

**48th St.**—"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

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## SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Intruder." Altho the doings of a faithless wife and her paramour form the basis of this drama, it is one of the best and strongest that Broadway has seen for years, and it ought to become a classic. Exquisitely acted by an exceptionally appropriate cast, of which H. Cooper Cliffe easily carries off the honors in a minor part.

"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Mr. Lazarus." A comedy of the better sort, featuring Henry E. Dixey, who creates an interesting character in the title rôle, but most of the fun is caused by the delightful antics of Florine Arnold. Tom Powers, well known to picture fans a few years ago, is also excellent, as also are all the others in the cast.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations, and a laugh in every line; but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

"Coat-Tales." A first-class farce-comedy so cleverly constructed that it is replete with surprises and unexpected situations, each more laughable than the other. A clean, wholesome farce.

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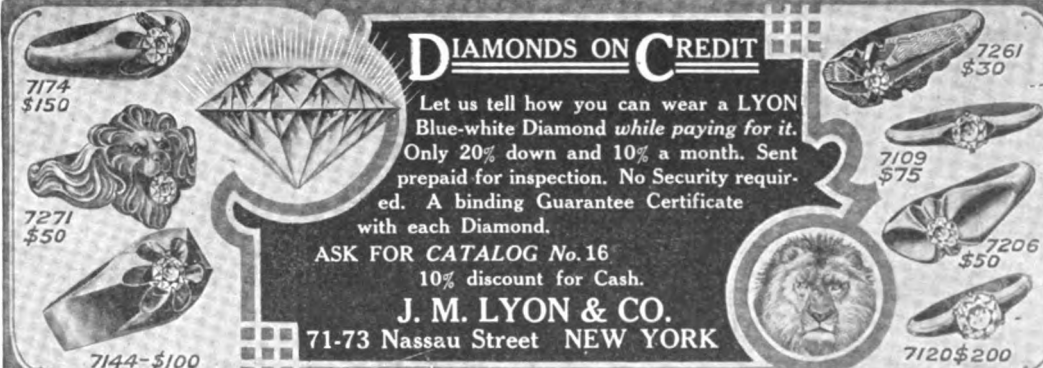
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Will not only help you decide whether you are adapted for this profession, but will prepare you at home to face the greatest test of all—securing a position. Don't throw your chance away. Send for this book. Let us help you decide. Let us tell you first—What the Director's Photo Test Is—How to Prepare for This at Home—Whether You Are Fitted for Comedy or Drama—How the Director Works—Whom to Apply to for a Position—Where the Studios Are Located—What Personal Magnetism Is—Salary—Make Up—and a great many other important facts that are absolutely necessary for you to know.

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Looking for a position. The stakes are too big. Be sure you are right—then go ahead. Directors are constantly looking for Types. You may be the one to have the personality, the ability to make good. I am offering for a short time—to readers of this magazine—"Motion Picture Acting" for only fifty cents a copy. Enclose either stamps or money in an envelope with your name and address. My book will be promptly mailed and your money promptly returned if you are not satisfied. I guarantee this to you and to "Motion Picture Classic."

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HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

## The Photodrama

A Department for the Earnest and Popular Consideration of the Photoplay in All of Its Phases—Hints and Instruction; Plotting and Construction; Selling and Production

**NOTE:** All readers of the Magazine are invited to follow this department. For, altho it may appeal particularly to those who are already writing photoplays, yet it will be written in a popular and interesting manner that will reveal new beauties in the plays you see and read about thru knowing what they come from and how they are made. It may be that you have an undeveloped talent that this department can turn into dollars and cents!

### A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

For some time past we have sensed the need and felt the desirability of a department that would cater to the wants of that large and growing class of Motion Picture readers, audiences and students who are interested in the construction, writing and selling of the photoplay.

We have hesitated, for two reasons, until the present time before launching such a department. The first is, that the field of photoplay writing itself has been in a state of primal uncertainty. Few there were indeed who have come anywhere near mastering its technical requirements.

In the second place, where were we to find the man?

Now, we are happy to state, the Motion Picture has truly found itself. There are lapses, to be sure, but you who attend the Motion Picture theaters regularly are rewarded by some of the finest spectacles and deep dramas that can stand without fear of reproach shoulder to shoulder with the best that our stage can offer.

What we need, then, are masters of the art of photoplay making, and in Henry Albert Phillips we are going to place the excellence of our judgment at your service.

We are not the first to select Henry Albert Phillips as a great inspirational force in the writing of photoplays. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one of America's greatest and most conservative educational institutions, has chosen Mr. Phillips to inaugurate a course in photoplay writing in their venerable halls. The Y. M. C. A. of New York is retaining Mr. Phillips in a similar capacity for the second year.

We feel, then, in introducing a Department of Photoplay Writing that we have fully rounded out the functions of our Magazine so that they now meet the requirements, desires and interests of the entire Motion Picture universe, whom we have been serving to the best of our ability for the past five years.

Welcoming either assenting or dissenting voices in the matter, we remain, Perpetually at your service,

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND CLASSIC,  
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor.

### INTRODUCING MY DEPARTMENT

JUST as I began my efforts as a pioneer student in the field of the photodrama I mean to continue them—always viewing the photodrama as a fine art capable of infinite power, influence, scope and expansion. Three years ago my viewpoint was ridiculed by critics thruout the country with more or less good nature. These wise owls averred that I was taking myself and the so-called photodrama too seriously.

In the meantime, most of those who paused to scoff have remained to wonder.

Today, any critic who should dare to rise and call the photodrama a passing show that will strut and fret its weary hour on the screen tonight and be crowded out of the theaters tomorrow, would be adjudged something of a fool, and at best, an ignoramus.

On the contrary, you and I are living in a wonderful age. We have lived to see the birth of a new art. We are privileged to be contemporaneous with the coming of a new medium for expressing the infinite. We may see with our eyes an emotional vision, just as it was created in the soul of man-with-a-message.

The soul-visions of man-o'-dreams have

become familiar spirits, to be sure, stalking the stages of our theaters and the pages of our books, and climbing skyward in the pinnacles of our cathedrals, or coloring canvas and carving stone. But those art-messages are older than the hills. Few sages had dared to prophesy the coming of another to occupy a niche among the Muses.

Let him who doubts the birth of a new art stand outside the theaters of the world at noon, at dusk, at night, and try to count, if he can, the millions that enter in the span of a single day!

If he still doubts, let him enter one of the lowliest of these theaters of the new art. In that single temple he will find sufficient emotion released to shatter the soul of the strongest man God has created.

And if he still doubts, let him witness "Civilization," "The Birth of a Nation" or "Intolerance"—any one of them. Let him count the tears that fall, if he can. Let him stand up and declare: "This is folderol!" if he dares.

And if he still doubts, he is a fool.

That which can move a million daily to laugh and cry is, verily, nothing short of a fine art. HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

(Sixty-six).



## POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

In this issue appears the final ballot for the Popular Player Contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Here is some advance information showing how the leaders stood up to October 24th:

Mary Pickford.....	337,040
Marguerite Clark.....	287,915
Francis Bushman.....	249,070
Warren Kerrigan.....	242,015
Pearl White.....	208,855
Theda Bara.....	197,015
Anita Stewart.....	195,750
Edward Earle.....	181,505
Henry Walthall.....	180,520
Wallace Reid.....	179,635
Harold Lockwood.....	176,770
William S. Hart.....	172,945
William Sherwood.....	172,190
Grace Cunard.....	170,285
Earle Williams.....	169,720
Ruth Roland.....	157,740
William Farnum.....	166,750
Pauline Frederick.....	104,500
Blanche Sweet.....	100,845
Mary Fuller.....	100,490
Dustin Farnum.....	100,285
Beverly Bayne.....	99,540
Mary Miles Minter.....	98,570
Crane Wilbur.....	96,730
Robert Warwick.....	96,620
Carlyle Blackwell.....	95,985
Marguerite Snow.....	93,515
Florence LaBadie.....	90,240
Creighton Hale.....	88,425
Nell Craig.....	88,045
Olga Petrova.....	87,405
Alexander Gaden.....	85,955
Norma Talmadge.....	80,430
Lillian Gish.....	74,645
Clara K. Young.....	71,455
Francis Ford.....	71,225
Cleo Madison.....	69,905
Ella Hall.....	69,880
Edna Mayo.....	69,845
Charles Chaplin.....	69,735
Bryant Washburn.....	69,720
Edith Storey.....	69,630
Antonio Moreno.....	69,575
Marguerite Courtet.....	67,540
Douglas Fairbanks.....	65,820
Alice Joyce.....	59,235
Harris Gordon.....	58,835
Cleo Ridgely.....	57,350
Tom Forman.....	56,955
Romaine Fielding.....	56,680
House Peters.....	56,465
Geraldine Farrar.....	54,600
Kathlyn Williams.....	54,195
Mae Marsh.....	52,520
Edward Coxen.....	50,930
Herbert Rawlinson.....	50,825
Henry King.....	50,585
Al Ray.....	50,215
May Allison.....	44,745
Dorothy Gish.....	43,075
Anna Little.....	42,645
Lillian Walker.....	42,540
Thomas Meighan.....	42,370
Naomi Childers.....	42,160
Owen Moore.....	41,160
Fannie Ward.....	40,840
Ruth Stonehouse.....	40,830
Irving Cummings.....	40,830
Bessie Barriscale.....	40,520
Nellie Anderson.....	40,505
Jane Novak.....	40,455
Hazel Dawn.....	40,185
Mary Anderson.....	39,900
Billie Burke.....	39,010
Violet Mersereau.....	38,970
Jean Sothorn.....	38,010
Viola Dana.....	36,410
Ethel Clayton.....	34,610
Robert Mantell.....	34,410

(Sixty-seven)

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## Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

David W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennet are in our midst once more. Each announces his delight at being back; each promises big things—Ince and Sennet in the immediate future, and Griffith later on.

Alan Forrest, good-looking hubby to Anna Little, has signed another contract with the American Company, with whom he will be featured.

Lamar Johnstone, Edith Sterling and Louis Fitzroy are among the artists who traveled to Guatemala to support Tyrone Power in "The Planter."

Cecil De Mille has completed his big "Joan of Arc" special feature. We know, because he has again been seen about in ordinary street garb. When working he lives in puttees and things.

The Pollard Picture Plays Company, with Harry Pollard at the helm and Margarita Fischer as the featured star, have the quaintest studio possible. They occupy the Panama Village in the San Diego fair grounds. They like it, too.

A number of people have written Charles Ray that they have entered a scenario in the Thomas H. Ince contest, written specially for him. These are the letters a star likes to get.

Monroe Salisbury has been acting for the Fox Company under Oscar Apfel. Salisbury was with Apfel in the first picture the former acted in and latter directed. Before that they were in the same speaking stage productions more than once.

Here is the story of William S. Hart's famous daisy-patterned vest. It was made by a one-armed cowboy, who had learnt to use his legs; it went to a gambler, who took it in payment of a debt; Hart's father bought it from the gambler and gave it to his son.

Henry King, the Balboa actor and director, who is putting on the series with little Mary Sunshine, has suffered severely from bad sores on his face, originally caused by a cold and made serious by blood-poisoning. He has only recently been able to put greasepaint on his face. He is much loved by little Mary.

Herbert Rawlinson, the leading man with the Universal, has been on crutches for a month. All this while he has gone around with a smile, and has joked and jollied himself into every one's good wishes. "Rawley" will soon be acting again.

Mae Marsh is being generously congratulated by the profession on her performance in "Intolerance." Constance Talmadge is also receiving her full share of praise; sister Norma had better look to her laurels.

Among other actors who are members of the Los Angeles Athletic Club are Douglas Gerrard, Bobby Harron, Thomas Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Lee Moran, Eddie Lyons, Charles Ray and Donald Crisp.

By the time this is in print, Harold Lockwood will have received his new Marmon automobile. Harold gets a new car every birthday or so.

Writing of automobiles, it is a moot point as to which actress has the prettiest car as far as interior decoration is concerned, Blanche Sweet, Fannie Ward or Mabel Normand.

Helen Holmes and J. P. McGowan, of the Signal Company, have returned to Los Angeles from the North. Helen swears that in the two months they were absent they did not get one day without fog. She will pin her faith to Southern California in the future.

Gypsy Abbott, the leading actress with the Vogue Company, bargained with the manager to have her dress torn for ten dollars, the company to take the dress. Asked if she had fulfilled her part of the contract, she acknowledged she had not; she had merely handed over what was left—some rags.

Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster have arrived on this coast. They are visiting, but admit they may stay; it depends on what offers they receive.

(Sixty-eight)

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(Sixty-nine)

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## Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

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**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

**Booth.**—"Getting Married." William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman and a fine cast in Bernard Shaw's sparkling comedy.

**Cohan's.**—"Come Out of the Kitchen." A remarkably appealing play with Ruth Chatterton and Bruce McRae, who make it a worthy successor to "Daddy Longlegs."

**Longacre.**—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

**Belasco.**—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

**Hudson.**—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Longlegs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, don't miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

**Lyric.**—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's "Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

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**"The Flame."** A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

**"Under Sentence."** A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

**"Rich Man, Poor Man."** One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

**"Mr. Antonio."** A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

**"The Boomerang."** One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

**"Paganini."** George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

**"His Bridal Night."** A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

**"Somebody's Luggage."** A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

**"The Silent Witness."** A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent" and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

**"Sybil."** One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

(Four)





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MARGUERITE CLARK  
(Famous Players)







MARY ANDERSON  
(Vitagraph)



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HARRY. HILLIARD, as Romeo, in the Fox version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"



MYRTLE STEDMAN (Morosco)





ANITA STEWART (Vitagraph)



Photo by Hartsook

RUTH ROLAND  
(Balboa)

# Acting A Matter of Instinct

## By Hugh Ford

MARY PICKFORD AND JACK PICKFORD  
IN "LITTLE PEPPINA"



weather-cock that turned east or west with every shifting of the breeze, he would stoutly and sincerely deny the allegation.

Let him think a moment, however. All the stories of theatrical and stage stars going into exotic localities for the purpose of "getting atmosphere" do not emanate from the brain of the press-agent. It is done many times, and for the very reason that the players recognize that it is easier to imitate the actual characters than to "create" characterizations.

It is in recognition of this fact that the Famous Players, when producing a photoplay with a distinctly foreign atmosphere, have sent their stars to communities which were peopled by representatives of the nationalities involved, and have even engaged

players to support them who were of

EDITORIAL NOTE: This opinion carries the weight of twenty years' experience as actor and producer on the stage, supplemented by more than a year's experience as a member of the directorial staff of the Famous Players Film Company.

THE actor's art of mimicry is a matter of instinct. After all, the seat of the actor's ability lies not in conscious effort so much as in instinctive imitation of those with whom he comes in contact. For instance, if the born actor talks to a banker, he instinctively becomes dignified and businesslike in his manner. One hour after he has talked to the financier, take him to a gymnasium, where some pugilist is training. Let him talk to the prize-fighter, and watch him slough off the air of aristocracy and unconsciously absorb, for the moment, the bearing of the gentleman of the square ring.

But if you were to confront the actor with such an assertion and accuse him of being an instinctive

(Fifteen)

SCENE FROM "THE WHITE PEARL."



foreign extraction. For instance, in Mary Pickford's recent picture, "Poor Little Peppina," which was supposed to take place in Italy, every Latin rôle except those played by Miss Pickford and her brother was entrusted to a bona fide Italian. In both "The White Pearl" and "Madame Butterfly," real Japanese played many of the important rôles in support of Miss Doro and Miss Pickford, respectively.

"The Feud Girl," in which Hazel Dawn played a mountain lassie, was actually photographed in the wildest mountain section of Georgia, with a great many old mountaineers appearing in the picture. "The Eternal City," for which Pauline Frederick actually went to Rome itself, is a classic example of this search for the proper atmosphere and for national types.

At first glance, it seems foolish to permit the players to be seen on the screen with people of the actual nationality which they are endeavoring to portray, since they are apt to suffer by comparison. But it has been our experience that our stars do more effective work under the circumstances, seeming to draw inspiration from the bona fide foreigners with whom they are associated.

Of course, I do not mean to say that all acting is mere mimicry of any given person or persons. There is no question that the actor's imagination plays an important part in his pres-

entation of a character, but at the same time, the chief stimulus of the imaginative faculties is nothing but unconscious recollection of mannerisms or individualities which have impressed themselves upon the mind and crowd back again when the player attempts to impersonate the given character.

If that were not true, then every one's interpretation of a negro, for instance, would be radically different. If there were nothing but pure imagination on which to base one's idea of how a negro would act, such impersonation



MARY PICKFORD IN  
"MADAME BUTTERFLY"

there would be no racial characteristics as the basis of any of them. But, because we have all seen many negroes, it is a simple matter for any good actor to simulate their most striking characteristics, the excellence and finish of his performance depending upon his powers of observation and the retentive qualities of his memory.

To reverse the illustration for the purpose of emphasizing my point, nobody has ever seen a representative of the inhabitants of our neighboring planet, Mars, tho Percival Lowell and many other scientists are stoutly of the opinion that they exist. Assuming that they are realities and not creatures of the imagination, ask an actor

would be as different from the other as daylight from darkness, and



PAULINE FREDERICK IN  
"THE ETERNAL CITY"

to represent a Martian on the stage. Immediately he is thrown upon his own imaginative resources, and must decide for himself whether they are tall and stately, moving with majestic grace, or whether they are nervous, little people, who hop and skip about with jerky motions that lack all dignity. What sort of voices have they? Are they big, full, resonant voices, or are they thin and piping, with disagreeable nasal twangs?

Your actor has no precedent to follow, and, if you put the same task to a dozen of them, they would each interpret the character differently.

Nor can a distinct type, such as a Japanese or an American Indian, be portrayed too literally. Should an actor reproduce exactly the exaggerated facial play and vivid gesticulation of an Italian peasant, his work would seem uncouth, unreal, overdone to an American audience. Contrariwise, the rigid stoicism of the Indian is too repressed, seemingly feeling for the depiction of emotions.



SCENE FROM HAZEL DAWN'S "THE FEUD GIRL"

The salient characteristics—walk, gesture, facial play, pose, mannerisms—alone must be caught, and the screen actor's sense of refinement

and discrimination must be depended upon to make a judicious selection of his character's distinctive points.

After all is said and done, it is an instinct and a natural taste that makes the actor give forth the artistic from within him.

## I LIKE IT

By MICHAEL GROSS

You say this film is low-brow stuff?  
I LIKE IT.  
You think the action is too rough?  
I LIKE IT.  
When Si grabs up a ten-pound brick  
And dents the face of "Naughty Nick,"  
Then perforates him with a pick,  
With loud applause I greet the trick,  
I LIKE IT.  
The story has no sense at all?  
I LIKE IT.  
The actors just get hit and fall?  
I LIKE IT.

I know it's hard to find the plot,  
You'll guess the end as like as not,  
Tell me exactly what is what,  
Yet I'll confess, despite all that,  
I LIKE IT.  
This show, you say, ain't worth your dime?  
I LIKE IT.  
A film like this just wastes your time?  
I LIKE IT.  
When Chappy Charlin, in "The Trance,"  
Did that somnambulistic dance,  
Then grabbed a dagger-pointed lance,

And stabbed his partner in the pants.  
I LIKED IT.  
You think such stuff is simply shocking?  
I LIKE IT.  
You never heard ME do the knocking,  
I LIKE IT.  
Keep all your hifalutin' "draahma,"  
Where Percy steals the sacred llama,  
To make a hit with Gladys' "mahmaa,"  
Just give me lots of "Katzen Yammer,"  
I LIKE IT.

(Seventeen)



SAM D. DRANE AS LINCOLN

## Plus Grease-

Continuation of

By ROBERTA



considering make-ups, we are all too prone to exclaim aloud at a make-up that is merely spectacular—that is, a make-up that is chiefly crêpe hair and ferocious eyebrows. The really artistic make-up is the one that challenges detection—a make-up that is chiefly expression, aided and

abetted by a few deft touches of grease-paint and the like. There are few girls in pictures who are known as really adept make-up artists, but foremost among these few we find Dorothy Kelly.

Miss Kelly has just created a make-up, in "The Battle Cry of War," which is to follow "The Battle Cry of Peace," Vitagraph's great preparedness spectacle, that deceived even some of her best friends about the studio. And that isn't to be wondered at, either, when you see Miss Kelly—the dainty, adorable, brown-eyed little star; vivacious, gay, always laughing—disguised in pathetically antiquated "widow's weeds"; all her pretty color hidden by a carefully, artistically applied coat of grease-paint; her dimpled cheeks hidden by skillfully worked-in "shadows"; her hands in old-fashioned "mitts," and on her meekly bowed, white head a jet-and-velvet bonnet that, many years ago, during the antebellum period, was "le dernier cri" for Southern aristocracy. The "old" picture shown here will give an idea of the change wrought by powdered hair, grease-paint and antiquated clothing, with the cleverness of one of the screen's prettiest girls behind it all.

There is no better loved character in stage annals than that of Josh Whitcomb, the big-hearted, lovable old man in "The Old Homestead." When Famous Players decided to produce this stage classic in pictures, there was no hesitation about the director—James Kirkwood was chosen—and there was no hesitation on the part of Mr. Kirkwood when he came to cast for the character of Josh Whitcomb. Frank

(Eighteen)

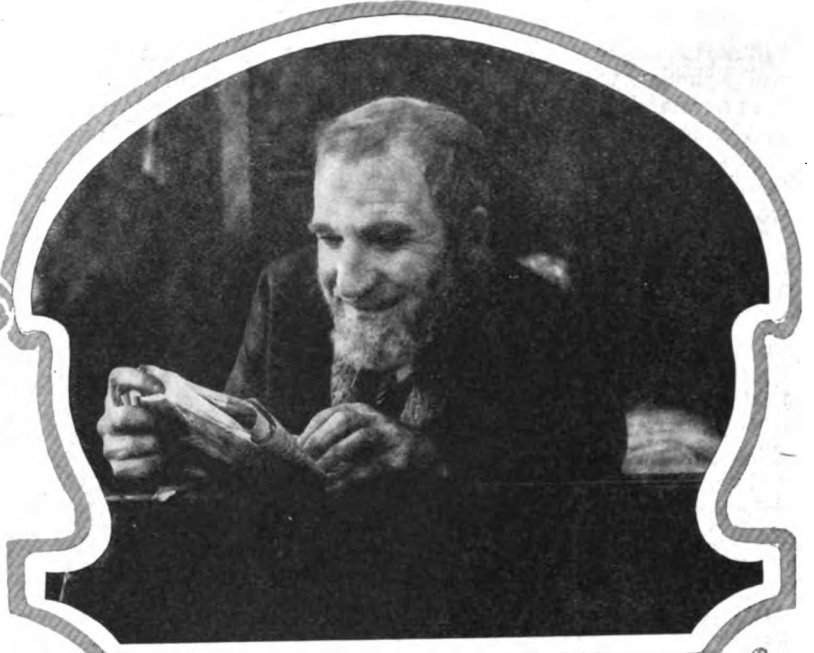


PAULINE FREDERICK IN "THE MOMENT BEFORE" (CENTER)  
ALICE HOLLISTER IN "MAKER O' DREAMS" (LOWER)





THOS. C. LINGHAM (SIGNAL)



# Paint and Wig

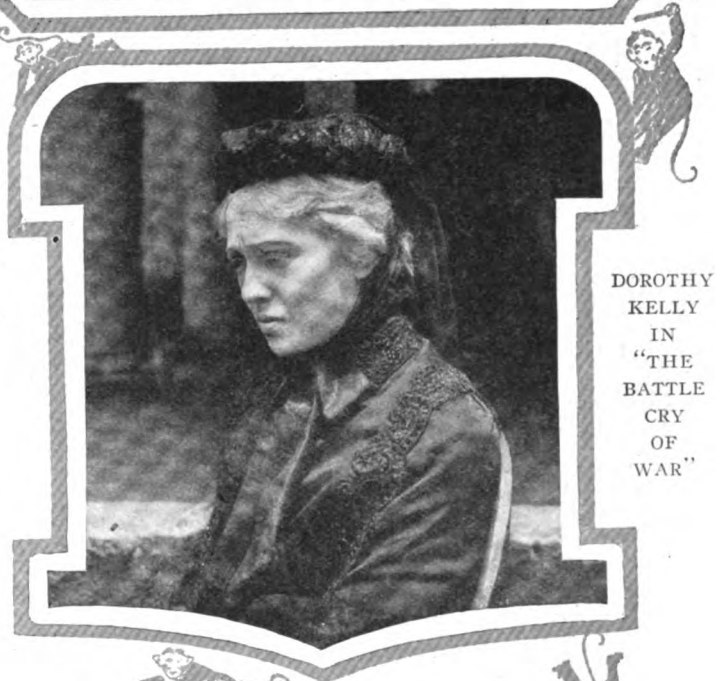
"Triumphs of Make-Up"

COURTLANDT

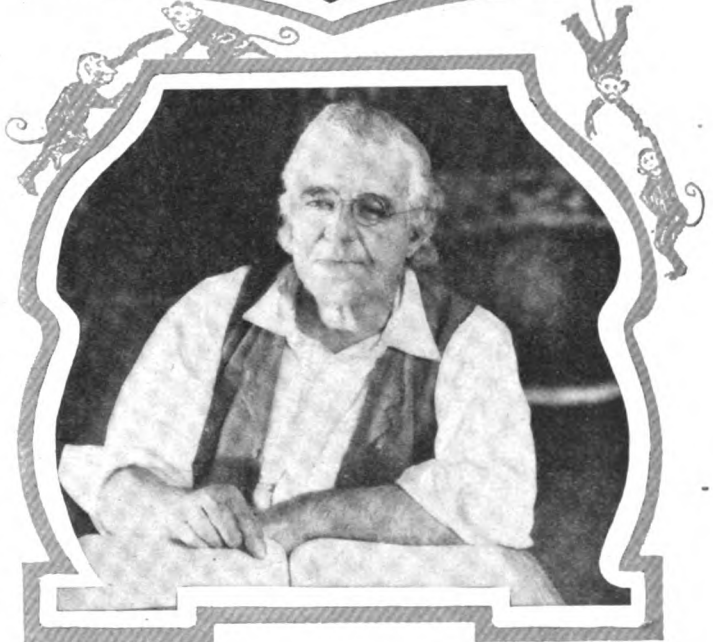
Losee was the only one who could possibly do it as Mr. Kirkwood wanted it done. And Mr. Losee scored a personal triumph in the rôle. The make-up was comparatively simple, but, to be Irish over it, all the more difficult for that. It had to be convincing. The make-up must look as if it wasn't a make-up at all, but an effect secured by a kindly nature. Mr. Losee let his silvery hair grow a trifle long about the ears; he wore a pair of old-fashioned spectacles; a few carefully placed lines, which were mere "kindly wrinkles"—and the make-up was complete. Yet it was one of the most convincing, sincere make-ups of the screen. Many people believed that the dear old man, who acted so well the part of Josh Whitcomb, was really "like that in real life." So Mr. Losee got scant credit for a skillful make-up, but the praise of his acting more than made up for his other loss!

It is unusual to see a screen star deliberately choose a part in which a repulsive make-up is necessary—a make-up that will utterly disguise all that star's beauty and charm. It is especially unusual when that star is a girl. But Alice Hollister, who is a strong advocate for "mentality back of make-up," is one of the most unusual stars in pictures, anyway. In "The Menace of Fate," which is one of her favorite rôles, she gives what may be best characterized, perhaps, as a remarkable study in sensuality—a girl of the slums, brought up by a pair of professional "dips." How she is discovered by a young slum-working doctor, regenerated and returned to her rightful home, only to leave it again to marry the doctor, is one of the best stories on the screen. But it is Miss Hollister's make-up in which we are interested. Her expression was chiefly responsible for the success of the make-up, altho her lips were thickened, eyebrows lengthened and eyes heavily shaded. Even her hands and arms were "made up." Another make-up that was really repulsive was as the heroine in "The Maker o' Dreams." In the last part of this she is a hag, living miles away in the woods, hated and feared by children far and wide, and vested with the title of "Witch." Her make-up gives a good excuse for this title, too. With ragged, streaming

(Nineteen)



DOROTHY  
KELLY  
IN  
"THE  
BATTLE  
CRY  
OF  
WAR"



FRANK LOSEE IN "THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

hair, eyes malevolent, her face seamed and wrinkled with a wicked old age, even her hands claw-like and worn, she was a terrible figure of hatred and vengeance. In real life, Miss Hollister is charming, but her make-up would never lead one to suspect it!

One of the best make-ups from the Coast, recently, was that of Harry Von Meter, as Captain Rand, in "Lillo of the Sulu Seas." In this play he has the part of a man, captain of one of the finest South Sea trading ships. Embittered by the faithlessness of his wife and the man whom he had considered his best friend, he takes up his residence as a hermit in a tiny, almost unknown island of the South Seas. Here he lives for years. His companion at all times is the one servant he has brought out with him, a man who combines the services of valet with those of cook and housekeeper. Mr. Von Meter knew that a man like Captain Rand, educated, a man of the world, wouldn't relax all his care of himself and his clothes as soon as he dropped out of the world, especially with his valet to look after him. He overcame the difficulty by letting his clothes become shabby but not unkempt. Captain Rand appeared with a beard that was kept in trim, without growing bushy and unkempt; his hair was slightly long, and his eyes shadowed by bushy brows; his clothing clean and whole, tho coarse. It was an unusually good characterization, and Mr. Von Meter says that he enjoyed the rôle very much. So did his friends who saw the picture.

Pauline Frederick, Famous Players' beautiful star, recently surprised followers of Paramount Pictures with two most unusual characterizations.

One was the ill-starred heroine in "The World's Great Snare," the other in "The Moment Before." In the former play she played the part of a woman of the mining camps, who is regenerated by her great love and who "comes back" gloriously. In part of the picture Miss Frederick wore man's clothes, and made a tall, stunning cowboy, in leather "chaps" brightly studded with brass tacks, a leather shirt, and a tall, broad-brimmed sombrero, bestriding her horse as easily and gracefully as a Western cowboy. In the second play, her characterization was as different from this as it is possible for two characters to be. She was a heavy-browed, sullen-eyed gypsy, reading her fortune in a deck of greasy playing-cards.

In George Kleine's Motion Picture novel, "Gloria's Romance," which stars Billie Burke, there is one man whose make-up is so good that it stands out from the other players in the cast. This man is Frank McGlynn, playing Gideon Trask, the murderer of Gloria's sweetheart, the villain. Mr. McGlynn finds a great delight in such rôles, because of the almost unlimited opportunity for characterization.

Another make-up that deserves mention is that of Sam D. Drane, who essays the rôle of Abraham Lincoln in Selig's multiple-reel feature, "The Crisis." This is a rôle that seems a great temptation to practically every character man in the business. There is a great rivalry for the credit of the best Lincoln make-up, and Mr. Drane is entitled to at least a place in that rivalry. He makes Lincoln the quiet, big-souled, generous-hearted man, who gave his life to the helping of the country he had sworn to guide—the

unassuming, awkward, lovable man whom we all reverence, be we North or South, and no matter how "unreconstructed" we may be. Mr. Drane's performance of the part is quite as good as his make-up, which is high praise, indeed.

Charles Dudley, in Balboa's "The Devil's Pet Bait," takes the part of the horned gentleman in a way that is well worthy of His Satanic Majesty. Mr. Dudley's make-up is an unusually fine one, altho he follows the conventional idea of garbing the rôle in bright red, with the mustaches, the closely fitting cap, horns, tail, and so forth. But his make-up is none the less striking, for all that.

In Helen Holmes' company of Signal players, there is a character man who is a veritable master of the art of crêpe hair. He is Thomas C. Lingham, and is shown here in what he himself considers the finest make-up he has ever used. It is the make-up of Jephthah Turrentine, mountaineer chief of the clan, in "Judith of the Cumberlands." Mr. Lingham says that for the two weeks he worked on this rôle he tried so hard to keep himself in the character that he talked with a drawl, walked with a slump, and even chewed tobacco, just as a really-for-true mountaineer would have done. Any one who has lived in the South, especially in the mountains of Dixie, will recognize the spirit of the old moonshiner. If you have ever driven along a lonely road, at dusk of a summer evening, you have seen just such a figure as this, standing high on some lonely point, a gun in the crook of his arm, stolidly watching you. Mr. Lingham's make-up wasn't skin deep, by any means.



No matter what kind of a picture,  
A vampire is often shown,

Who blights the lives of the happy,  
And lures men from their homes.

(Twenty)

# "Daddy Pictures" He Is Lovingly Called

By LILLIAN MAY



**"D**ADDY" HOOSER can be found almost any day hard at work in one of the big studios out on the Pacific Coast. He is eighty-odd years young—spryer than most of us are at fifty. His vitality and energy are a constant surprise to every one, and his cheerful face and wonderful smile are an inspiration to his directors and fellow workers.

He brings to his work on the screen a knowledge of acting and stage-craft combined with sympathy, intelligence, and a

tho his income had been sufficiently large to allow it. So he began to wonder

be no end to the variety of rôles he is called upon to assume. "Daddy" Hooser craves excitement and is impartial, therefore he is the patriarch of no particular studio, but freelances his histrionic gifts to the first bidder.

He is probably the busiest man of his age in Los Angeles, often working from sun-up to sun-down, and whirling from one studio to



Photo by Witzel

WILLIAM S. HOOSER

wonderful knowledge of human nature. He did not get this knowledge and understanding from an art school or years on the legitimate stage, either, but from the wide experience gained by his career as one of the original medicine-show men.

After circling the globe in this highly exciting profession, he was ready for another adventure—this time into the circus business.

He loved the life and the work—it was even more exciting than being a medicine man. He confined his attention to it a number of years, but in time the long hours, the one-night stands, the necessary strenuousness, began to tell on him. Very regretfully he bade good-by to the sawdust ring, and, after looking about a bit, settled in Los Angeles. His life had been full and active, and his temperament would not allow him to remain inactive the rest of his days, even

"What next?" "Surely," he reasoned, "my long years of experience in all parts of the world, and with all sorts and conditions of men, should go for something—there must be something left for me in life besides a home for old actors."

One day he chanced to see a Motion Picture, in which appeared a very youthful-looking old man, save for his crêpe beard. That gave him an idea, and he visited the studios of Los Angeles. The appeal and nobility of his face "caught on" almost at once, and, from his first picture, "Daddy" Hooser has been branded a success.

Today he is a necessity. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; hermit, fisherman, Indian chief"—there seems to

another in the same day. Thus did "Daddy" Hooser answer the call of the movies, and he is now one of the most sought-after old men in Movie-dom. His lovable face and personality on the screen are making him another "Daddy" Manly, and while it is a fact that the movie fans and the Motion Picture industry will never forget their old favorite, "Daddy" Manly, they will find a warm place, too, in their hearts for lovable, cheery "Daddy" Hooser.



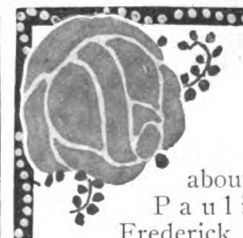
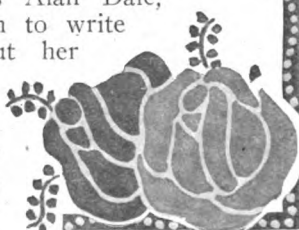
# Polly's Day at Home ~ A Chat



Of course, if this were going to be a really-truly interview, we'd begin by calling her Miss Pauline Frederick, of the Famous Players studio. And we'd describe her numerous wonderful costumes, her stage successes, her picture successes, and wind up with some pictures showing Miss Frederick wearing some of the former, in the latter, and so on, for pages and pages. But I don't believe that you really want such stuff, but

that you are more anxious to know something about the real woman—something about the real life of the woman who made "Bella Donna" so fascinatingly wicked, or wickedly fascinating—the woman who, on the stage, hypnotized critics of such standing as Alan Dale, causing him to write reams about her performance in the title rôle of "Innocent."

So this is to be a story



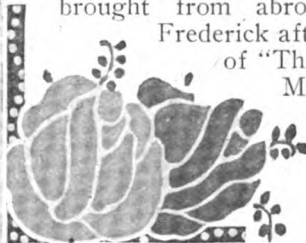
about the Pauline Frederick who keeps house in a beautiful apartment on Park Avenue, with her mother and pretty girl-cousin for company, or family, as you prefer to put it. So we begin by calling her "Polly," altho few people—save the lovely, aristocratic mother and a few very, very intimate friends—are allowed to use the endearing abbreviation. Polly is gloriously happy when she is

(Twenty-two)

# with Pauline Frederick *By* Carol Lee



is a family rule that every single member reports for breakfast, too. The Frederick household has no use for sloths and laggards. Eight o'clock finds a pretty group of femininity seated about the cozy round table, with its lovely table-cover, which was brought from abroad by Miss Frederick after the filming of "The Holy City."



Miss Frederick sits at the head of the table (can a round table have a

head?), officiating back of the coffee-urn. Next her sits the pretty cousin, a slim, graceful, flower-like bit of girlhood. And opposite Miss Frederick—I'm forgetting; opposite Polly I should have said—sits Mrs. Frederick, stately, splendidly handsome, with her softly waving, silvery hair, and her clear, deep, fun-loving eyes. It isn't hard to see where Polly's quite unusual beauty came from.

The Japanese butler serves breakfast dexterously, while gay talk of the day goes the round of the table. The postman rings the bell about this time, and the mail is brought in, sorted, and for a



allowed a day at home, and equally happy to get back to her work the next morning, too. (There's an advantage about being merely a magazine writer, when lovely ladies are mentioned, for one may take all sorts of liberties with the lovely ladies' names without any real, close-at-hand danger!)

Nine o'clock always finds Polly at the studio, so breakfast is at eight o'clock. And it

(Twenty-three)



Photo by White



Photo by Byron



Photo by Byron

few moments there is silence at the table, interrupted by brief exclamations, half-finished sentences and the like.

"Now that I have a day off," says Polly, finally rising, her letters in her hand, "I'm going to amuse myself in my own way. See you later, mother darling."

And off she goes to her own room, where she is busy for an hour or more answering her morning's mail, seeing that costumes for the next day are all ready, with no missing hooks or buttons. She is exquisitely neat, is Polly, and she strenuously objects to anything approaching slovenliness. Since Polly sews beautifully, and enjoys making a great many of her frocks, her maid has learnt that she has to do her work, not well enough to pass the eyes of her mistress, but better than that mistress can do herself.

After the letters are ready for mail, and no other small tasks occupying her mind, she slips out of the gorgeous, Oriental-like robe, in which she breakfasted, and dons a simple little house-dress, spotlessly white, cut square at the neck, and with sleeves ending above the elbows. Over this comes a plain, serviceable, white linen apron without a particle of trimming. Thus attired, she is ready for the rest of her morning's work. Down into the kitchen she goes, and, dispatching the grinning cook on a shopping trip in search of materials for dinner, she begins baking pies. It is a most delectable task, and she is a most delectable sight while engaged in it.

Her fellows at the studio have learnt that there is no higher praise than her commendatory pat on the shoulder and an enthusiastic "You deserve a pie for

that." And the reward is always considered more than generous. They are pies that the gods must have dreamed of—golden-brown and flaky as to crust, juicy and luscious as to contents.

The kitchen in which she so loves to work is not at all the sort of kitchen you would imagine a movie star pretending to cook in. It is strictly and simply a place for cooking and arranged for that purpose. The walls are spotlessly white; a huge, built-in kitchen cabinet lures the housekeeping heart, and the big gas-stove smiles brightly in its freshly polished blackness. A shining kettle bubbles away cheerily at one side of the stove, and a couple of old-fashioned flat-irons flank the kettle. There are an immaculately scrubbed kitchen table, a couple of chairs, and that's all. It is a typical New England kitchen, and everywhere may be found the New England fondness for cleanliness, efficiency and a lack of folderols.

Having attended to the baking of

several delicious pies, Polly turns her hand and mind to other things.

She has brought down from her room a bundle of dainty, fluffy-looking things that looked like woven cobwebs. These she deposited in cold water, rubbed them with Ivory soap, and, with a rub-board, went to work in as unconcerned manner as if she were an Irish washerwoman, many miles away from Park Avenue and movie leading women. For Polly, being a wise, as well as lovely, lady, never puts any of her prettiest things into the laundry or weekly wash. She washes them herself, at home, and irons them, too. She's quite proud of her ability along these lines, and she says that, unless you have tried it, you can't imagine what fun it is to wear dainty, fresh, pretty things that you have laundered yourself.

After luncheon, which is served at one, she dons a negligée, or house-gown, and sits down for an hour with her music and her books. The negligée which she is wearing here is of dull blue, hand-embroidered in gold. It forms a pretty setting for her shining black hair and dark, mysterious eyes. The living-room, where she spends most of her leisure time, is a big, cool room with four windows always insuring plenty of light. The windows are curtained in chintz, to harmonize with the walls, and the underdraperies are of snowy whiteness. A beautiful piano, and a music-rack full of overflowing of the world's best music, are perhaps her most treasured possessions. She plays with rare skill, and has a singing voice of pleasing sweetness and depth.

Born in Boston and educated there, Polly early developed a fondness for

(Twenty-four)



good books, and this fondness her parents wisely encouraged. She has added to her collection thruout her travels, and scarcely a trip that has not yielded from one to four or five books for her book-case. It is also undoubtedly true that her taste for housekeeping and similar prosaic tasks was inherited from New England forbears.

One of Mother Frederick's chief worries is what she terms Polly's extravagance. An instance of this happened recently. All winter Polly had been riding to and from the studio in her limousine, and often her mother, going out, either phoned for a taxi or else waited until Polly was thru with the car. When summer came Polly decided that the only thing to do was to get another car, for she realized what a comfort the big car would be to her mother during the hot, summer months. So she very quietly ordered a two-passenger roadster for herself, turning the big car and its chauffeur over to her mother.

"But, Polly dear, I don't want you to do that," protested Mrs. Frederick; "I shall do very nicely this summer without that car. You must keep it for yourself and let the other car go back."

"Now, mother darling, there isn't the slightest use arguing about it," cried Polly, gently seizing her mother by one pink ear; "the other car has been delivered, and you are going to have the big one. I want you always to have the best of everything, mother. And think how much fun I'll have driving myself about. There isn't a bit of use arguing now."

In fact, there's scarcely ever any use of arguing with Polly Frederick, for when she definitely decides that she wants something, hers is the quiet determination which is founded on a powerful will and a strong personality, as instanced by the fact that "Polly says" is generally quoted as the final word of any given subject by the devoted mother.

After playing such rôles as "Zaza,"

"Bella Donna," et cetera, Polly has decided that she has failed in her work, in that she has won, not the like, but the dislike of the public. While they may admire her acting, there has never been a rôle in which she was an appealing figure whom the public might admire and really like. So when the director was casting for "The Woman in the Case," a Famous Players adaptation of Clyde Fitch's play of that name, Miss Frederick—Polly, I mean—decided that she had rather play the less important rôle of the wife in the play than the title part, which is a vampire rôle. She wishes an opportunity to make the public really love her, thru playing an appealing, sympathetic rôle. That she will succeed in this ambition, as she has in many others, is almost a foregone conclusion.

But whatever she chooses to play, she has one sincere admirer who loves her in any part, ranging from "Delilah" or "Cleopatra" to "Elsie Dinsmore." (Modesty forbids my naming that admirer.)



## Some Sensational Starts for Photoplays of Contemporary Life

By HARVEY PEAKE

### I

IT was four o'clock on the morning of August the thirteenth. At the bottom of the sea, just off Bedloes Island, Amaryllis sat crouched in the chamber of a submarine, counting over a double-handful of thousand-dollar bills. She hadn't an acquaintance in the world.

Looking up, she suddenly saw, by the aid of the periscope, the hull of the yacht *Hylo Jack*. It belonged to the Shah of Afghanistan. Somewhere within its confines was hidden the million-dollar ruby that was the mate to the one set in the heel of her gold slipper. She must have it at any price. But how? Should she negotiate for it with the handful of bills, or dynamite the yacht?

Suddenly there was lowered, over the side of the slowly moving vessel, a pale blue baby, entirely nude. In one tiny hand it clasped the band-box of a world-famous French milliner; in the other an open marriage certificate, upon which was emblazoned, in phosphorescent letters, these words: "\_\_\_\_\_"

### II

At every angle of every one of the hundred and fifteen floors of the Stringer Building stood a policeman. Fourteen of them were awake. Somewhere in the building was the man for

(Twenty-five)

whom they were waiting. In his hiding-place he could sense every one of them, and yet he would escape—that he promised himself.

A clock struck three. Then four thousand eight hundred and ten clocks answered with the same message. On the second stroke of the seven hundred and eleventh clock, something happened.

A bit of plaster fell from the ceiling onto the upturned face of the hiding man, on which these words were written: "Now!! Pull the middle hair in your bald spot three times and whisper 'Nuts!'"

Acting quickly upon this mysterious hint, the hunted man gave a vigorous jerk to the hair designated, which at once left its moorings and came out in his hand. This so greatly excited him, that in place of using the cabalistic word of which he had been told, he ejaculated the word "Bugs!"

In an instant there was a crushing, grinding sound, followed by a crash that seemed to shake the very foundations of the building. Then, with a mighty roar, eight thousand baffled minions of the law yelled in terror: "\_\_\_\_\_!!"

### III

Down the crowded street tore the messenger upon his motorcycle. Three babies, an old man and seven dogs lay dead in his wake. Terrified pe-

destrians everywhere fled to safety zones. Into the Woolworth Building he dashed—cycle and all. One of the batteries of up-going elevators was just starting. Into it he flung himself, crashing his wheel upon the floor. At the forty-first floor he tore open the door and ran down the corridor.

"He has just gone up to the roof to take his aeroplane," shouted a half-dozen voices in answer to his inquiry for a certain man.

In thirty-nine seconds he was upon the roof, only to see his game rising toward the clouds.

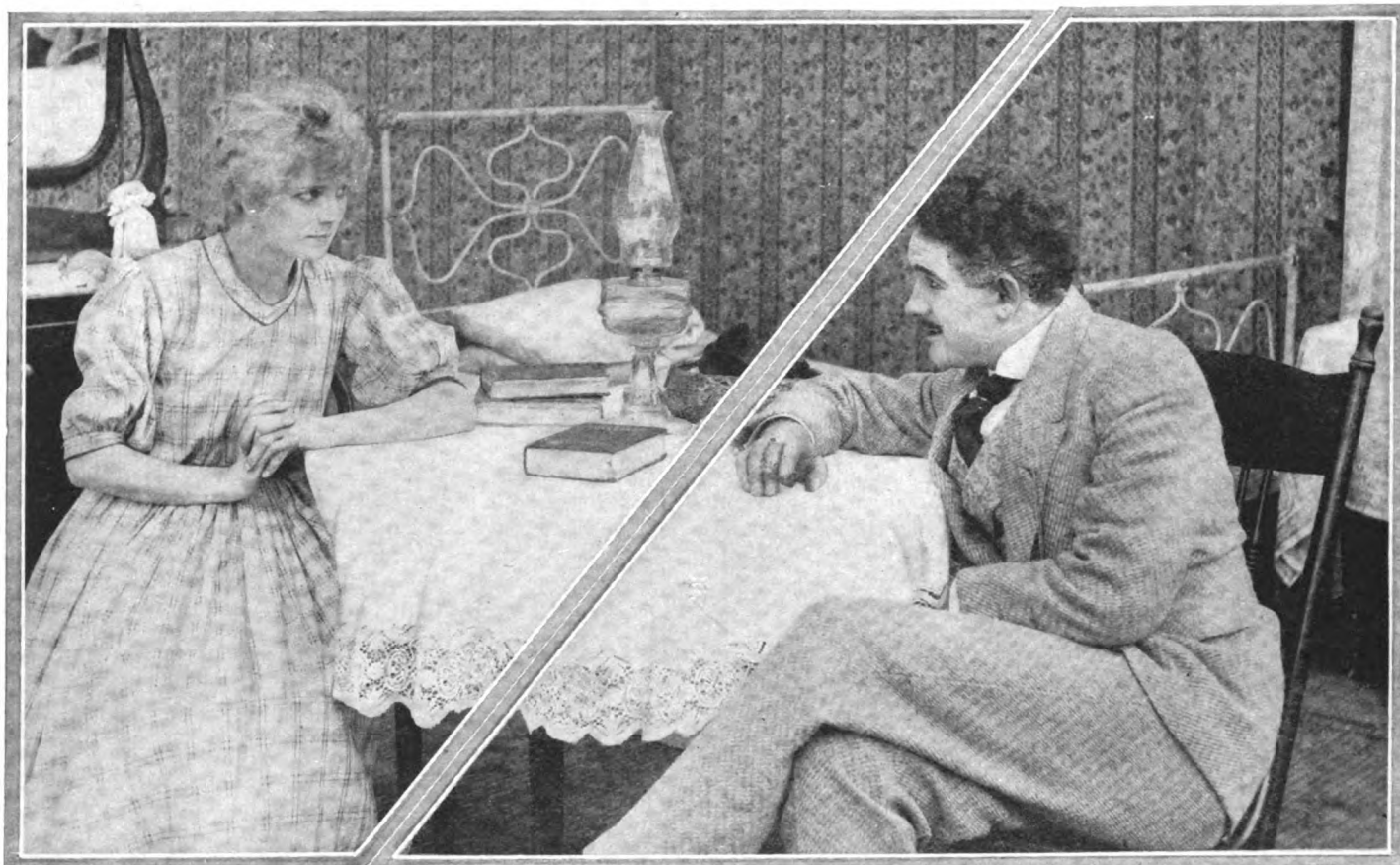
Quickly fixing a bit of white paper to a rocket, he touched it with a match. The rocket rose toward the ascending car. It was overtaking it. Now it was within one hundred yards of near-by windows—upturned eyes were watching the race.

Feeling, in some indescribable manner, its nearness, the occupant of the car looked over its side and saw the approaching rocket.

What could it be? Only a matter of the most supreme importance merited such an effort.

Swinging his plane about so that he could not miss it, he waited for the oncoming messenger. When it came near enough, he seized it, tore open the paper, and read:

DEAR DUCKIE: Do you love me as much as ever?  
PETTIE.

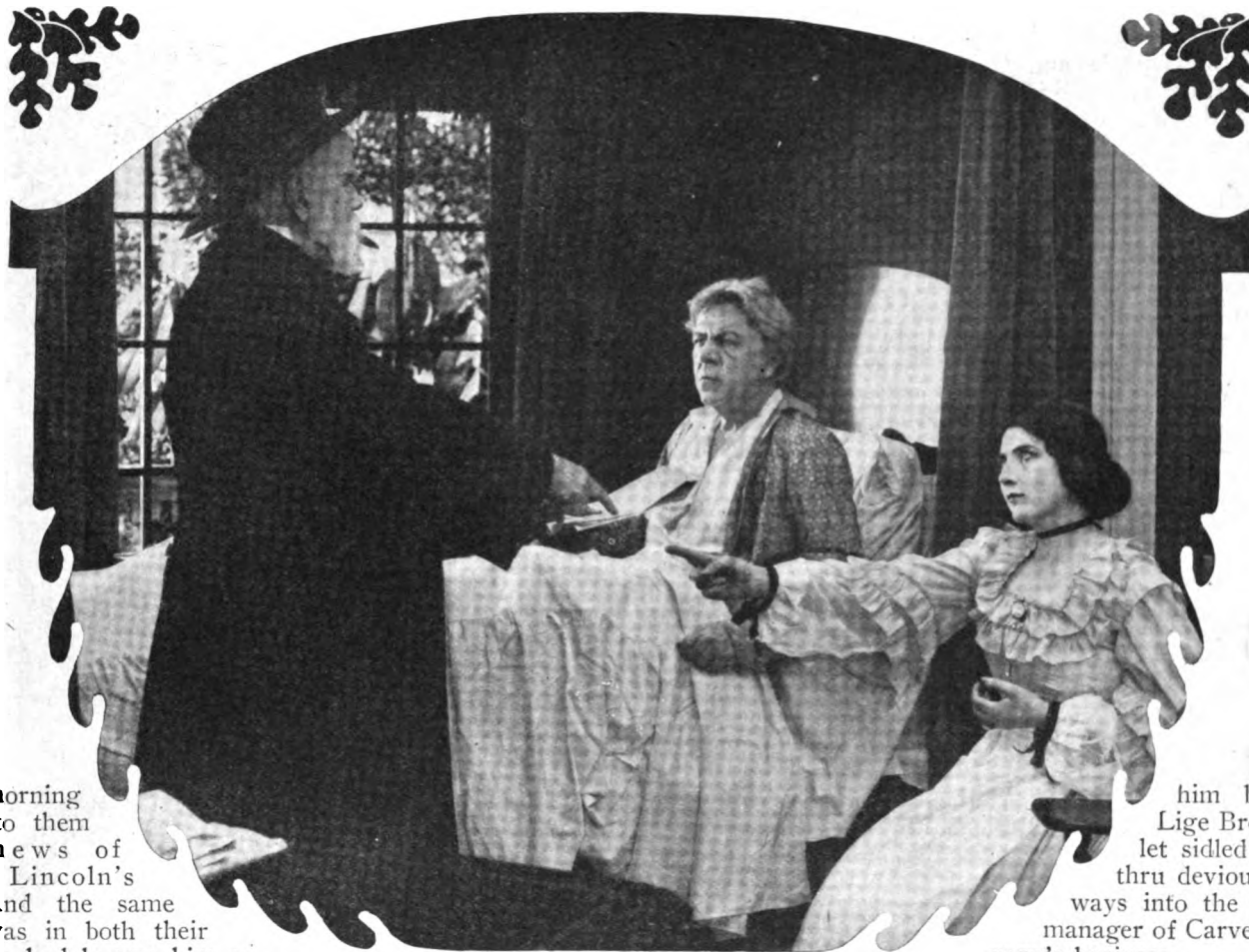


LEONA HUTTON AND FRANK BORZAGE IN A SCENE FROM "A KNIGHT OF THE TRAILS" (KAY-BEE)



SCENE FROM "THE WOMAN WHO FOLLOWED ME" (GOLD SEAL)

(Twenty-six)



**I**n the morning I came to them the news of Abraham Lincoln's death. And the same thought was in both their hearts, who had known him as it was given few to know him—how he had lived in sorrow; how he had died a martyr on the very day of Christ's death upon the cross. And they believed that Abraham Lincoln gave his life for his country even as Christ gave His for the world.

And so must we believe that God has reserved for this nation a destiny high upon the earth.

Many years afterward, Stephen Brice read again to his wife those sublime words of the second inaugural:

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his children—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Eliphalet Hopper was a mole; nothing else would satisfactorily describe Eliphalet Hopper. When

he arrived in St. Louis from New England and won for himself a position in Carvel and Company's store, he pursued his mole-like methods from the first. He made himself, by industry and by frugality, indispensable to the company, and, despite the dislike felt for

him by Captain Lige Brent, Eliphalet sidled and edged thru devious and dark ways into the position of manager of Carvel and Company's business.

When Mrs. Brice and her son Stephen came from Boston to St. Louis, they naturally stopped at the boarding-house frequented by New Englanders, and there Stephen met Hopper, and there he gained a distaste for the tobacco-chewing, subservient Yankee.

Mrs. Brice and her son had come to St. Louis so that Stephen could study law under the tutelage of Judge Silas Whipple, a man of decided opinions frankly spoken.

Sixty and more years ago Missouri was a slave-holding state. When Stephen Brice passed the auction block, where so-called "black cattle" were being sold, his puritanism could not stand the bar-

ter and sale of human beings. When he bought Hester, a beautiful quadroon, he incurred the enmity of Clarence Colfax, a young and fiery Southerner. Beautiful Virginia Carvel, only daughter of Colonel Comyn Carvel, had expressed a desire to own the girl. Colfax, deeply in love with Virginia, his cousin, resolved to purchase Hester, and was enraged when Brice, a stranger, outbid him for the

slave. He did not know that Stephen Brice had acted in a deeply humane spirit and had expended all his meager savings in the purchase of a slave he did not want.

# The Crisis

~by~  
**Richard Wallace**



~Selig~

A twice-told tale from the famous novel by Winston Churchill  
(The MacMillan Co.)



ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Sam D. Drane)  
(Twenty-seven)



VIRGINIA CARVEL (Besale Eyton)



Judge Silas Whipple and Colonel Carvel, altho lifelong friends, frequently engaged in heated arguments over the vital questions of the late fifties. Judge Whipple invariably took Sunday dinner at the Carvel home, and often Virginia Carvel found it necessary to act the part of peacemaker when the Judge upheld Abraham Lincoln, just then becoming known, while Colonel Carvel stormed at length against the evils of "Black Republicanism."

Stephen Brice won a place almost immediately in the heart of Judge Whipple, and was sent by the Judge to hear the Lincoln-Douglas debates. In following Lincoln around the political circuit in the then primitive Illinois, he learnt to love and honor the man whose speeches are now classics in literature—the Lincoln of the black loam, who built his neighbor's cabin and hoed his neighbor's corn; who had been store-keeper and flatboatman; this physician who was one day to attend the sick-bed of the nation in her agony, and whose knowledge, almost divine, was to perform the miracle of her healing.

When Stephen Brice reported his meeting with Lincoln to Judge Whipple, journeying to the home of Colonel Carvel for that purpose, he delighted the Judge, who precipitated an immediate argument with Colonel Carvel, founded on his newer and deeper insight into Lincoln's ambitions. Pretty Virginia Carvel was coldly courteous to this young Northerner, whose political beliefs, in those stirring times, could only breed her contempt.

Then came the historical days when Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, was elected President of the United States on the Republican ticket; the revolt of the Southern States and the guns of Sumter; then there also came the parting of the ways for those two time-tried friends, Judge Silas Whipple and Colonel Comyn Carvel. One stood solidly for the North, the other immutably for the South.

Then followed the capture of Camp Jackson at St. Louis by the United States forces; the escape of Clarence Colfax from his guards and his joining the Confederate army; the leaving of Virginia and her father, who also believed his duty was as a soldier in the ranks of the Southern army (these

sacrifices are historic details now), and Stephen Brice, too, facing his great decision, joined Grant's army, which daily was tightening its coils around Vicksburg. And during these times

which tried men's souls, Eliphalet Hopper reaped a harvest thru the misery of others. He became the real head of Carvel and Company, because of Colonel Carvel's notes, which he held; he heard, with a sneer, the story of Judge Whipple attending the auction sale and buying in a piano which belonged to Virginia Carvel. Neither Hopper nor Stephen Brice could understand the action

of Whipple, who had Virginia's cherished piano moved to his office and living-rooms, where he locked it securely in and placed the keys in his pocket.

Mr. Hopper's aims were high about this time. He resolved to marry Virginia Carvel. "I shall be th' richest man in th' South before long," he confided to Virginia, "and I calc'late that you kin have everything money kin buy." He showed his yellow teeth in a covert sneer when Virginia refused the offer of his hand, but decamped in fright when threatened by Colonel Carvel. True to type, Eliphalet decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and he resolved to bide his time and strike when least expected.

The story of the surrender of Vicksburg is history, and, when Captain Stephen Brice entered the city, he marveled that the brave defenders could have held out as long as they did. There he found Colonel Clarence Colfax hovering on death's threshold from wounds, and he heaped coals of fire on Colfax's head by arranging for the wounded man's parole and his return to his mother and to Virginia Carvel at St. Louis.

Judge Silas Whipple was failing fast, and seldom left his apartments. His long hours of suffering were lightened by the occasional presence of Virginia Carvel, whom he loved more than any one else on earth. If she noticed the presence of her piano in the Judge's room, she never mentioned it, nor did he.

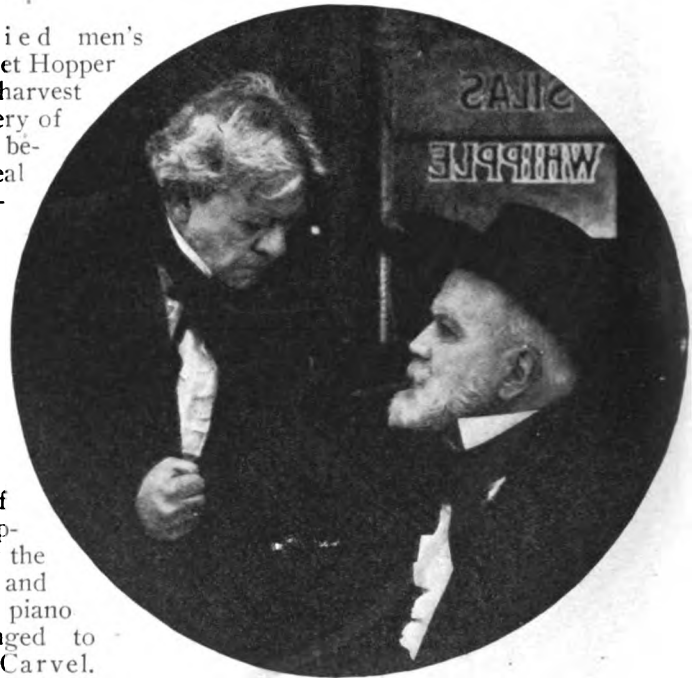
Little by little Clarence Colfax was nursed back to life at his mother's home, and little by little Judge Whipple slipped down toward the Great Divide. Again, when on the highway to recovery, Clarence Colfax told Virginia Carvel of his love for her, just as he had done, fruitlessly, many times before.

He also told her of how Stephen Brice had saved his ebbing life at Vicksburg. "I know he loves you, Jinny," her cousin said, "and you know that he does. You must feel that he does. It was a brave thing to do. He thought he was saving me for you. He was giving up the hope of marrying you himself."

Virginia sprang to her feet. "Marry a Yankee!" she cried. "Never!"

"Virginia, I loved your

(Twenty-eight)



SILAS WHIPPLE AND COLONEL CARVEL  
IN A DRAWN BATTLE



ON THE EVE OF VICKSBURG—STEPHEN'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER



ELIPHALET HOPPER REAPS A HARVEST  
THRU THE MISERY OF OTHERS

father better than any man I ever knew. Please God I may see him again before I die," so he whispered Judge Whipple one day to Virginia. And, as if in answer to that prayer, Colonel Carvel slipped thru the Union lines and in to St. Louis to see his stricken friend. It was nighttime, and Judge Whipple was dying. By his bedside were Stephen Brice and his mother, Colonel Carvel, Virginia, and the Judge's aged servant. Brice, invalided at home, had hastened,

despite his illness, to Judge Whipple's room, when he heard that the shadow of death was hovering near. The old friends met again, and this time in peace. Weakly, Judge Whipple reached up and put his hand on Virginia's shoulders as she bent over him. He whispered in her ear. The tears came and lay wet on her lashes, as she undid the button at his throat. There, on a piece of cotton-twine, hung a little key.

"I saved it for you, my dear," he said. "God bless you—and make your life happy. Virginia—will you play my hymn once more—"

They lifted the night-lamp and the medicine bottles from the piano. It was Stephen Brice who stripped it of the black cloth it had worn, who stood by Virginia, ready to lift the lid when she had turned the lock. The girl's exaltation gave a trembling touch divine to the well-remembered chords:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;  
Lead Thou me on!

A sigh shook Silas Whipple's wasted form, and he embarked on the long, long journey.

Virginia Carvel left the death-chamber for the outer office. There she encountered Eliphalet Hopper. The look in his little eyes, as he gazed upon Virginia, was a filmy gaze, like that of an animal feasting.

"I came here to see you," he said hoarsely—"you!" He stepped closer. "Your father, a rebel, is in that room. He never can leave this city without I choose. There is but one price to pay—and that is you!"

Virginia shuddered and drew back, as tho she had stepped on a snake. The man was a coward, she knew, but he was cunning and resourceful, and would not have dared venture into the Whipple home unless he was prepared to cover his

retreat and to strike a telling blow against her father. She must hold him, lead him on—anything to gain time.

"Eliphalet," she said pensively, "once you told me that you were able to make me the richest girl in the South. I don't know where you have come by the money; you must be a very clever man."

Eliphalet's eyes studied her closely; there was just a suspicion of irony in her words.

"I calc'late," he explained, "I was brought up in a hard school, and my wits are a little sharper than your kind; at any rate, I've made money—heaps of it—and I won't be stingy when it comes to layin' it out on you."

She shivered at the coolness of his bargain and the licking of his loose lips.

"And my father," she asked, half-persuaded—"what will you do for him?"

Eliphalet's eyes shone with beady magnanimity. "It's this way, Virginia," he explained: "I stand in with either side, no matter which wins. If the South pulls thru, I calc'late to make your father a big man again, that is, with me back of him, and if the North—"

"I see," she interrupted; "whichever way the wind blows, you will be weather-cock."

"You understand exactly," said Eliphalet, taking her hand; "and I'll always be confidin' and simple-like, if you'll let me."

Steps sounded in the passageway. Eliphalet did not hear their warning—his doting eyes and feverish hand held the girl, drawing her close.

"So you want me to sell myself," she asked, all her loathing of him mounting to her lips, "for the price of my father's life?"

Eliphalet's fingers gripped deep into her flesh. "That's a hard way of sayin' it," he drawled, "but, seein' as you don't take to me naturally, it's about the truth."

The man did not hear the door open. An arm and a blue sleeve came between Hopper and Virginia. Above the two towered Stephen Brice. Suddenly Stephen threw the coward across the room. "Leave, you skunk!" exclaimed Brice. "Leave before I throttle out your miserable life!" And Mr. Hopper went quickly, without words.

Captain Lige Brent and Virginia Carvel were worried when they arrived at Washington, just after the war had closed.



THE GENTLE HOMES OF ST. LOUIS WERE TURNED INTO GRIM HOSPITALS

But nothing would do but that Virginia should visit the White House and request President Lincoln to save the life of Clarence Colfax, who, arrested as a spy, was in danger of death. She gained admittance to President Lincoln's office. She asked for the life of Colfax, and President Lincoln informed her that a Union officer was in the anteroom who had also asked for Colfax's pardon. The President summoned the officer, and soon Stephen Brice was before them.

"I wish it understood, Major Brice," the President said, "that I am sparing Colfax's life because the time which we have been waiting and longing for is at hand—the time to be merciful. Let us thank God for it."

Abraham Lincoln gazed long upon the beautiful girl. "Virginia," he said, "I have not suffered by the South. I have suffered with the South. Their sorrow has been my sorrow; their pain my pain; what you have lost I have lost; what you have gained I have gained. We are not going to hang the rebels, Virginia; we are going to hang on to them." Then he was gone.

For a space, while his spell was on them, they did not stir. Then Stephen Brice sought Virginia's eyes, which had been so long denied him. They were not denied him now. Overcome by hallowed memories and by the sweetness of her



THE PASSING AWAY OF JUDGE WHIPPLE

She did not resist, but lifted her face to him, and he kist her.

"You love me, Virginia?" he cried.

"Yes, Stephen," she answered low, more wonderful in her surrender than ever before. Then she hid her face against his blue coat. "I—I cannot help it. Oh, Stephen, how I struggled against it! How I tried to hate you and could not!"

He kist her brown hair.

"Virginia, will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, dear, tomorrow. I—I have no one but you now."

"God help me to cherish you, dear, and guard you well."

For a while they were silent, looking out: raindrops glistened on blades and flowers as the sun came out, and a soldier leaned on his gun at the end of a leafy vista.

Suddenly a bugle sounded low and clear, and the sentinel stood at attention.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," said Stephen, humbly.

"We are at peace, and the bugle-notes are no longer martial music."

They looked out again. The soldier had gone,

and a tall, uncouth man paced the walk, with bent head and hands clasped back of him.

The birth of new and hopeful things stirred deep within his suppliants. The new green of the earth struck deep into the hearts of Stephen and Virginia.



presence, he drew her to him until her heart beat against his own.

VIRGINIA CARVEL NEVER KNEW—UNTIL THE END—WHY SILAS WHIPPLE HAD BOUGHT HER PIANO

## NOR CAST NOR CREED THAT CAN RESIST

By D. UNDINE BAKER

With jeweled lorgnette and vinaigrette,  
And fan of ivory frail;  
Pale purple orchids, freshly cut,  
And grown like misty veil;  
A wrap of ermine, azure-lined—  
Said fan and flowers and fur  
All packed within an opera box,  
At \$7.50 per!  
And with them sits stern Archibauld,  
And likewise Geraldine!  
With air blasé they scan the stage  
And note the styles between.

Yet just the other night, I'm told  
By Jim and Mary Green,  
Who at the nickelodeon  
Had viewed the movie screen,  
Beside them, in the self-same row  
(In tailored suit, I ween!  
Without a gem or blossom rare)  
There sat Miss Geraldine.  
And by her sat stern Archibauld  
(In business suit, I ween!),  
And really laughed, and almost cried  
O'er things upon the screen.

They never knew that they were known  
By Jim and Mary Green,  
Or that I'd talk with common folk  
To homely gossip glean;  
But I've my prima donna hour,  
My vespers—and between,  
I've grown to know the movie stars  
That greet me from the screen.  
The font of every caste and creed  
Is human—that I ween!  
Three cheers for our stern Archibauld  
And dainty Geraldine!

(Thirty)



# The Movie Girl—A Composite

By HARRY J. SMALLEY



A COMPOSITE picture of her is here—your own movie girl you hold so dear. Her name is Mary, or Bess, or Nell, Marguerite, Norma, Mabel, or Belle—or any one of a hundred more—this movie girl whom you all adore. Her eyes may be brown, or gray, or blue; raven her hair, or of golden hue. Within this jingle I'm sure you'll find your own movie sweetheart's charms outlined. She's light and airy and fresh and fair, with her laughing eyes and cheerful air. A charm to Youth, a delight to Age; the sweetheart is she of Boy and Sage. The spell of a glance, the charm of a curl belong to the jolly movie girl. A laugh and a smile her charms enhance; over our hearts does she lightly dance. Always charming in shadow or shine; always bright as the rosy wine. Winning the world with her simple grace, the shadows fly from her sunny face. And no heart beats in the daily whirl so light as the heart of the movie girl. Hither and there, like a bird that wings its flight to different lands, and sings; now in the realm of the drifting snow; now in the South where the oranges blow. Holding our hearts in her gleesome thrall, nightly she's winning the hearts of all. Beautiful ever in pose and twirl, the world's less dark for the movie girl.



# An Animal Chat With



'Twas a gorgeous, sunny day—a typical California day—when I gently tapped the old-fashioned knocker on Miss Williams' beautiful home and was admitted by mine hostess herself.

The dictionary defines home as "the dwelling-place of a man and his family," but here we

have the dwelling-place of a woman and her family that I will safely say earns the name of home more readily than that of any man from the standpoint of happiness, comfort and beauty. True, the family consists of a sundry collection of beasts and birds, as well as miscellaneous fish, yet it is as well-regulated and as

trees, is her actual home. In size it is really an estate, but in general appearance it is purely a beautiful garden—a natural playground of most inviting qualities. Altho I had never met my charming hostess before, this fact did not evidence itself after a few minutes had elapsed. A most winsome smile and a nature devoid of any sign of temperament soon made me feel that we were old friends. This was true to such an extent that, before I was aware of the fact, I had forgotten that my call was in the nature of an interview and not a personal visit.

As we walked about the place I was formally introduced to Miss Williams' family. My first introduction was presented in the nature of a surprise. While gazing up at a wonderful pepper-tree in admiration, I suddenly heard a rustling of leaves, and lo! before I knew it, two forms leaped from a lower branch and came scampering toward us. "Jock and Jill," announced Miss Williams, as two funny little monkeys climbed up on her arm and gazed at me with fierce eyes. It was only after a few sweet words were



AD Noah's ark been hit by a submarine, all the notes that have ever emanated from the minds of the world's brainiest diplomats would not have consoled Kathlyn Williams.

Yes, I am quite convinced that "diplomatic relations" would have been out of the question had the offender harmed as much as a curly lock of the lion's mane or deprived the energetic monkey of his evident source of amusement, the flea—for Kathlyn Williams is a lover of animals—a lover of animals such as I have never had the pleasure of meeting in all my young life.

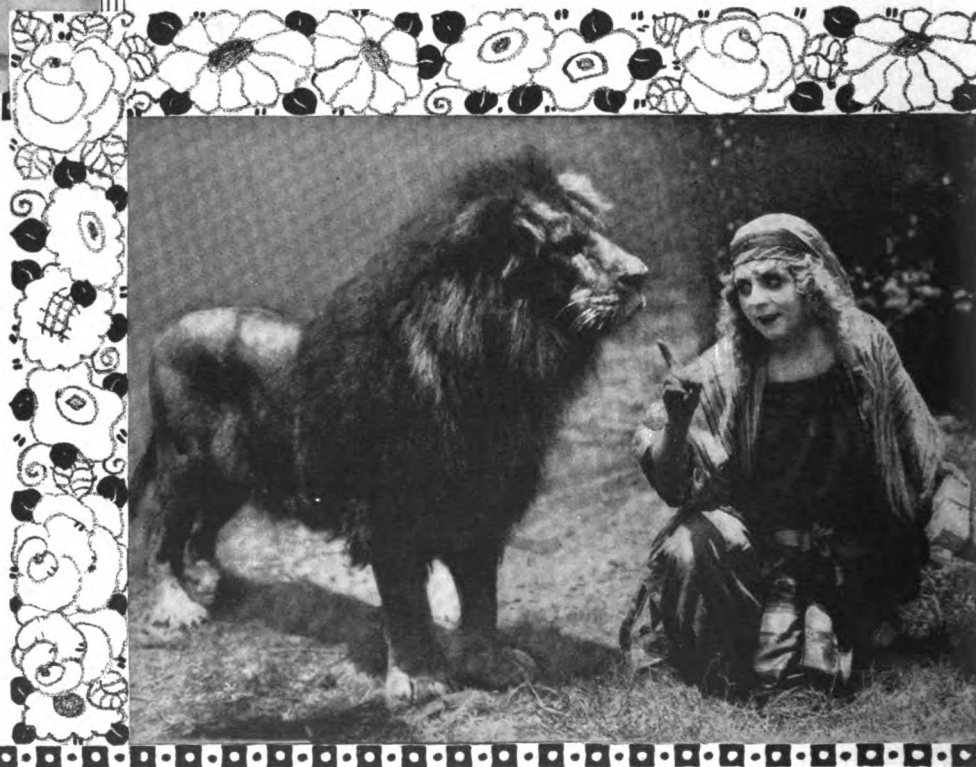
Woe be unto him who, in the presence of this charming girl, brings sorrow to the heart of the "dumb one," whether it be biped, quadruped, or any other kind of "ped" with which the layman might be unfamiliar. Kathlyn Williams is a friend of the animal, and past experiences prove that every animal with which she has come in contact is aware of this very fact.

happy a family as one could expect to find anywhere.

Few leisure hours are spent indoors by the popular photoplay star. Her wonderful garden, with its rare flowers, rolling lawns and overhanging

whispered into the ears of the new arrivals that they accepted my proffered hand, tho still staring at me in a manner that denoted they were accepting it only thru courtesy for our mutual friend. Among the new

(Thirty-two)





# Kathlyn Williams

By ~ ~  
Peter Gridley Schmid

acquaintances formed by me that afternoon were Mae, a Persian cat with a pedigree as long as your arm; Tramp, a Boston bulldog of none too friendly attitude; Fifi, a French poodle; Goozum, a fluffy little thing that barked like a toy dog; a cub bear of goodly proportions, as well as a collection of parrots, canaries, and even goldfish, the names of which I have forgotten.

"As far back as I can remember," related Miss Williams, as we were seated under a beautiful honeysuckle arbor directly behind the house, "animals have always been my chief delight. I will never forget the time, back in Helena, Montana, when I received my first and only black eye, as well as several burns and bruises, as a result of my feeling for animals. While walking behind my doll-carriage, my attention was attracted to a group of yelling boys who were dashing around a tree-trunk, from the foot of which a dense smoke was rising. They were 'playing Injun,' and, with no little excitement, I hurried over to watch the game. As I approached the gathering I heard a loud meowing,

spitting as the flame and smoke drew about it. Forgetting all sense of danger and with a wild shout, I leaped among the flames and untied the rope as the fire began to lick the tree. In mad frenzy, the youngsters rushed upon me for spoiling their game, and a very lively fracas ensued. Here was a time when sex was forgotten. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was on the scrambling heap of young demons. To my good fortune, that heap did not remain there more than an instant, and, before realizing it, I was being carried home by a neighbor. It all happened so quickly that I



and, as a gust of wind blew the smoke away, I witnessed a sight that made my heart stand still for the moment. There, tied to the foot of a tree with an old wash-line, was a wild-eyed and greatly disheveled cat, crying and

(Thirty-three)

didn't even feel any pain until I was well on my way home. A sorry-looking little miss was placed in the hands of her mother that day, but never did I feel more like a heroine than when, swathed in bandages, I told of what

had happened. Ice-cream and extra helpings of pie became realities for quite a few days thereafter. Of course, I have had many exciting experiences with animals since then," concluded my pretty hostess, with a little laugh, "but that first experience will always linger in my memory."

"Had Noah never reached Mount Ararat with his cargo, I suppose you would be a most unhappy girl today," I ventured, glancing around at the various assorted pets.

"There is hardly any doubt about that," laughed she, stroking the silky ear of fuzzy little Goozum, who had curled himself upon her lap in extreme bliss and disregard for the visitor. "Strange as it may seem, Motion Pictures have been the cause of my gaining wise, intimate knowledge of beasts of every description. During the past six years I have not only come in contact, but have acted with animals of many kinds, including elephants, lions, leopards, wildcats, bears, snakes, zebras, giraffes, wolves, buffaloes and kangaroos. I studied the ways of each and had no trouble in becoming friends with the most ferocious beasts.





WILLIAM CLIFFORD IN A BOSTOCK-HORSLEY PHOTOPLAY

Perhaps they realized that my intentions were always friendly. At any time I have never had an animal turn

"I was suddenly called away, and after a few months returned to the studio. To the surprise of all my

At this point a little jap, with immense, tortoise-rimmed glasses that almost covered his face, interrupted, with characteristic politeness, to announce that another visitor was calling. I realized how much of milady's time



A BATTLE BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST



## Red Tape Encountered in Filming Park Scenes

By ERNEST A. DENCH

**M**OTION PICTURE producers may do as they please when putting on interior scenes in the studio, but the situation is different in the case of exteriors.

The producers are very partial to parks, because they present a wide range of locations within a confined area. This saves them considerable time and traveling expenses in selecting suitable natural backgrounds.

The chief film-producing centers are southern California, New York, New Jersey, Chicago and Florida.

The most hard-hit town, from the producer's point of view, is Brooklyn, where the Vitagraph plant is located. Up to June, 1915, the Vitagraph Company was allowed to "shoot" scenes in the Brooklyn parks without payment of tolls. The Vitagraph directors have filmed over one thousand scenes in Prospect Park alone.

The Brooklyn Park Department was prompted to charge fees, because it regarded photoplays as commercial products.

The Vitagraph Company has not opposed its action, but instead indicated its willingness to help the city financially.

If it sends a troupe of not more than ten players, it has to pay five dollars, but an additional five dollars is charged should heavy "props" or artificial scenery be used. When the company numbers more than ten or less than twenty-six, the fee is ten dollars.

Each horse employed is rated at one dollar.

It is not always realized by those responsible for the control of our parks that harm is done when they place obstacles in the way of reputable producers, whose photoplays are shown the country over, and the "atmosphere" they introduce acts as a boost for the place in which they took the scenes.

An instance of this occurred in New Orleans recently. The Fox Film Corporation applied for permission to take several scenes in City Park, but

it was refused by the City Park Board. The matter was taken up by the New Orleans Association of Commerce, who feared that this petty action would prevent New Orleans from becoming a film-producing center. The City Park Board, however, had the good sense to realize its mistake.

The weapons used in war photoplays are harmless, so a mounted policeman made a fool of himself when he arrested a troupe of cowboys and soldiers who were "fighting" in Van Cortlandt Park, New York City. He took them to the Morrisania Court, where he charged them with carrying weapons as opposed to the Sullivan law.

The magistrate discovered that the guns were not loaded, and, when matters were explained, the Edison players were dismissed.

The Edison Company now obtains a permit from the Police Department when any of its players have occasion to carry firearms in public.

(Thirty-six)

# Stars and Their Bungalows in Flickerville

By PEARL GADDIS

IT seems that the stars in our thriving little Moving Picture city aren't going in much nowadays for the gilt-front hotels like they used to, but are all falling for these wisteria-covered-chicken-raising-in-the-backyard bungalow mansions which are so prevalent in Flickerville.

And all that is perfectly as it should be, we agree. It's no wonder the stage stars desert to the pictures. If you were an actress and had a husband and a beautiful rambling bungalow with a wide lawn in front of it, easy wicker chairs on the porch and a long blue limmy out in the

driveway, how would you like to swap them all for catching trains and living at hotels with a road company—be it ever so famous? I think not!

So they have all settled down in Flickerville to a prosaic, humdrum life, such as might be endured by a retired mining man or a bank president in his leisure moments. Flickerville, I should mention, where all these Motion Picture stars and presidents of corporations are reconciled to a quiet life with their families, cooks, chauffeurs and maids, is a suburb of our city of movies. Some call it "Los" or Hollywood, but Flickerville will do.

Its houses are not all bungalows in the original terminology. Most people used to think of a bungalow as about the same sort of dwelling as one of those little portable affairs, except that a bungalow has roses growing in front of it, and is fitted inside with disappearing beds and writing desks—all accommodations not far removed in size and general cussedness from those of the average apartment—or Pullman, perhaps.

But our retired Eastern merchants and our film people are not satisfied to stop with pocket-edition bungalows; so they build, buy or lease the ones that spread over half an acre or so of ground, have a *patio* in the middle, a garage that would be a palace to a poor man or a three-dollar extra, and a hundred or more varieties of vegetation in the front yard.

And the bungalow home is usually a pretty "homey" place, too, in Flickerville; for labor in the silent drama permits anything but a steady diet of late hours. Bright film-land lights can't twinkle so brightly at eight o'clock on an early morning set if they have been shining the evening before in the highly illuminated places about town. So Mr. Star and Mrs. Star, if they have been dining out or attending the movies in person, or seeing Friend Star and *his* wife on some local stage, motor out Flickerville way in the suburbs, take a fond look at the little Stars—as there frequently are—and make an early exit toward the wings that lead to the haymow.

Yes, our little city is full of stars and their houses and lots. Even the leading restaurant in our suburb is inoculated with the spirit of Flickerland, for it has a sign posted prominently, "Movie Patronage Especially Invited," and at the luncheon hour you can see half a dozen men in full dress and make-up, a couple of directors and a sprinkling of assistants, half a dozen soldiers and two or three prop boys in their shirt-sleeves. A number of our staid old citizens who have lived in Flickerville ever since it was built and before the films came in, have got to asking each other, "Have you a little movie star in your block?" If you haven't, your neighborhood is extremely behind the mode.

Some friends of mine were out here



LOUISE GLAUM (INCE)



HARRY MC COY (KEYSTONE)

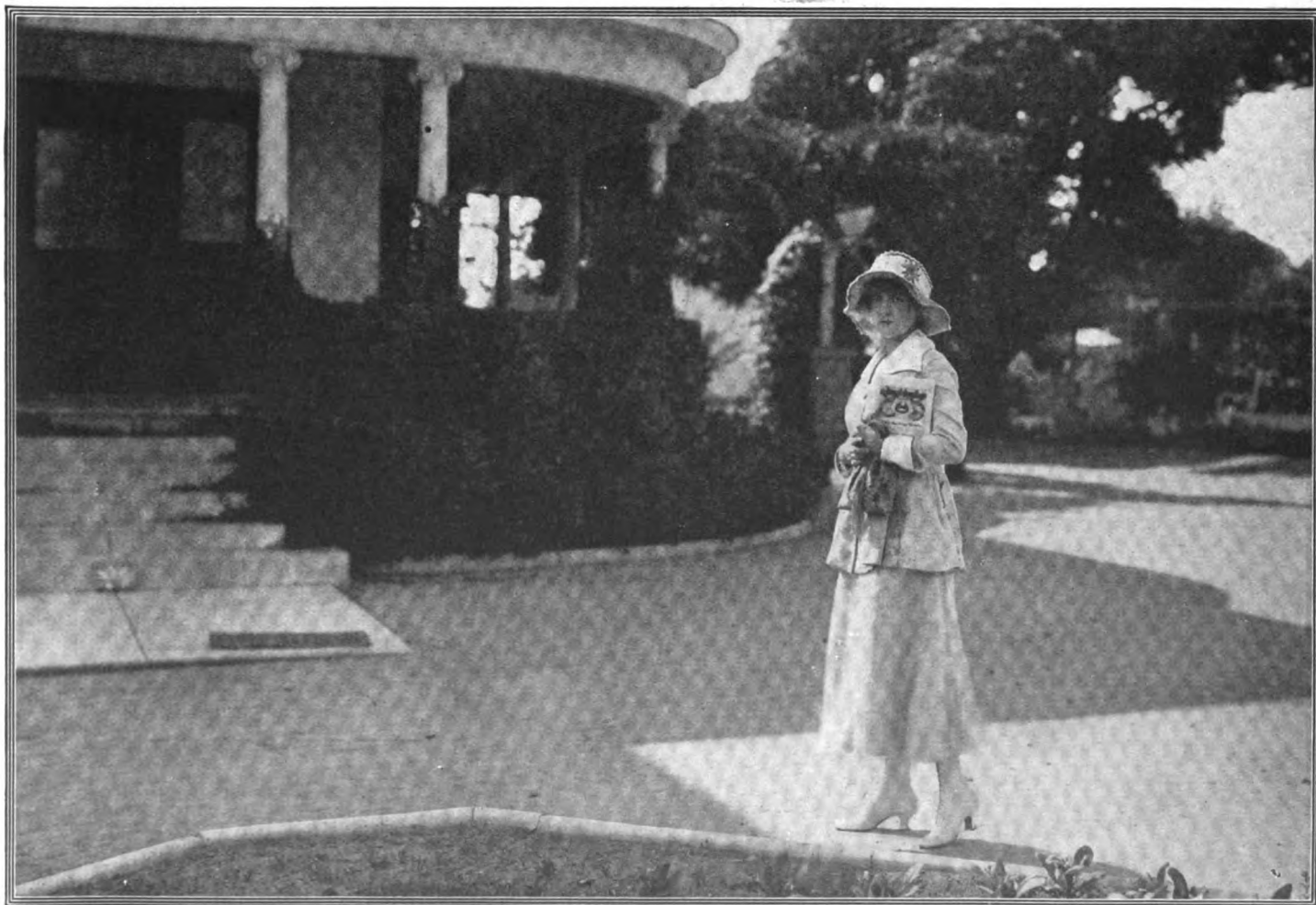
(Thirty-seven)



CHARLES MURRAY (KEYSTONE)



HAROLD LOCKWOOD (METRO)



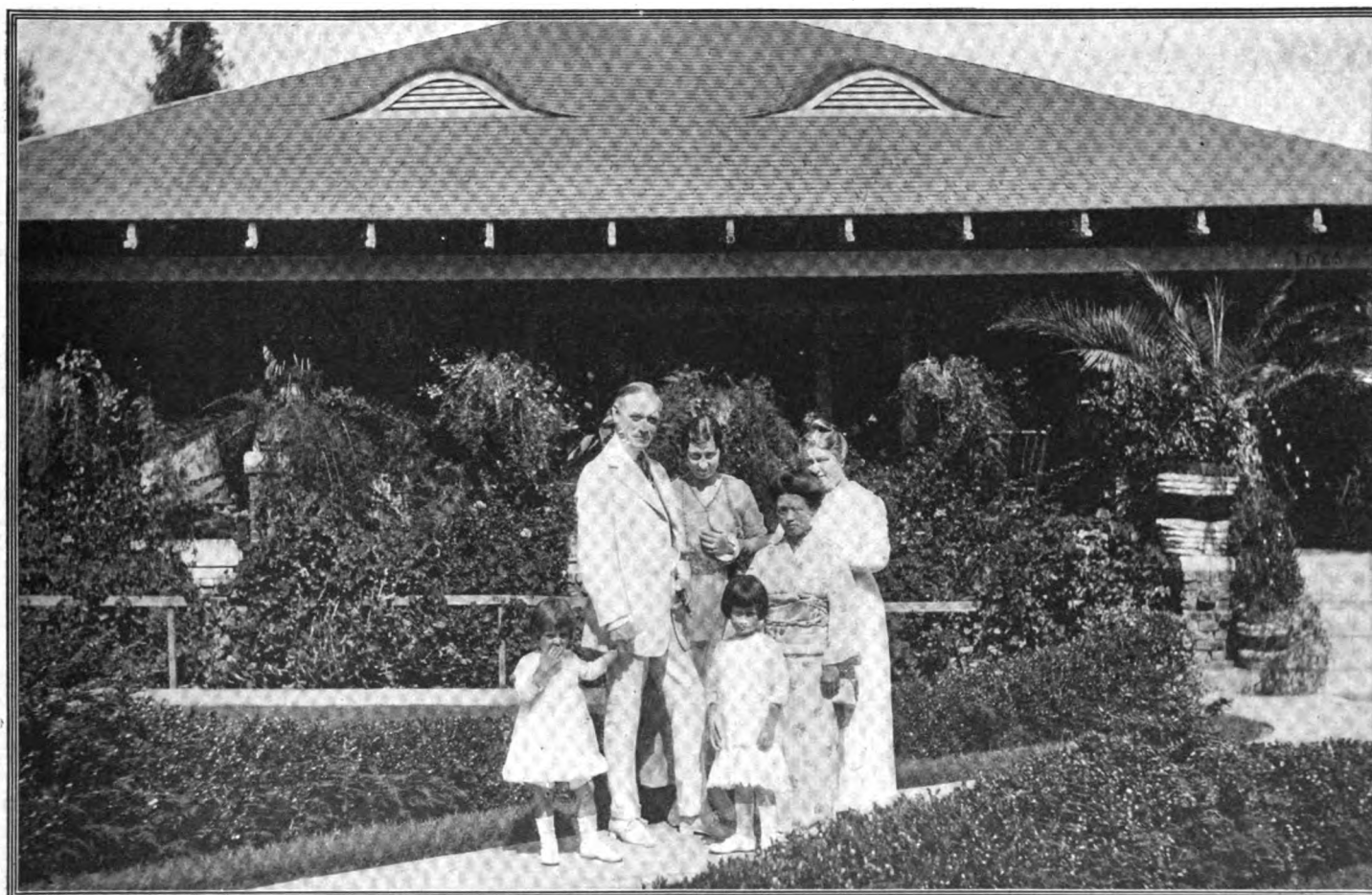
MAY ALLISON (METRO)

(Thirty-eight)





ANITA KING (LASKY)



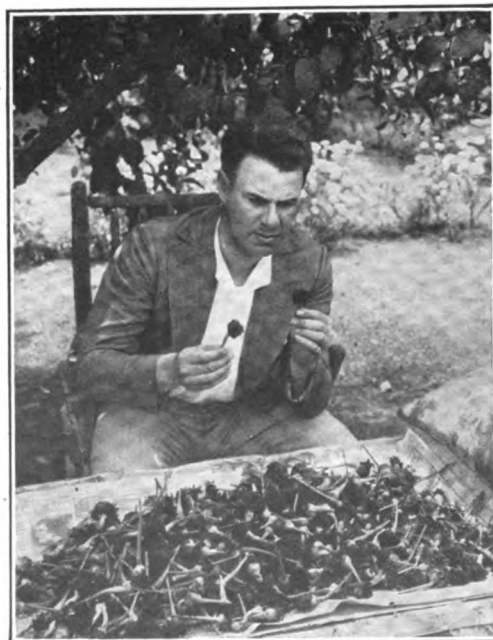
FRANK KEENAN, MRS. KEENAN, THEIR DAUGHTER, MRS. FRANK SLOANE, AND TWO GRANDCHILDREN  
(Thirty-nine)



MARJORIE WILSON (INCE)



LOUISE FAZENDA (KEYSTONE)



FORD STERLING (KEYSTONE)

from Kansas not very long ago, and one of them said he "didn't suppose the movie folks had much home life," so I promised to take him around and point out a few of the little Flickerville cottages and one-story palaces occupied by our galaxy of planets. "We'll take a camera-man along," said I, "just to be able to show the folks back in your state how comfortably the stars manage to get along in their bungalow abodes."

The car bowled along out Sunset Boulevard, until an orange grove with a pretty white house behind it stood out from the scenery. The camera-man called attention to the home of Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Mr. Lou-Tellegen; and then we didn't have much more than time for a glance, because the chauffeur buzzed us up Franklin Avenue, where back of a long row of drooping pepper-trees stands the spreading, white bungalow of Fanny Ward and her husband, Mr. Jack Dean. Farther up the same street we saw De Wolf Hopper turning into his place between the peppers, hurrying along at a breakneck gait for such a large man, for he was in a hurry to see whether the small Mr. Hopper had recovered from his slight cold, and would not be stopped by our most importunate pleadings.

Making our way onward, therefore, we ran down one of Flickerville's prettiest streets and overtook Miss May Allison walking home from work—just as if she couldn't afford to ride—after a strenuous forenoon's work at the Metro; and a little later we caught a glimpse of Harold Lockwood, star of the same company, just in time to snap him going into his Flickerville two-story bungalow. Then we came to Miss Bessie Barriscale's charming little bungalow home on Wilton Place. Miss Barriscale was having a day off, and was caught in the act of embroidering things for Christmas, which she says is always coming and has to be prepared for any time and every time the camera isn't clicking.

When Charles Chaplin directed himself in "One A. M." he knew there was something excruciatingly funny about a bowl of goldfish. In fact, stepping into one has always been full of riotous humor. Fred Mace goes Charles one better and thinks there is a lot of comedy in a pond full of goldfish in his own back yard. So he has the real ones tamed to frolic around in the water. When he feels like it, he dips them out with his net and shows them to the visitors, just like a proud papa would with his infant son. Mace is so proud of his goldfish he is thinking about having a guard stand over them to keep away the ever-covetous prop men from the studio.

Ford Sterling, when we saw him without his mustache, was a much different man, sitting under the oranges in his back yard and explaining to us the intricacies of the bulbs which he was sorting out and planting with the critical eye of a Luther Burbank. Charles Murray we also found to be quite a plantologist

(Forty)



# CLASSIC

around his home on Ocean Park Avenue; for he has the whole place covered with ferns and vines, and the house otherwise surrounded by palms, great banks of geraniums and rose-bushes, and a dozen other things, including lawn-mowers. We got him in the picture looking over some of the flora on his front porch. After that we shot Eddie Dillon taking life easy on the porch of his Griffith Park bungalow, and Harry McCoy going out to exercise those dandy little bulldogs of his.

There was still gas enough in the machine to travel along a eucalyptus-bordered street, almost across Flickerville. Crenshaw Boulevard was the first hesitating place, for there was Louise Fazenda, dallying with the flowers in her front yard before going to work at the Keystone.

After that we followed a very attractive-looking driveway and found Louise Glaum, snapping her picture just after she had gathered an inviting-looking basket of grapes and pears out of the Glaum back yard.

Frank Keenan, Ince favorite, standing by his flower-covered bungalow, was entirely surrounded by the various members of the Keenan family, Mrs. Keenan, their daughter, Mrs. Frank Sloane, and two grandchildren. Out on another street which seemed to be all palm-trees, we found Anita King, Lasky star, reclining on the sod in front of her bungalow, totally surrounded by the Motion Picture magazines and a five-pound box of the best local chocolates; and Marjorie Wilson, in her back yard. The latter young lady looked decidedly charming to us in her breezy tennis jacket, but we had to travel right along to get downtown for an appointment at the Photoplayers' Club.

This club, by the way, is soon to be the social headquarters of the Los Angeles photoplayers' colony. Under the able leadership of both Wallace Reid and Anita King, great things are planned for it, in the way of a country club and rendezvous for all social activities of the players.

My friends from back home were charmed with the fleeting glimpses of Flickerville, but nevertheless I could plainly see that there was something on their minds.

"What is it?" I asked. "Have we missed something?"

"We feel just a bit like sight-seers," one explained, "and—well—hardly like friends."

And then I caught their point. "Very well," I said, "you have got to stay over a few days longer, and I'll show you what jolly fellows and real friends the screen folk are. And as for hospitality, they'll offer you more than you can accept in a year."

"On our next jaunt," I promised, "we'll make the rounds again—and visit, and we'll see the 'innards,' the real home life and home comforts of our friends in Flickerville."

(Forty-one)



BESSIE BARRISCALE (INCE)



FRED MACE (KEYSTONE)



EDDIE DILLON (KEYSTONE)





# The Soul Master

This story was written from the



OMEN," said Robert Travers, harshly, "are the reason I believe in hell."

"Women," said his friend, softly, "have taught me to believe in heaven." He gestured to the sunny

scene framed in the window square—three children in a tangled heap of joyous, fat legs, and their young mother laughing with them under her tossed, brown hair. "Bob, those there are some man's world. It makes lonely devils like us sort of hanker for what we're missing—a home, you know, to come back to, and somebody to help us off with our overcoat—"

Travers filled the room with his laugh—sneering, jangling—the laugh of a Silenus in the presence of the white-limbed goddesses of Love and Fireside.

"That's the bluff they put up," his voice grated—"that's their bait for us, and when the trap is sprung they look about for another quarry. It's instinct. They have the soul of the huntress. They fling dust into our eyes; they blind us with kisses and smother our ears with their caresses, and all the time we think we're in heaven they're fixing up a nice, hot little hell for us. I tell you, Brandt,

I know what I'm talking about. My own mother taught me what women are!"

He poured out the story in jagged phrases, with elisions and omissions that spoke more loudly than his words—an old story of a little child whose world is overthrown by a mother's sin and a father's shame; of a clean boy-soul poisoned by the bitter draught of knowledge. No bigot is so zealous in defending his faith as an infidel in defending his lack of it, yet Brandt thought he caught, now and again, an overtone of pain which no hardened cynic possesses; this man could still be saved from the thorny path of bitterness he was treading, and, in a flash of inspiration, Brandt thought he saw the way.

"You had a tough experience, Bob," he said, as the story came to an end, "but for one weak woman in the world there are a hundred strong ones, and I'm going to introduce you to one of them. If God made man a little lower than the angels, He made Arline Barry on a level with 'em. Oh, you can smile, you old scoffer,

but you'll stay to pray—you see if you dont!"

In a week



"WOMEN ARE THE REASON"



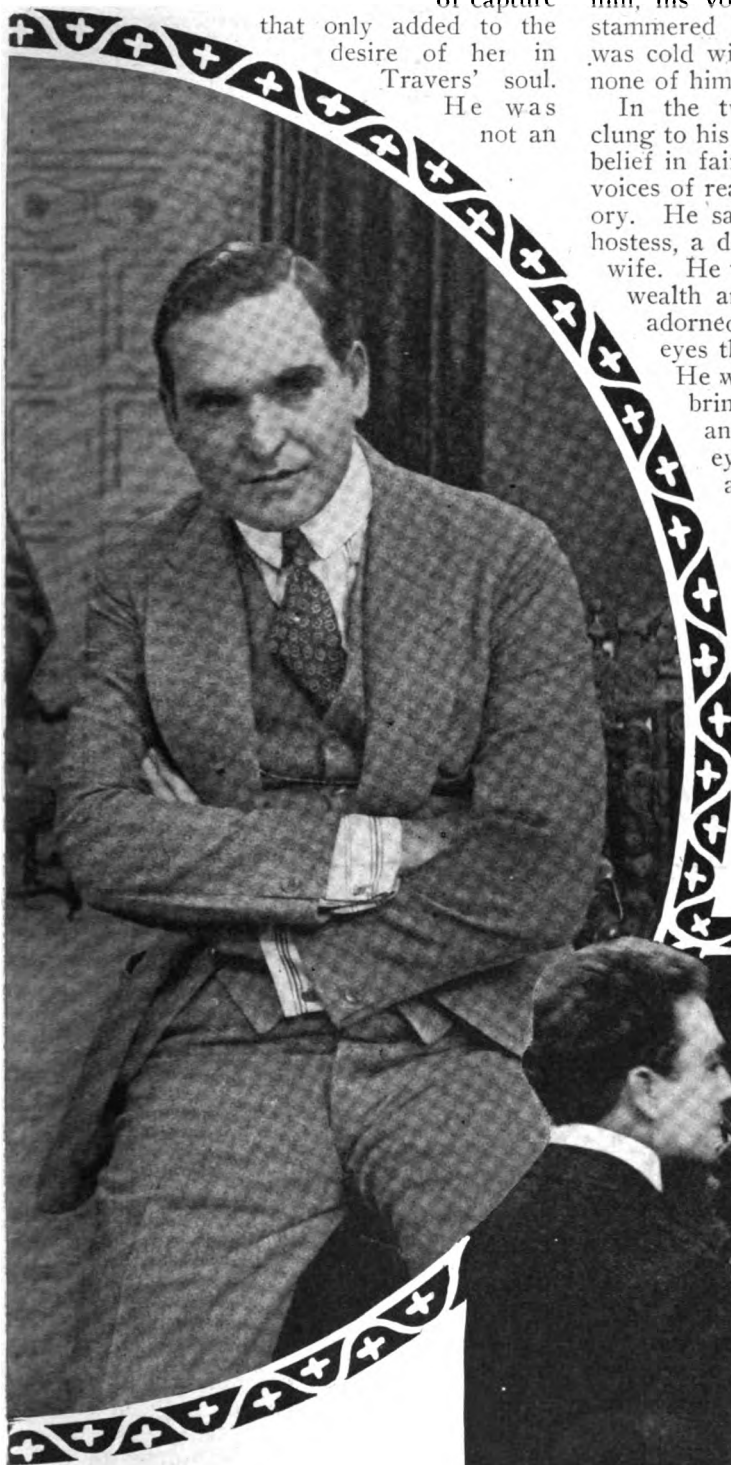
THERE WAS AN ABSOLUTE LACK OF PASSION IN TRAVERS' PUNISHMENT

Robert Travers' world had been re-created, as woman has re-created man's world since the first woman and the first man. A slim, white-birch little creature, this Arline, with hair like bronze metal and eyes as shallow and cold and pure as a mountain stream. She was nun-like in her aloofness—she seemed mentally to flee from advances in a terror

(Forty-two)

# Vitagraph By Dorothy Donnell

Photoplay of JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



"I BELIEVE IN HELL"

especially good man—the doctrine of cynicism gives its devotees license to get pleasure where pleasure is to be found, since everything is a mockery and self is the only God. But he loved Arline Barry as cleanly, spiritually, humbly as Abelard, the monk, first adored his Héloïse. And when he came to his great decision and asked her to marry

(Forty-three)

him, his voice shook like a boy's first, stammered love-making, and his heart was cold with fear that she would have none of him.

In the two years that followed he clung to his belief in her as a child to its belief in fairies, refusing to listen to the voices of reason or the warning of memory. He saw that she was a charming hostess, a devoted mother, and a tender wife. He would not see that she craved wealth and admiration, and that she adorned her beautiful body for other eyes than those of her home.

He was like a man walking on the brink of a precipice so abysmal and frightful that he turns his eyes always away and upward at the grassy, flower-jeweled slopes, refusing to recognize that the precipice is there. And so he was happy—feverishly, restlessly happy—like a lover, if not deeply content like a husband. He was continually wooing her, trying to capture the elusive something in her nature that made her still the tantalizing fugitive in spite of the narrow gold ring on her wedding finger. And then, one apocalyptic

day, he became, what the world was to call him for all his years, the man without a soul. He came home early, arms loaded with birthday roses, and found his wife in her lover's arms. And suddenly, as he stood calmly in the curtained doorway, looking at them, he knew that he had lived that moment a hundred times before in other lives, or perhaps in anticipation in this life. He was conscious of no surprise, no grief, no rage, only a cold sort of triumph to think that he had found her out so soon, a hugging to his heart of his old bitterness as a man wakes from a drugged stupor to welcome his old, familiar pain.

He recognized the man as Cartwright, a frequent visitor at the house, a glamorous fellow, fresh from the diamond fields of Kimberley, with a scar on one cheek and a hundred on his soul, the romantic type that allures a woman's imagination—that prefers the stolen joys of other men's wives to the responsibility of supporting a wife of his own.

Arline's nun-face was lifted to his as it had been lifted to Travers' a thousand times. The husband drew a slow, difficult breath, and Cartwright turned his flushed face and saw him in the doorway. The pair sprang apart as he advanced into the room. Arline began to babble. She ran to him and laid her white hands



"A TRIFLING BIRTHDAY OFFERING, MY DEAR ARLINE"



on him; the scent of her rose to his nostrils. "Bob! Bob! Listen! You don't understand!" she whimpered weakly. "Don't look so—don't—don't—I didn't do anything! *What are you going to do?*"

She drew back before her husband's smile. He thrust the roses into her arms with a bow.

"A trifling birthday offering, my dear Arline," he said blithely, "and, if you care to watch, I will soon show you what I am going to do."

He went directly to Cartwright—he might have been going to shake hands with him by his urbane manner and suave smile. And, still smiling, he struck him full in the face and felled him to the ground with the force of the blow. His father's wrong spoke in that blow—the next one would have finished Cartwright if Arline had not caught up a heavy candlestick from the table and brought it down on her husband's head as he stooped over the fallen man. She acted on the instinct of the female animal, who joins with her protector against a common enemy. She was afraid of her husband—terribly afraid. A moment later she and Cartwright stood looking down on the still face of the man they had wronged. A slow trickle of blood oozed from beneath his dark hair. Arline shuddered away, with little, shrill cries.

"Stop that!" Cartwright ordered her roughly. "Go get your hat and we'll get out of this. There's no time to waste. What are you waiting for?"

Again instinct prompted her.

"The—the baby——" she stammered.

"I—cant leave—her——"

"Get her, then,"

said the man, grimly; "there's a boat for

South America in half an hour and we've got to be on board her when she sails!"

The body of Robert Travers did not die—only the soul. A month later he rose from his bed and came out into the light of day, as men were to know him in



"MRS. BUNTY—SHE'S THE WOMAN I LIVE WITH"

all the years to come, pitiless, untouched by human griefs or joys—a man with terrible potentialities, because he

was an exile from God. The years went by with all their changes, but Robert Travers did not change. Materially he was prosperous. The great department store, of which he had been only a stockholder, came into his hands, and a steady stream of profit finally added his name to the list of the great city's millionaires. Society listened to the pleasant tinkle of his shekels, instead of the whispering of gossip, and welcomed him to its bediamonded bosom; but Travers seldom took advantage of its welcome. Unfriended, unloved, he went his solitary way. That lower, secret world that lies on the suburbs of respectability knew him, but even here he was feared and shunned. And on one

morning, as he sat in his sumptuous office, he recognized a familiar date on the desk calendar, and suddenly discovered that many years had ticked into eternity since that same day when he had bought roses to carry home.

"I am an old man," he said slowly, aloud; "I have lived in hell for twenty years!"

He touched his hair, and, thru the finger-tips, felt the spatter of gray, and for an instant a shudder shook him, a dread of the immensity of eternity and the fear of dissolution. So the old minister found him when he came to plead the cause of his poor.

"Mr. Travers," the minister said, quite simply, "what do you pay the girls who work in your store?"

"I pay them all they earn," said Travers, harshly. "I am a business man, not a philanthropist. The most of them get five dollars a week, I believe."

"Five dollars!" said the minister, sorrowfully. "Mr. Travers, a thousand girls work in this store. In a way, you are responsible for them. I want you to come with me and look—and think——"

Travers sneered openly, as he followed



INTO THE MAELSTROM TRAVERS STOOD LOOKING DOWN





"YOU'RE  
TOO PRETTY  
FOR PETER—  
TOO EXPENSIVE!"

the old man out onto the balcony and gazed at the panorama spread below.

"Let them work elsewhere if they are not satisfied," he said coolly. "What have I to do with them? I buy eight hours of their days; they can do what they like with the rest of them."

"They must live, and they cannot live on what you give them," the minister said. "Mr. Travers, you are responsible to God for such souls as are lost here!"

When the old man had gone, quivering and indignant, Travers stood still by the rail, looking down into the maelstrom of the store. Directly below him, at the ribbon counter, a girl, glancing up, caught his eyes and held them. She was a pretty, pale creature with silver-blond curls massed at the nape of a slender, white neck. Beside the flamboyant good-looks of her fellow clerks she was as colorless as a washed-out dimity beside gorgeous cretonne, but something about her fascinated Travers. He stared until she dropped her eyes in fright, and a wave of color washed her white cheeks. He could not understand the unease that filled his heart at the sight of the girl. It went back into his office

(Forty-five)

with him; it nagged him like something forgotten that he could not recall.

"Am I a boy to be made a fool of by the sight of a schoolgirl?" he sneered to himself, "or did the old parson convert me, perhaps? I am responsible for her soul, am I? Then,

Behind the mask of his face his brain was at work with evil ways and means. There was but one interpretation he could put on this excitement that possessed him, this strange unease of spirit as he gazed on the girl before him. He had no illusions in regard to himself. Yet when, in the course of her chatter, the name "Peter" fell from her lips, he was unprepared for the storm of emotion that shook him.

"Peter? Who is Peter?" he questioned brusquely.

A shy wave of color mounted to the silvery hair. "Peter works in the store, too, sir," she said, and the words were lilting like a song. "I—he—we—are going to be married when he gets a—raise."

Travers rose heavily to his feet. He put one hand on the bright head and tilted it up to his gaze. "You're too pretty for Peter!" he said significantly.

"You ought to have your own automobile, and beautiful clothes, and jewels. Can Peter give you those?"

"No, sir," she answered, wondering.

"I can," he said, and then, and not until then, did she guess his meaning and shrink away in horror of his touch.

"I will. You shall have everything in the world——"

"Oh!" she cried out piteously. "Oh!

You think because I am poor I must be bad? How sorry I am for you!"

"Sorry for me?" he repeated curiously.

"Why are you sorry for me?"

"Because a man that could think such things must be terribly unhappy," she answered slowly. "He must be the unhappiest man in the whole world!"

Travers uttered an exclamation and took a swift step toward her. She did not move, but

in the  
devil's name,  
I'll find out  
what sort of a  
girl I'm re-

sponsible for!" And so Robert Travers, the man without a soul, met Ruth Caldwell, and the air of his handsome office was all a-rustle with the wings of the furies, or was it, perhaps, the strong, sheltering pinions of her guardian angel?

She was frankly puzzled at the questions he asked her, but she met them with the open candor of a child. Yes, she got five dollars a week, and it was hard to live on it.

"I couldn't do it, I'm afraid, sir, if it weren't for Mrs. Bunty," she confessed, "but she's so good to me. She's the woman I live with, and she has a little girl, too, to take care of, but she only asks three dollars a week——"

Travers listened silently to the girl's simple story.



TRAVERS TOOK A SWIFT STEP TOWARD HER

something invisible seemed to rise between them. Instead of touching her, he pointed furiously to the door. The latch clicked. One instant to his staring eyes came a swift vision of a white birch swaying in the sun, then she was gone.

He sank down at his desk and fought for self-control. Something elemental had touched him, but he did not guess, then, the name of the strange force. To him woman was man's prey—nothing more, nothing less. This girl, with her white face and silver hair, should be his, also. There were ways aplenty. His face was not good to see, as he took down the receiver of his desk telephone and called up a number.

"She was right!" he muttered, as he waited. "I am unhappy! I am the unhappiest man in the world."

It takes but a short time to bait and set a trap. A week later Ruth said good-by to a weeping Mrs. Bunty, and set out with Peter to the address the kind lady had given her. She was garrulous with joy at her good fortune.

"Just think, Peter—ten a week just to be a companion!" she cried gleefully, as they went up the steps of the handsome, brownstone house. "Why, if I save every bit of it, we can be married ever so soon!"

"I wish we could be married *now*," muttered Peter, as the great door swung across Ruth's gay good-bys and he turned away. "I don't like this companion business, somehow."

But his vague forebodings did not crystallize until late that evening, when a whiff of cigar-smoke, creeping in from

the street, sent him to his feet with a sudden, sharp cry.

"God!" groaned Peter. "There was cigar-smoke *there*, and she said she lived alone!"

In the deserted department store the moon wandered up and down the silent aisles, sending strange shadows scuttling to and fro. The man, who leaned so heavily against the door, covered his eyes at the sight of them.

"Ghosts!" he moaned—"the ghosts of lost souls!"

He staggered presently down the aisle, to the stairs and upward, with dragging feet. It was as if he were hunting for something.

"Arline—are you here—?" he called once. "Are you laughing at me? I shall see you soon, but we will never see *her* again—"

He paused to shriek with insane mirth till the shadows seemed to shudder and flee before the horrid sound.

"So she has silver hair, and yours was bronze. How was I to know?" he raved. "Our daughter! and she keeps your picture on her bureau! Who knows—maybe she can love you out of hell!" He tore at the dishonored white hair on his brow.

"The boy came in time—she's safe! She will not join you, lost souls!" he muttered, as he staggered on, "and she does not know I was her father. I spared her that, at least—"

He was in his office now. His wildly blundering fingers missed the electric-light button. He fumbled in his pocket and struck a match, holding it high.

"My soul!" he whimpered. "Where did I lose it? I must find it! I must—"

The horror of the night's discovery flooded his brain, and he sprawled forward over the desk, the match falling from his nerveless hand. Later—moments or hours—he opened his eyes to find the room, the world, in a swirl of red flame. Escape by the door was cut off by a wall of quivering fire; the street lay five stories below. In the face of death reason was given him for one merciful moment. He staggered to the desk and seized the telephone. An eternity of pain, and then the answering voice in his ear.

"Judge Gordon—listen!" he said hurriedly. "I have only a moment. The store is on fire, and I am penned in. No! no! Don't go for help—there isn't time. Listen! I have a daughter—Ruth Caldwell, she calls herself, five hundred and sixty Summer Street. I want to leave my money—to her. But she must never—know—I was her—father! God! The fire— No! no! Wait, Judge. Do you understand? You'll see it's done? Good! Now call the engines. Good-by."

The phone fell from his hand; he turned and faced his doom, head high. In that moment, before the red flood swept over him—who knows?—perhaps he paid the long arrears of sin and met the future out of debt and free. God is very merciful; perhaps, in His system of accounts, one moment of self-forgetfulness, of nobility and courage, balances a long lifetime of sin; perhaps, at the moment of dying, Robert Travers found his long-lost soul at last.

## TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE SEE THE MOVIES EACH DAY

By STANLEY W. TODD

**C**AN you imagine an audience of 12,000,000 persons? You can get a fair idea of what it means by going behind the scenes in some theater. There you can study a sea of faces—you can't count them all. That would probably represent only a few thousand people; but think of twelve millions!

Yet, it is just that number of people, so certain theatrical statisticians calculated recently, that each day attend the Moving Picture shows in the United States. Twelve million people every day of the week! That means that more than 80,000,000 people see the movies each week, or 240,000,000 every month. In a whole year, at least 2,880,000,000 persons attend film shows—more than the population of the earth!

The same experts who presented these amazing figures, a few days ago, at a meeting of a theater club in New York, made other astounding statements as to the proportions to which the Moving Picture industry has grown within the past ten years. According to these statements, the nation, in 1915, spent enough for the

movies to build and equip a Panama Canal. At any rate, if we saved the money which will go to the Moving Pictures during the next four years, we would have enough to pay for three Panama Canals. In other words, about \$300,000,000—a gigantic sum, when you come to realize it—is paid every year by the general public for admission to various Motion Picture houses throughout the country.

Now, when the people patronize any industry to such an extent, you may take it for granted that everything connected with it is conducted on the same comprehensive scale. The producing of the films, which must entertain these 12,000,000 people each day, also presents some staggering figures. During 1915, for instance, the Moving Picture theater proprietors paid about \$35,000,000 for the rental of the reels, while their investment in their theaters represented a total of more than \$150,000,000. It is not difficult to appreciate how tremendous such sums are, unless you have become hardened to big figures by calculating the national debt, or studying the costs of the war in Europe.

While it is impossible to give exact figures, film-makers state that during 1916 as much as 50,000 miles of film were used in producing these pictures. As there are sixteen little pictures or "frames" in every foot of film, each person in the United States could have thirty of them, if they were cut apart. Further statistics show that the cost of films during 1916 amounted to \$30,000,000 for reels exhibited in Moving Picture houses during that year. In addition, just twice that sum—or \$60,000,000—was expended by film manufacturers throughout the country for feature pictures intended for release at a later date.

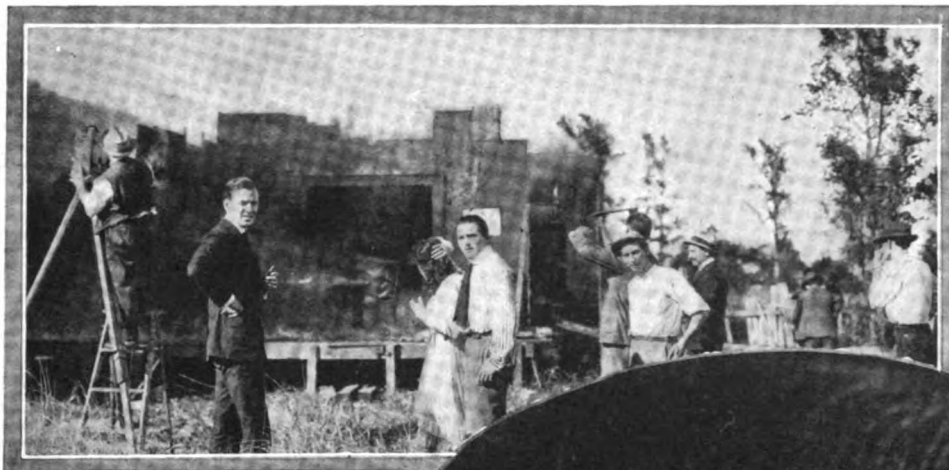
These figures must be of interest to every one of the twelve million daily picture "fans"—and, of course, *you* are one of them—because they suggest the still greater development of the film entertainment in the future. Nowadays it is a common thing for an ordinary "feature" film, which provides a full evening's program, to cost between \$15,000 and \$30,000, while in exceptional cases the costs have run up as high as \$500,000 for a single Moving Picture.

(Forty-six)

# "Daredevil? Not Me!"

So Said George Larkin, But the Interviewer Remained to See a Picture Made, and "Daredevil Larkin" He Is

By ROBERT E. WELSH



**"D**AREDEVIL GEORGE LARKIN!" There it is in black-and-white. For fear my courage will fail me, I have rushed to bang the words out on the typewriter, and now George Larkin can do his worst, for the deed is done.

He promised all sorts of dire revenges if I used that word. "Daredevil?" he said. "Not me! Why, anybody with the nerve and knowledge can do what I do. Of course there are chances of being injured, and very often I am hurt, but so are people who are carefully crossing crowded city streets. The difference is that I get paid for the risks I take in pictures, while we all have to brave joy-riders and U. S. Mail autos for nothing."

Crossing streets holds no terrors for me, but the thought of attempting the thrills that I have seen George Larkin perform on the screen in "Grant, Police Reporter," sends cold shivers up and down my spine, so I pressed the subject further. "But isn't it a daredevil feat to go hand-over-hand on a pipe across a twenty-foot areaway, with a sheer eight-story drop below you? I saw you do that in the Kalem series."

"Why, that's nothing," was the laughing response. "Any good athlete would do the same thing in a gymnasium, so why not when the bar is strung between two roof-tops? You just have to gather a little nerve, then make up your mind to forget that eight-story drop below you. That's all."

Yes, that's all. Then, if you forget to forget, there's a whizzing drop and a permanent lot of forgetfulness awaiting you. That's all.

"But weren't you a daredevil when you took that slide down the rope of a painter's scaffold and then allowed

Ollie Kirkby to cut the rope while you were still four stories above the pavement? You brought my heart to the level of my back teeth when you were hurled thru the air, then, and landed on a

fire-escape. It required more than being a good athlete to do that."

"Shucks! that was easy," replied Larkin. "I am going to do a stunt today that is much more dangerous than that. If you'll promise not to call me a 'daredevil,' I'll ask the director to let you come along and watch us take the scenes. But you must ban that word 'daredevil.'"

"Well, I won't promise, but I'll think it over." And at that moment Director Robert Ellis approached to enter the conversation, fortunately changing the subject and allowing me to escape the necessity of a promise. In a

few minutes all was hustle and bustle preparatory to embarking in the autos for the distant location.

Players in two of the cars, cameras and properties in another, we needed little more to make us a full-fledged parade.

As the players gathered about the cars, I hovered in the background; but, just as my hopes were about to vanish, a good spirit prompted Mr. Ellis to turn and extend a cheery invitation to "hop in and come along with us." I did, without a second's hesitation, and soon we were whizzing away from Kalem's beautiful





studio, on the St. John's River, towards the heart of Jacksonville. Thru Jacksonville to the opposite outskirts we sped, until we arrived before a factory building that appeared unoccupied and was set off a slight distance from its neighbors.

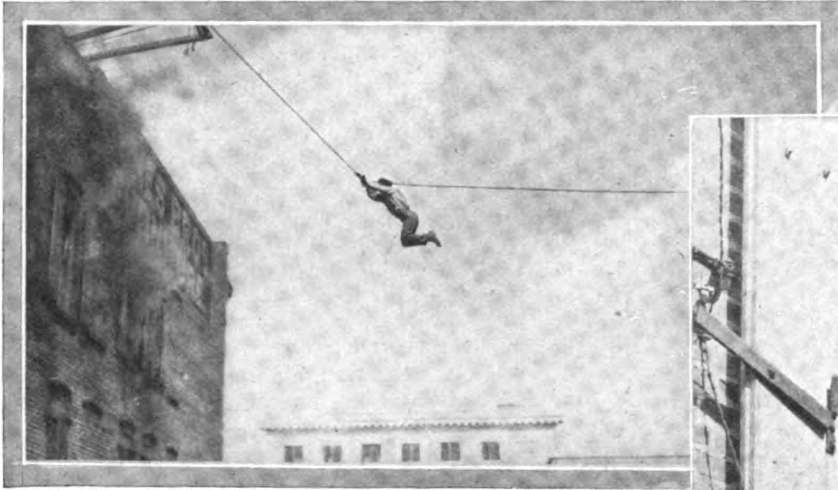
"Had quite a search before I found this building," said Director Ellis, as we

street and around the corner we traveled, finally reaching the yard in the rear of the factory. Mr. Larkin pointed to the roof. "See those telephone-wires stretching from the roof over to that building on the next street? Well, in the story Miss Kirkby is to be trapped in a room on the top floor of this building when the fire breaks

just "some stunt" to him, but for all my searching glance I could see nothing else in his eyes—not the least touch of fear, not the slightest apparent realization of what it would mean were his hold on the wires to slip and let him fall. Or, supposing the assistant who cut the wires did not gauge the point rightly and Larkin's swing did not carry him thru the window? Or, supposing the sudden jar of the drop shook his grasp on the wires? All these thoughts ran thru my mind, but Larkin just stood there smiling and bubbling over with enthusiasm, because it was "some stunt."

The voice of the director was heard approaching. "Better get up on the roof, George. The men are ready to start the fire on the fourth floor as soon as I give the word. We have two cameras on the scene, so there's no chance of a slip."

I found Director Ellis at my side, as Larkin



LARKIN'S GIANT SWING INTO A BURNING ROOM

hopped down from the automobile. "Strange how so many people object to letting you burn up their buildings."

"Burn it?" I echoed. "You are not going to stage a fire, are you?"

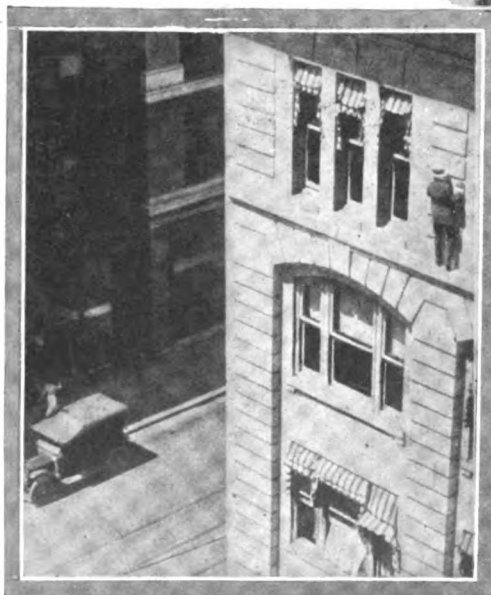
"We surely are," was the rejoinder. "Today we are going to take only an exterior thrill-scene in the rear of the building, with a fire on one of the floors. We have a force on hand to put out that blaze before it goes too far. Then, tomorrow, we'll have a good-sized fire on the top floors, so that Ollie Kirkby can be in real danger when she slides down a rope from the roof to the ground. George Larkin will then help the fun along by jumping from the roof to a fire-net."

I craned my neck up the seven stories of the building and then allowed my gaze to wander down again to the ground. It was a dizzying thought. "Altogether, it's going to be quite a pleasant afternoon, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. We'll have half the Jacksonville fire department on the job to see that the fire does not get beyond us, and you can be sure that a real fire is going to draw a record crowd of onlookers."

George Larkin appeared at that moment to capture my attention. "Come around to the rear of the building," he said, "and I'll show you the stunt we are going to put over today." Down the

out. I see her from the other building,



TAKING AN AIRING ON A WINDOW-LEDGE

but there is only one way to get to her quickly and save her, and that is by going hand-over-hand across on those telephone-wires. I start, but when I am only half-way across the wires snap under my weight, and I am hurled down thru the air and catapulted into the blazing room. Some stunt, isn't it?"

I looked at him quizzically. It was



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT WITH LARKIN

hurried away to get into action. "It beats me," he was saying, half in soliloquy. "I don't think there's a thing that he is afraid of. He gets sprained ankles, bangs and bruises, day after day, and never a word of complaint. And he could be just as prominent a player without doing those stunts, too, because he is one of the best

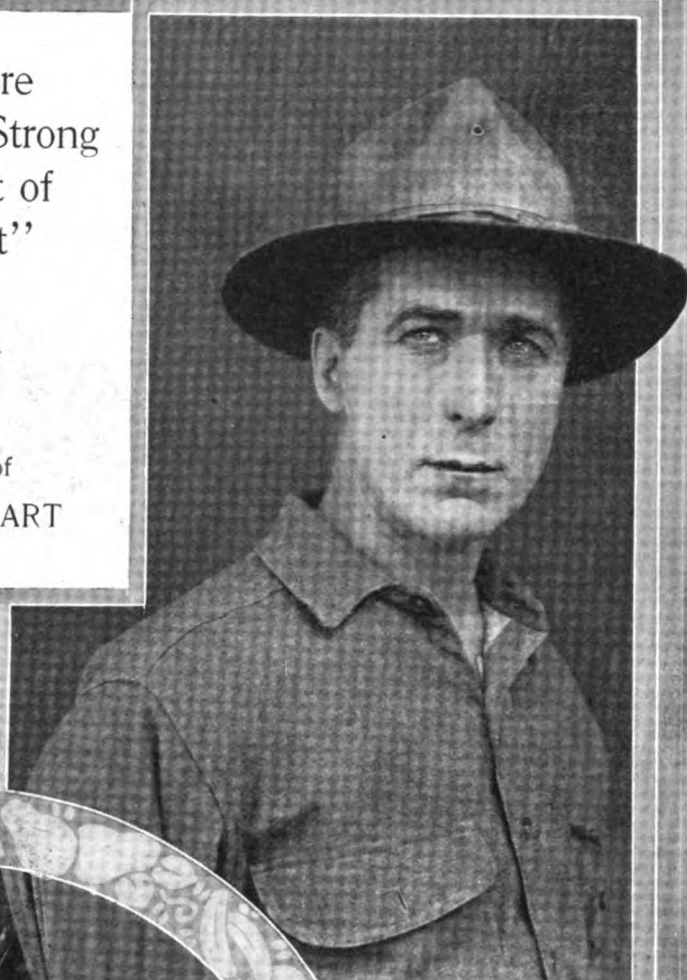
(Continued on page 66)

(Forty-eight)



“And There  
Arose a Strong  
Man Out of  
the West”

Studies of  
WM. S. HART



# On the Camera Firing-Line

Thumb-nail Impressions of "The Girl Philippa"

Illustrated by  
ANDERS RANDOLF



OUR readers are most fortunate in obtaining a page from the sketch-book of Anders Randolph, the villain supreme of "The Girl Philippa." He has limned himself, bareheaded, in the midst of a duel with a brother hussar. The forthcoming Motion Picture version of Robert W. Chambers' greatest novel is a tribute to the artistry and dramatic range of Anita Stewart. Laid in northern France at the beginning of the great war, it unfolds a breathless drama of love, intrigue, and the crises of a little French girl.

(Fifty)



# The Road to Love

Morocco

by  
Gladys Hall

I'll sing thee  
songs of Araby  
And tales of pale  
Cashmere—

THE above is to sort of give atmosphere to what I am about to tell. I am going to write it all down in the best way I can, so that some day, when we are very old, and the glow of life is fading into the ash, we may be able to recall it all—breath for breath, heart-beat for heart-beat, kiss for kiss. It is too wonderful to trust to memory—that fragile thing that age may mar or tragedy destroy. It is too precious to pass by without the sealing of the written word. It is all of the glamour of the Orient—all of the pain of it—all of the lure. It is all of love—all of fulfillment—all, all of my life.

I was—perhaps I am—so typically American. I went to school; I followed athletics; I went to college. I studied law. In most all of it I took a tepid interest. One thing I did not do, and therein I proclaimed my originality—or my “queerness,” as my family and friends chose to term it. I did *not* fall in love. I do not disparage the American woman. Very far from it. And I have not met them all. But I never was overly thrilled. “Good scouts” they have been—pleasant, comradely, hail-fellow girls, with blooming skins, and athletic inclinations, and lures as bald, as pitiful, as transparent as the A-B-C primer; or vampirish creatures, who, having lost all semblance to human beings, cannot be said to be women, or to possess a woman’s charm. I never pondered much over my apparent immunity to the amorous, but, when I did, I reflected this “woman mystery” stuff was greatly overdone. They could hardly have been called mysterious—those good girlfriends of mine; they were given to discussing the most perilous topics under the heavens with the most disarming and appalling freedom. They took their strong, young hands and ruthlessly tore down the veil that hid us, the one sex from the other. Into the-high light of

(Fifty-one)

noon dragged the now-parodied “sex question,” and they blatantly proclaimed it. Marriage with one of them would be about as inspiring as bachelor quarters with my old room-mate, Tom Sanders. I marveled at the delirium some of the chaps worked themselves into over a sliver of a girl, with a baby-stare and a smattering of Nietzsche, and great mouthings over the “woman’s vote.” I put it down to a species of auto-intoxication.

After my senior year, the pater offered me a trip abroad. “Go to London,” said the dear old man, “and look up so-and-so; the Grossgroves have opened their shooting-box in Scotland—or there is Paris—” and he finished with a knowing wink that yet was pitiful. I surprised myself by a shudder. I thought of

Montmartre, the gay boulevards, the coquettes and grisettes of De Maupassant. And I knew that I hated it all—the dis-pelling obviousness of it. “No,” I told him; “if it’s all the same to you, Dad, I’d like to try the Orient—to moon about Persia and India; to visit Tunis, Morocco, Algiers; to know the Arabs and the Bedouins—the land where old Omar lived—the glories of Lalla Rookh. I’m not very clear, but I think the East is calling—”

Dad looked at me oddly. He looked perplexed and worried. And that night I heard him confide to mother that “The boy is queer. I can’t imagine where—” etc., etc.

Next week I sailed for Arabia. Oh, marvelous Far East—you land of pure mysticism, and glamour, and enchantment; land of veiled women and bearded sheiks, of muezzins and fakirs, of strange smells and eerie calls; land of Mohammed and Buddha, of fatalism, and barbarism, and a culture exquisite and fine. Mar-velous Far East!

And, oh, my Hafsa! In your clear, olive body; your slumbering, darkling eyes; your slow, caressing smile; your subtlety—in you is all the lure of woman-kind, all the enchantment, all the mystery. You have made of love a thing of musk and citron, of frankincense and myrrh, of waving palms against a blood-red sky, of the calling—calling—calling of the East!

Perhaps some long-gone ancestor of mine digressed from the path of commerce—from the streets of New Amsterdam, wherein my ancestral fathers lived and loved. Perhaps he—or a wistful, wander-driven she—journeyed over the seas and loved, with the abandon the East calls forth, some native of Persia—some daring Bedouin. Perhaps that ancestor transmitted his fevered, restive blood to me; awoke in me that strange aversion to the obvious, to the palpable at hand; created in me the latent strain that needed Hafsa for fulfillment—Hafsa, daughter of a hundred sheiks,



IN FAR-OFF ARABY

product of the purest East; different only in that she possessed an Occidental education and a mind that responded instantly to Occidental freedom, to the vistas it opened up—the promise it gave.

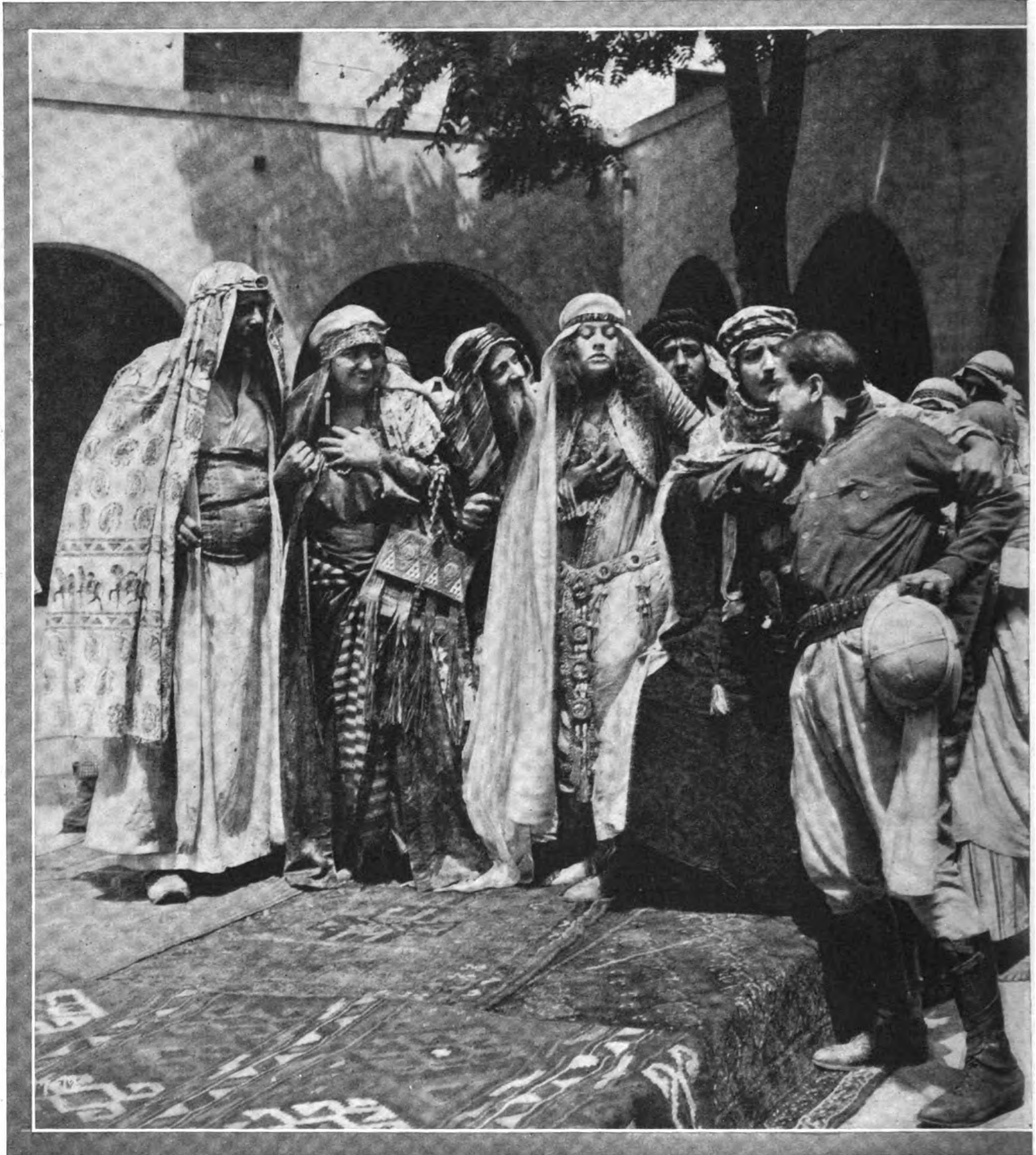
The night that I first saw her was the close of a long and strenuous day. Riding on the desert at high noon—on my steed—I encountered a Bedouin fleeing for his life from some French soldiers. I felt sorry for him. He was hard put to it, and he had dog's eyes. I never could endure that—dog's eyes in a human face. I gave him my steed and let him go. He went, calling on Allah and all the prophets to witness his undying and eternal gratitude—his kissing of my feet; his prostration at my honorable word, etc., etc. I watched him become a speck of dust on the desert, gave the lie to the Frenchies, and began the tramp back to the great oasis of Our-lana, where there was a town.

As I drew near the market-place, I saw a girl and her maid examining some trinkets from one of the hideously voluble vendors, who got their wares and their God and their obsequies curiously intermingled.

The girl had clutched impatiently at her veil, and that had attracted my attention. What had held it were the eyes above the veil—eyes like dark flowers laid against the moon; eyes that called, and caressed, and pleaded, and rebelled; eyes the like of which I had not even dreamed before. And I had dreamed many things. Her maid was with her—she was catching desperately and nervously at the loosened veil. She was convention-hobbled, thoroly of the East.

Of a sudden the girl tore angrily at the veil, and it dropped. I stood rooted to the spot. And all at once, then and there, a fever kindled in my veins—a fever that I knew one thing only could quell: her full lips laid against mine—her young heart warm on my own.

I moved nearer them, and suddenly I saw the maid touch her mistress on the arm affrightedly, and both girls darted into the dark alleyway that ran thru



"MALIK GLARED AT ME AND STROVE TO ELBOW HIS WAY PAST—"

the market-place. "It is Sidi-Malik, your father," the maid whispered hoarsely. "May Allah have mercy upon our souls if he sees us thus!"

The girl was frightened, too. Her face looked like a lotos-flower in the gathering dusk; thru the strange smells and sounds she seemed like the clear note of the cymbal—the star that had led the Wise Men over the desert. I stopped before her; she stumbled, and I caught her in my arms.

Never tell me that there is not sex magic. Never tell me that a man does not know his woman, or a woman her man. It makes no difference where or how, under what circumstances, in what far land. Skin makes no difference, nor

color, nor race. It is man and woman—sheerly. That is all.

I heard her breath come in a little gasp. I felt, thru her thin drapery, her heart flutter and pound like a maddened bird's. I pressed her closer, then released her.

Sidi-Malik and a sherif of the town were approaching. I felt her shrink, and I stepped before her, blocking, with apparent stupidity, the entire pasageway. Malik glared at me and strove to elbow his way past. I remained immovable. "Dog of an American!" I heard him bluster. Then he and the sherif walked in the other direction. The girl stepped in front of me. Her maid had drawn her veil over her lovely face, and only her eyes looked out at me. She touched my

(Fifty-two)



I REMAINED IMMOVABLE"

hand with her own, and they were gone. But I knew then all that I know now. I knew that, in our case, at least, the East and the West were one.

The day following I presented myself at the home of Sidi-Malik, disguised as a peddler. The East has a child's curiosity over the junk stuff of the peddlers and fakirs; it is why they thrive so there. They never weary of staring at the pretty things—of haggling and bargaining for them—of possessing the cheap baubles in the end. A peddler is ever welcome—a diversion eagerly received. I was at once admitted to the chambers of Hafsa.

That chamber of hers—how it haunted me, immeshed me, tantalized me! How intimately it brought her to me—Eastern

born, but Western bent! It was hung in the rich silks of the East, and sleepy with incense, and extravagant with barbaric jewels. But familiar books nodded at me from modern book-shelves; a victrola stood friendly in one corner, a golf-bag peered incongruously from behind a priceless rug.

I knelt before her and opened out my wares. As she bent over to examine a bracelet I handed her, my fingers came into contact with hers, and lingered there! And she knew. Her marvelous eyes above the veil kindled, then grew soft. Her breast rose fully, and I felt it beat upon my face like scattered rose-leaves. She raised one hand and commanded only Zorah, her maid and confidante and more than friend, to remain. When they had all gone, I tore off my disguise and gripped her slender, be-ripping hand.

"Hafsa," I said, "I had to come, and I am coming again. Do you know that I love you—that a miracle has come to me—to us?"

"Is this—love?" she asked, but there was no cheap beguilement in her voice. It was the flawless innocence of a child who asks a question, and, confidently, expects an answer. I knew that she was, inherently, of the East. I knew the dread ignorance in which the East keeps its women—only to thrust them, at last, into repulsive ownership.

"Yes, my beloved," I answered—"such a love as the poets write of; such a love as comes once only to mortal woman and mortal man; too great a love, my beloved, for us to disregard."

She bent nearer to me, and then I understood the delirium of my poor fellow-men back home.

During all this Zorah stood apart—fearful, fascinated, still. Suddenly she leaned over Hafsa. "Mistress," she breathed, "the—the gentleman carries overlong; the walls have ears and a million eyes, and not all of them are friendly."

Hafsa pulled herself together. "You must go," she whispered fearfully. "Somehow I had forgotten—everything. If my father should find you here, he would—I dare not think what. And he would marry me to the sherif he has in mind, with all speed. You must go—with speed!"

I kist her hand again, passionately, with abandon. I gave it more than ever I could give to the lips of any woman. "I shall come again," I whispered back, "and then, my Pearl of the East, I am going to ask your father for you in true American fashion. It is the man's way—and surely he is a man!"

She smiled, with the fatalistic sad-

ness of Eastern women, with the deeper sadness of the Eastern woman who has sipped the wide-sensibilities of the West. "He is—an Oriental," she answered back, "and I am just a woman to him—a thing to be disposed of as he sees fit!"

I donned my disguise, and a slave showed me out. I thought he eyed me cannily. An instant later I was sure of it; then I saw reeling stars.

Four swarthy Arabs laid upon me. In the dim foreground I saw the enraged countenance of Sidi-Malik and the still more enraged countenance of the sherif destined for Hafsa. The one was a father's discipline violated—a custom disregarded; the other was a greedy thing threatened of its prey—a lust without any salve of finer love—the thing the Easterner desecrates as a marriage.

The East and the West cross swords today as they did in the more pagan yesterday; they cross prejudices and customs and beliefs that are bone of their bone. And, when the crossing comes, there is the devil to pay. Sidi-Malik had been crossed in his bitterest prejudice, his strongest custom, his most fervent belief—the Easterner's care of his women.

I put up a goodly fight—I know I did—for I was fighting for my life, and for my love, which had grown to me dearer than life. And I knew that the dark eyes of the Pearl of the Desert were upon me. I wanted to show her what manner of men we Westerners were. I wanted her to realize even more fully than I knew that she did, that we gave of our sinews, our bone and brawn for our women, tho we did not smother them in attar of rose, nor crust them in barbarous gems. But the Arabs of Sidi-Malik outdid me. And, as I swooned, I heard him giving his orders. "Take him into the southern oasis with the first south-going caravan," I heard him say as from a great distance, "and there sell him into slavery. By the beard of the Prophet—on the sacred Koran I swear it—the white ass shall bray no more in El Oued!"

Afterwards my Hafsa told me of her fainting, as she saw me gagged and bound and borne away. She told me of the terrific scene she had with Malik, her father—the scene in which she brought all that she had imbibed of the

freedom of the West, combined with all that she had adopted of me,



HAFSA RECEIVES HER FIRST LOVE-LETTER



to bear against his Eastern prejudice. "Give me the right to my own life," she had pleaded. "Is that too much? Be broad; be tolerant; be understanding; you have traveled; you have seen much. Oh, my father, you know that all women do not go as I go—veiled of face, veiled of heart, veiled of soul, where the sun of Allah has not given into your keeping the wise use of it. So your mother pleaded with me many years ago. I listened to her—made a fool by her soft eyes, her honeyed tongue. And what became of the kindness of my heart? Treachery! She deserted you—and betrayed me. I have never seen her since. She set me up as a mockery to my fellow-men, that I could not house my own women. Woman! Freedom! Bah!"

But old Malik turned on her. "You are a woman," he had snarled from between the avaricious tongue of the Eastern man; "you cannot have freedom, for Allah has not given into your keeping the wise use of it. So your mother pleaded with me many years ago. I listened to her—made a fool by her soft eyes, her honeyed tongue. And what became of the kindness of my heart? Treachery! She deserted you—and betrayed me. I have never seen her since. She set me up as a mockery to my fellow-men, that I could not house my own women. Woman! Freedom! Bah!"

But love made my Love strong. That night, as the sun sank, flame-red, over the gold rim of the desert, she and Zorah, her maid, stole out of Sidi-Malik's house and crept into the streets of the town. Hafsa knew that I would have been sent with the first south-going caravan. She had knowledge of Malik's methods before. And on the streets of the town she encountered Abdallah, the wealthy owner of the caravan with which I was to journey—a captive. He was going by way of Ourlana, and one of his missions had been from Lella Sadiya, the owner of the Al-meets, who gleaned her living by traffic in dancing-girls. She had heard of the "Pearl of the Desert, whose fame was not so narrow as the desert itself," and she coveted her for her dancing-hall and for the price she would gain at the marriage-market or the slave-market. Abdallah, not knowing the high rank of the girl, had promised Sadiya to procure the girl and bring her to Ourlana. In El Oued he had gathered who the Pearl of the Desert was, and he feared to abduct the daughter of so influential a man as Sidi-Malik—the promised bride of the still more influential sherif. But when he saw my Hafsa in the marketplace at night—when he heard her tremulous inquiry concerning a caravan—he took what the gods thus eagerly offered. He escorted her to the caravan bound for Ourlana.

And thus we made our pilgrimage across the burning sands—the hoarse cries of the camels punctuating the stillness; the voluble excitement of the Arabs; the shrill calls on Allah, making of it all a dream that pierced my dulled, drugged brain with half-painful inter-

vals. And in the intervals I dreamed, or thought I dreamed, the dark eyes of my Hafsa gazing down on me, half in perplexity, half in yearning tenderness. It was like the pilgrimage of a dream in truth—a thing spun in the brain of grotesque unrealities.

My first conscious moment came when I was awakened by a familiar voice hissing sternly into my ear. It was night, and I came to with an effort, eyes full on the paling purple of the heaven, studded with stars that burned like angry gold. The voice was Karan's—the Bedouin I had rescued from the Frenchmen in the desert.

"I am paying my debt, sahib," he said, with the extravagant humility of his kind; "always I am your slave—your

"But, Karan," I persisted, "this girl—this girl is——"

The Bedouin smiled, still imperviously. "You love the woman," he explained, as tho my brain were still befogged, "and she is very beautiful; but there are many, master—many beautiful women to be bought for a song. Let us not waste our time. Ah! she comes this way!"

I struggled to my knees, and Hafsa was beside me, her voice crooning little, inarticulate things, her arms enwrapping me, enfolding me, her heart throbbing against mine. After all, love is not of time or place.

"I have heard," she was telling me, "and you must go—you must. Where they take me I may escape, and my father will come to find me. Where they take you—oh, Sun of my Heaven!—there will be no escape, and no one to seek you out. For my sake, my beloved, my king—for my sake——"

I went—partly, I think, from the drug; partly because I knew Abdallah would dare let no wrong come to the daughter of Sidi-Malik, and partly because I could serve my beautiful one better free than I could a bound captive in the caravan.

The next time I saw her—Sometimes now I wake at night and call her name, wildly, despairingly, a poignant fear thrilling my every fiber; and it is only with her arms about me, her voice soothing me, stilling me, the comforting shriek of the boats on the good old Hudson booming in my ear—only these things take away the horror, the red-misted torture of that night in the Ourlana dance-hall.

Abdallah had delivered my innocent dove to Lella Sadiya, and the traffic-woman had gloated and triumphed over the delectable prize that would fill her pockets with gold.

She had been kind to the girl, Hafsa told me afterwards; in her practical, cynical way she had been kind. She had given her a luxurious room and placed Zorah with her; she had humored her by letting Hafsa talk with her, and read to her notes that she prayed to send to her father. But she had, ruthlessly, dressed the girl for the dance, in veils that showed all the ravishment of her body, all the grace, all the sweetness. And she had, as ruthlessly, given her wine, powerfully drugged, to stimulate her, and forced her to the dance.

I was there that night—merciful God! Her face was veiled, but I knew her. I shall never forget—the powerful perfumes of the place; the sensual abandon of the dances preceding and following her; the gloating, leering faces of the Arabs; the glitter in the eyes of the old, dissolute sheiks, and in the eyes of one sheik in particular, more dissolute, more carnivorously greedy than the rest—and



SWAYING HER LOVELY BODY FOR ALL MEN'S EYES

dog—to do with as you will. When I got wind in El Oued of Sidi-Malik's revenge, I knew that the time had come for me to repay my debt. There must be no debts to cancel in Paradise. Sahib, tonight we must escape. I have stolen the stuff with which they were drugging you from the Arab dog's saddle-bag. I have given it to the Arab dogs themselves. The rest we can overpower; and for the others, they are but women—the dancer, whose fame outdoes the beauty of the heavens, and her slave."

I sat erect. "The dancing-girl," I asked, and my eyes must have burned with a kindling fire—"is she called the—Pearl of the Desert?"

"I have heard her called so," the Bedouin answered, a trifle impatiently; "but come, sahib, while the night is upon us. Do not risk your life in queries about a woman. There are many of them—and there is but your one life. It is too precious."



SIDI-MALIK RESCUES HIS DAUGHTER FROM HER DEGRADING MARRIAGE

my Pearl of all the Orient swaying her lovely body there for all men's eyes.

It was Karan who restrained me when I would have gone mad with the madness of a man's fear of his woman. It was Karan who instilled the wisdom of the East into me, and saved me.

It was Karan who went with me, afterwards, to the auction-place, where the dancing-girls were sold into marriage or into slavery. Oh, the hideousness of it, the unspeakable degradation to my love and to the love we bore! I bid for her against the old sheik. Christ! how it chills me even now—*against the old sheik, with the lust-greed in his eyes!*

I bid every coin I had—my watch, my chain, my every possession. I would have bid in my pound of flesh, the heart out of my tortured breast, the soul out of my body. I would have bid away the lives most dear to me. I would have bid *her life away*, rather than know she was being pawed by the yellow talons of that unspeakable thing in his parchment flesh. Even in Lella's eyes there was regret.

But he won her. I could not vie with his prodigality. I could not pay in the coin of the East. He won her, and my brain reeled in its orbit. Karan, faithful Arab dog, saved me again.

(Fifty-five)

"There is yet time," he whispered to me—"in the name of Allah—"

After all, it was Zorah who sent us on our Road to Happiness. Her soul was so inundated with the sacrificial spirit of the East that she offered herself to her young mistress as an offering to the sheik. Lella Sadiya had given a grudging permission to Zorah to dress Hafsa for the marriage. It was a concession wrung from a heart that, flint-hard, felt now the stirring of remorse. No lovelier thing than the girl, Hafsa, had ever touched her life.

In the betrothal gifts that the old sheik sent his bride I had contrived to slip a hollow bracelet she had once given me. And she, crafty by her love, had understood. She penciled me a note, and sent Zorah to deliver it. In it she hinted at the plans, and named a rendezvous where she would meet me clad as Zorah, while Zorah went forth as a bride.

And so it happened.

Before us stretched the Road to Happiness. Karan had promised to join us down the road. Hafsa had promised Zorah that one day soon she would send for her and take her to a land where women achieved their souls. The way seemed clear, when, a veritable simoom,

Sidi-Malik and his Arabs came down the road. At the same time Lella Sadiya had discovered the ruse, and the storm gathered. It never broke. As Lella Sadiya and Sidi-Malik came together at my horse's side, there was a sudden, an instantaneous silence. Then Malik's voice, throatily, hoarsely: "Lella! Lella!" And Lella Sadiya's—poignant, anguished, full of potent yearning—"Malik—your daughter—then it is— Oh, Hafsa—my beautiful, my rosy-limbed babe! Allah! Allah! what mockery is this? What have I done—Allah! Allah!"

Malik stilled her, and she looked at me searchingly. Then, on her knees, she begged her husband of the long-ago to let their daughter go forth to a Christian marriage—to a freer, surer happiness than the East could ever give. She begged him to help her deliver her from the aged sheik. She told him of how she had not run away, but been stolen. And, in the end, she won.

Old Malik bade us go—with the blessing of Allah upon us. And there, on the desert, the East bade the West farewell.

The Road to Happiness! Right royally we've traveled it—she and I. And still, radiant as burnished gold, fragrant as musk, it bears us to the journey's end.



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

# The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathe Freres; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

## Close-Views and Inserts

What we need is Harmony!

For instance, the other day I was called upon to interview a well-known star in the hope of furnishing a suitable vehicle for his exploitation in a measure commensurate with his salary.

We had a heart-to-heart talk. I learnt that one of his recent productions had been written for a female lead and had been thrust on him at the last minute. Naturally, his prominence in the play was forced. He was a star straying constantly out of his orbit. He appeared at unexpected and ungratifying moments.

Discord in drama is worse than discord in music!

But what was worse still was the total lack of harmony between our star and his director. He had never quite understood why his director required such-and-such scenes of him, with the result that he went thru them externally only. The truth of the matter was that the director did not understand the actor, nor did he know either his shortcomings or his excellencies. There was a total lack of harmony.

The audience feels this intuitively, and its estimate of the play is inevitably injured.

While we are discussing discord, let us mention two more examples that harrow the soul of every author.

They tell us to write plays "for" a given star. As cues, we are told that Douglas Fairbanks is fond of "slugging," Viola Dana is very good at fancy dancing, Carlyle Blackwell can drive a tandem, and Annette Kellermann can remain under water for three minutes.

But don't be misled by this tailor-made drama. Forget the hand-made fur-below until after you have built a play that fits the hearts of your audience, that is cut after the pattern of Dame Reason, and that takes its colors from Nature and chooses its fabrics from Life.

Consider the stars, yes; but keep your feet firmly fixed on Life.

Some studios call him the "rewrite" man.

Alas! how true! how apt! He takes the play you sell to the producer and rewrites it. He rewrites every thought and idea you had dreamed and written in it.

He earns his salary. To prove this, we may say that you will recognize but a bleeding fragment here and there strewn over the screen. And his name will appear on the screen probably before yours, as the author "from the story by —."

I have had this happen several times. I contend that all of these discords can be remedied, and from time to time will submit the facts to your judgment—and action.

Therein lies some of the reasons why people say the photodrama is not improving. Not so. Those are only a few of the specks that strew the way of all great movements. Soon Art will come sweeping along and leave perfection in its wake!

## Plotting the Photoplay

Plot Material may consist of any item that suggests an emotional equation to the plotter, or that may fruitfully expand some theme or plot already in his mind, or in hand.

Thus Plot Material hangs upon a multitude of relationships that are as broad as the universe, as high as the heavens, and as deep as the human soul.

It may consist of Dramatic Fragments, Extraordinary Excerpts, Sublime Moments, Pathetic Flashes, Ejaculatory Situations, Gripping Climaxes, or a thousand other vicissitudes.

Too, it may be a Complete Plot, inspired simultaneously from beginning to end.

In discussing particles of plot material, however, we are not always to think of them as mighty conflagrations, but as sparks capable of igniting greater fires of human emotion. Perhaps a better term for this material might be *kindling*, all ready for the match of inspiration.

Discriminating between the ordinary and the extraordinary in the selection of plot material is a fine art that has much to do with the plotter's success in acquiring valuable data. For all plot material must have its emotional core and dramatic essence. It must be fire itself and strike fire in the imagination instantly.

Such particles need have only a *personal* value to the particular plotter, suggesting to him a complete cycle of activity that another might not dream of.

*EXAMPLE: A faded flower; a leaf from a child's primer; a sentimental "motto," browned with years; a canceled*

*check; a clipping from some local paper; a marriage announcement—might appear commonplace to all but the plotter himself, for whom they might be the golden keys to some of life's richest treasures.*

## Screenings from Current Plays

Speaking of William Fox, as we did in our previous instalment, there is much to be said about "Love and Hate," into which Bertha Kalich has been dragged literally by the hair of her head. For it was only when Miss Kalich let down her raven hair that she became truly dramatic.

Candidly, there is little commendatory we can say about "Love and Hate."

Before we go on, let us make our object clear.

First, whatever play or company we mention is a matter of chance, not choice. Second, we would rather boost a play than knock it. Third, we base all criticism on general standards, not particular opinions.

If we were to advise you to see "Love and Hate," we should add, "in order that you may see what to avoid."

Here we find a two-reel subject padded to the point of suffocation.

We have a happy family suddenly preyed upon by a pair of "ten-twenty-thirty" villains, for personal reasons of the author that never become convincing to the audience. No horror is neglected. The hero is ruined; the heroine (Kalich) is made to appear untrue to him. The hero trusts everybody but his wife; the heroine convinces everybody but her husband. The hero leaves his wife and children—a perfect cad in the audience's opinion. One of the children dies in a manner that no mother will ever forget. Divorce proceedings usher in an entirely new story, and Mr. Fox further digresses by pointing out the evils of divorce in lengthy captions and after the manner of the solemnest Hearst editorials. But the harrowing end is not yet. The villains get the living child that has been awarded to the husband-hero, tho the wife has been as true as G. W., as any person in the audience would gladly have testified in order to end the play. The mother is lured to the villain's lair, where he ogles the audience to the extent of a hundred or so feet of film, with a fascinatingly ghastly eye that has been blinded by the hero. Here, amidst villainous-looking

(Fifty-six)



Chinese furniture, the villain prepares to consummate his infamy. There is a struggle for the possession of a revolver, left conveniently on the floor by the wicked author, and then we see as nice a shooting as the Board of Censors ever left out of a picture, and Miss Kalich returns to her home, and is received in the arms of her husband, who has until this moment refused to receive her. He is pleased, for the first time in the course of the play, over the delightful information that she has smeared away the barrier in blood!

We are almost thru. Part of the padding of "Love and Hate" was pathetic comedy. The cook-parlor-maid-laundress-nurse (she was all these, despite the quantities of large-denominated stage-money our hero possessed and carelessly put into the hands of the villain) was a perfect whale at being funny. Every one but the audience laughed their heads off at her. Altogether, it was very sad.

Then the villain did some sleight-of-hand, in that he was seen to be smoking a cigaret in a scene; a caption would be flashed, and lo! he would be smoking a cigar when we again saw him on the screen, altho there was no lapse of time. We strongly suspect the director of this legerdemain.

When will the same care as to details be observed in drama on the screen as we find it on the stage? The gallery would howl down inaccuracies on the stage. Let us protest against them on the screen!

#### Lessonettes

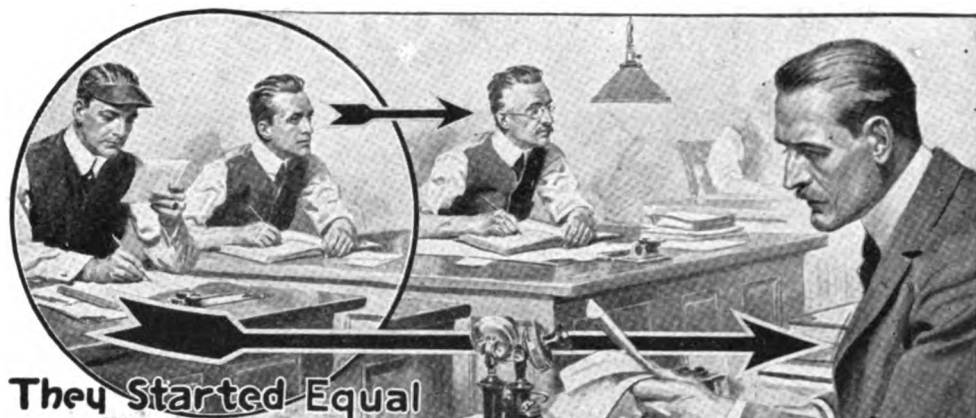
All knowledge is acquired thru the same channels: Study, Analysis, Synthesis, and Practice. The photoplay student must study the technique, analyze the screened plays, synthetically plot new ideas, and then practice the art of effective and profitable photoplay writing. It is not merely necessary to gather ideas capable of dramatic exposition, but one should acquire the requisite technical facility for properly giving them expression.

To come down to the unfortunate truth of the matter, the offices of the film manufacturers are being deluged with third-rate matter that aspirants are pleased to call photoplays. No consideration is given to the editor; even scraps of soiled paper are used; they are written in illegible handwriting; the spelling is poor, the grammar poorer. What can it matter about the play itself, after these glaring defects?

Third-rate work will be rewarded in a third-rate manner, which means that it will not be rewarded at all. If a thing is worth while doing at all, it is worth doing well.

The photoplaywright must first learn what he is about, and then set about doing his task in the best way he knows how.

(Fifty-seven)



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# Why Are Girls Screen-Struck?

The Edison Players Hold a Family "Quarrel" Over the Problem

By ASHLEY T. LOCKE

It was the booming of a basso-profundo voice, that penetrated from the outer office of the Edison studios in Bedford Park, N. Y., to the very depths of the stages, that first caused a question to shape itself in my mind.

"Orders is orders, I tell you, miss," it said. "You cant see the casting director without sending in your name and waiting for your turn. Them's orders, and orders is orders!"

There was a pause, during which the girl evidently made some further pleas.

"I tell you, now, there aint no use," came the gruff voice again. "Orders is orders—that's all! You'll have to wait and go in reg'lar, like the rest of 'um. *Orders is orders*, and I cant do nothin' for you!"

I had noticed, when I came in, that the gathering in the anteroom was large and representative. Girls, most of them



SHIRLEY MASON

occasion, and the greater the audiences they can do this before the more alluring the prospect appears. Motion Picture audiences are *somewhat* in size. Therefore, the woman, plus the opportunity for displaying herself before a few million people, equals the feminine flurry to get into the 'movies.' The flattery that is accorded picture-stars today also appeals to the vanity of women, because their chief delight lies in being flattered. Vanity and the desire for admiration are the motives that make girls persist in attempting to get on the screen. It's feminine nature and you cannot change it."

"Well! I like that!" said Mabel



MABEL TRUNNELLE

young and attractive, were occupying most of the available space in the room.

The gruff voice came booming in to the stages again.

"Hey!" it said. "What d'yuh think this is—the entrance to the subway? You cant go in there just like it was your own furnished flat!"

Everybody on the stage had to smile, and all seemed to look the question: Why is it?

Conway Tearle threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"It's vanity—that's all," he said, without a trace of prejudice or animus in his voice. "The great majority of women are disposed to display their charms—or their lack of charms—on every possible

Trunnelle, with a disdainful glance in the direction of Mr. Tearle. (Before proceeding, let it be understood that Miss Trunnelle is not a champion of woman's rights, and that she is young and beautiful and very alluring. She just couldn't help upholding her sex in the argument that started, however.) "Women are not a bit more vain than men," she said, "but generally they are more enterprising and ambitious. And they certainly are more tenacious. When a woman has the desire to succeed along a certain line, she does not, as a rule, hesitate and temporize. She goes out resolved to achieve the task before her. It is ambition to get out of the rut of the commonplace that brings scores of girls to studios where only one man comes. Women have a stronger craving for the beautiful things of life than men do, and they are willing to struggle harder to attain that



CONWAY TEARLE

which they desire. What *some* (scornful tone) call vanity is noble and womanly ambition."

"Everybody's wrong but me, as usual," cheerfully remarked Alan Crosland, Edison casting director, who had heard the clamor of battle and had come up to see what it all was about. "I've talked with just about one million stage-struck girls in the past week, and I know that their chief desire to get into the 'movies' is based on the fact that they want to become acquainted with some of our noble and handsome actors. The first question that most of them ask relates to the personnel of the company. If they find out that some particular actor has left



JESSIE STEVENS

(Fifty-eight)

the studios, they want to know where he is located. When they find out, they decide immediately that they don't care to work for Edison. They want to go to Flim Flam Films, Inc., or whatever other concern the idol of their dreams may happen to be with. They follow the light of the stars—that's all. That's what keeps the anteroom out there so full of dainty and alluring but impressionistic and light-minded girls, who all have the physical qualifications that would make them Motion Picture stars, but who haven't got enough intelligence to pose for a tinsy-type."

Perhaps motherly Jessie Stevens, who radiates sympathy and good cheer, came as near a true solution as any one.

"It's this way, I believe," she ventured. "Girls have none of the resources of men, and, in most lines of work, are unable to get more than a mere pittance for their services. They are forced to sell their lives, and all the possibilities that every life contains, for little or nothing. Most of the lucrative fields of employment are closed to them—they do not have any of the opportunities to achieve fame and fortune that men do. While there are hundreds of occupations and professions in which men can win renown and make themselves independent, women have only a few, and today the greatest of these is the stage. It is because of this condition that the studios are besieged by girls who seek the opportunity to get into the pictures, believing that they are qualified to duplicate the successes that have been achieved in the same field by other women.

"I am not certain that women are not a little more vain than men and a little more fond of being admired," concluded Mrs. Stevens. "But this is their nature, and, even if it could be changed, who is there that would want it changed? And these qualities are not the prime motives for the condition that we are discussing. Economic necessity and ambition largely are responsible for the many applications from girls for positions with Motion Picture companies."

Shirley Mason, the youngest of the Edison stars, was appealed to for her opinion.

"Why do you like Motion Picture acting as a profession?" she was asked.

"Oh, it's nice to think that you are known all over the country and that you really amount to something," she replied. "And the money comes in handy when you want to take a vacation or when you puncture a nice new tire."

"Vanity!" said Mr. Tearle.

"Ambition!" insisted Miss Trunnelle.

"Economic necessity!" said Mrs. Stevens.

"Orders is orders!" came an invisible but stentorian voice.

Men are in Motion Pictures to make a living, and girls seek the screen for many reasons that are difficult to corner and brand.

Who's guessing right? Can you tell?

(Fifty-nine)

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## The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL, M.D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is directly traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a

store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superabundant secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 721, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopedia in existence.

**FRED J. L.**—Vera Mersereau is not playing in pictures now. I don't agree with you when you say that there should be no dramas and that everything should be comedy. While each care drives a nail in our coffin, no doubt, each merry laugh again drives it out; nevertheless, we have got to have the cloudy day in order to appreciate the sunshine. The difficulty lies in working up a laugh over most of our comedies. No wonder that good comedians bring high prices. If laughter were sold at a drug-store at \$5.00 a bottle, the man who owned the patent would soon make more money than Chaplin is making. Ruth Roland is playing in "A Matrimonial Martyr" (Pathécolored).

**PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.**—So you want a picture of her on the cover. She will play in the new serial "Pearl of the Army." Write to Creighton Hale, care of Powell Co., Times Building, New York. Yes, thanks. Quite satisfactory. Let me hear from you again.

**KITTY PURR.**—The only name I know that he has is Francis Ford. Yes, I remember him in the old Melliès days with Edith Storey and William Clifford.

**KATHLEEN H. W., NEW YORK.**—We have no record of Joseph or Peter Collins in pictures. Perhaps some of my readers can help me.

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—See MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Jack Dean was Jim Webster in "For the Defense." You refer to Eugene O'Brien in "Poor Little Peppina." Lasky, Morosco, Famous Players are under the Paramount brand. You are waiting to see Norma Talmadge in "Panthea"?

**G. U. STIFF.**—You have the wrong name for that cast. Sorry. So you want more child players in the Classic. I understand they were going to call Billie Burke's Baby "Gloria." Heap much thanks for assurance.

**DIXIE CLAIRE.**—I see no signs of Chaplin's waning popularity. It is true that Ford Sterling was in the limelight for a time and then faded

somewhat, but I recall that Bunny gained in popularity year after year until his death. John Lorenz and Elizabeth Tinder in "The River of Romance."

**MARGREL A.**—Gerald Gordon was the lead in "Betty, the Boy and the Bird." Yes; Mr. Fairbanks has proven a valuable acquisition to the Motion Picture world. He is just as hearty and happy outside of pictures as he is in them. His principal characteristics are his cheerful disposition and his ability to make the best of things at all times, while his talent combined with his contagious smile help to make him the favorite he is.

**ROSALIE, 19.**—Francis Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse in "Mongrel and Master." Richard Travers and Gerda Holmes in "The Seventh Prelude." Dwight Mead and Beverly Bayne in "The Loan Shark." Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "A Daring Young Person." Liliuokalani was the Queen of Hawaii up to 1893.

**MATHILDA T., BROCKPORT.**—Patience ceases to become a virtue when I get such lengthy letters as yours. Brevity is the soul of wit—and also of modern skirts. Honest—well, I better not say it.

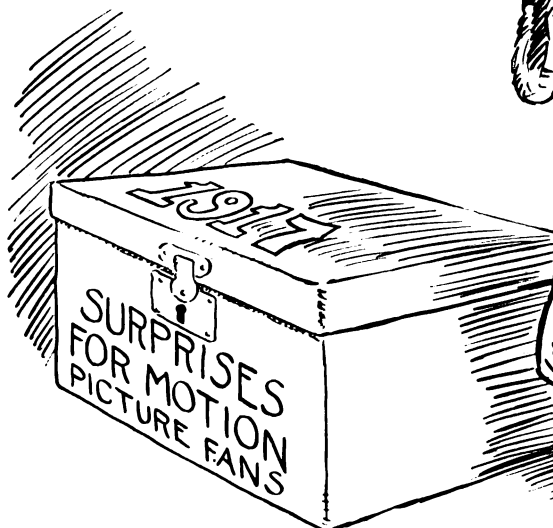
**GEO. C. D.**—George Ovey has been playing for the last year in pictures. Thank you.



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(Sixty)



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# CLASSIC

J. E. J.—Jean Darnell has not been playing for some time. She was in New York recently, but I believe she is now out West. No, toe-dancers do not usually have stiffening in their slippers. They wear soft, flexible soles with cotton stuffed in the toes. Yes, when a man is honest "because it pays," he'd be a thief for the same reason.

JOHN S., WINNIPEG.—Come, now; you can certainly hand out compliments. Thanks. No; Warren Kerrigan has never been in vaudeville. One of the principal causes of the high cost of living in America is the high cost of killing in Europe.

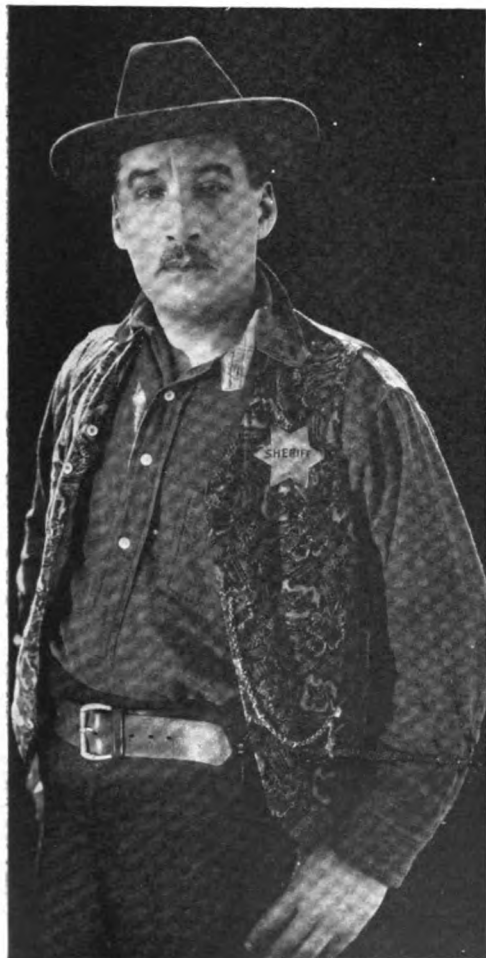
ALICE K. O.—I can't tell you all about Douglas Fairbanks here, but if you will look up December 1916 Magazine you will see a lot about him.

C. F., DEL RIO.—Yes, every man ought to marry a woman who is a good manager, because only a few men are worth a cuss unless they are properly managed. Don't you know a woman can make a man? I think that you will see Geraldine Farrar in pictures after "Joan of Arc." Alice Joyce is picture-playing in "Within the Law."

GRACE B.—Yes indeed, night falls and never breaks, but day breaks but never falls. I don't think we have ever published a picture of Winifred Kingston, but her turn will doubtless come around soon.

MURIEL T., BROOKLYN.—Ha-ha, he-he, and likewise ho-ho! So you heard that about Earle Williams? Not so, not so. I will stake my life on it. Earle is a gentleman from the sole of his head to the crown of his feet and I am one of his boosters.

ARTHUR T., UTICA.—An Eagle friend of mine says: "Mary Pickford picked a peck of perfect pictures; a peck of perfect pictures Mary Pickford picked. If Mary Pickford picked a peck of perfect pictures, where's the peck of perfect pictures Mary Pickford picked?" I decline to answer, because it is too obvious. Mutual are releasing Lone Star pictures.



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**HUGHES AND WILSON.**—Roscoe Arbuckle, the Keystone star, was born in Kansas, March 4, 1887. He weighed sixteen pounds at birth, and the last time he tipped the scales they registered 295. He has had a wide stage experience in musical comedy, and is famous as a comedian both here and abroad. His nicknames are "The Human Roundhouse" and "Cupid." Minta Durfee, of the Keystone, is his wife. Arline Pretty did not leave Vitagraph, as stated some months ago. She is playing in a serial.

**BERNICE T., OSHKOSH.**—Gretchen Hartman and Alan Hale are with Fox. Edwin Cecil is also with them. They played in "The Love-Thief."

**OLGA, 17.**—Valeska Suratt thinks that women ought to adorn themselves more with veils. I have always heard that veils are bad for the eyes, but they must be handy when one has something to conceal, and they probably intensify the beauty by leaving some of it to the imagination. When are you coming to see me again?

**NAOMI, LITTLE NECK.**—About fifty per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States are under twenty years of age. Grace Cunard was born in Paris, and came over on a steamship line. Thus she made it famous, and it promptly adopted her name. She has been with Eddie Foy, and for the last five years in pictures, starting as an extra with Biograph, then with Lubin, Republic, Kay-Bee and then with Universal. Since then her life has been one darned serial after another, and "To be continued next week" are her favorite words.

**HARRY VON M.**—Frank Borzage and Anna Little are playing in "Immediate Lee." Mary Miles Minter will play in "The Innocence of Lizette." Florence Turner's last two are "The First Settler's Story" and "East Is East," released thru Mutual.

**JUNIOR T.**—A good plan to make the winter pass quickly is to sign a note for three months. It will come due before you know it, and the winter will be gone. You refer to Roberta Wilson in "The Isle of Life."

**IRENE H., CANTON.**—L. C. Shumway and Edith Johnson in "For Love and Gold." Jennie Nelson is playing opposite Paul Panzer for Universal. So you haven't seen a Leah Baird picture since she left Vitagraph. Look for "The Eyes of Love," and you will find her.

**SOCRATES.**—Juanita Hansen is playing for Mack Sennett in the Triangle keystones. Yes, it was the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

that put Brooklyn on the map. We also put the O. K. in Brooklyn.

**ARLINE T.**—I want to make a correction, that Ollie Kirkby did not leave Kalem, as I announced last month, but she is playing just as hard as ever for Kalem.

**MARTIN T. D.**—During the year 1912 only ninety-seven new plays were presented, of which thirty-six were musical comedies, thirty-six serious, thirteen comedies, one pantomime, two tragedies and fourteen farces. Gaumont announce, "Coming, 'The Vampires,'" and the fans are waiting patiently to see what kind of a vamp. the French can now turn out.

**MELVA.**—A Chinaman cannot become a citizen. No, I haven't seen Ben Turpin in "He Died and He Didn't." Mme. Petrova was born in Warsaw, capital of Russian Poland. She is thirty years old, and is one of the most gifted artists ever screened. Her red hair adds individuality to her charming personality, but it photographs black. She is five feet six inches tall.

**OLGA, 17.**—So you like E. K. Lincoln. Crane Wilbur hasn't been in a picture for some time. A man's stomach is supposed to be almost round, yet nothing fits in it like a "square meal." No, I have no one to tell me I "cant go by-by's tonight."

**DOLPH.**—The newspapers must always have something to cackle about and excite those who are looking for eggs, and a devil or a saint answers the purpose equally well. Oh yes, Murdock MacQuarrie is still with Universal.

**MYSTIC C.**—So you would forbid all crime and tragedy on the screen, would you? Well then, you would make it impossible to screen Shakespeare, the Bible and most of the classics, and you would have a sort of Sunday-school photodrama for prudes and preachers. Ben Wilson in "Society Hypocrites." You think Margarita Fischer resembles Theda Bara. I dont see it.

**ANTHONY.**—Of course I am waiting for you to stop in to see me.

**ETHEL T.**—The Sphinx is an emblem of silence and mystery. A monument near Cairo, Egypt, half woman, half lion. Dorothy Davenport was Martha in "Barriers of Society."

**ESTHER, TRENTON.**—So you doubt that I am a man. All right for you, Esther. I thought you had faith in me, but now, O ye of little faith, come in and see for yourself. I am opposed to undersea warfare because it is not on the level.



MOLLY MALONE, LEADING WOMAN FOR GEORGE COCHRANE'S UNIVERSAL COMPANY, MAKES FRIENDS WITH TWO LEOPARD KITTENS AND ADOPTS THEM AS PETS

(Sixty-two)





Mary Pickford and her company of players came very near losing their lives in a storm off the rock-ribbed coast of Massachusetts. In the taking of her forthcoming picture, "The Pride of the Clan," the fishing schooner upon which marine scenes were being pictured foundered in the gale and several of the company were washed overboard. Miss Pickford was rescued waist-high in the water as she clung to the rigging.

The report has gone forth that "The Sins Ye Do" is Frank Keenan's last production for the Ince-Triangle Company. Mr. Keenan corrects this statement by acknowledging that he has left the Triangle force, but that two forthcoming subjects of his will be presented by them, entitled "His Slave" and "The Crab."

Ollie Kirkby can thank daredevil George Larkin for saving her life. Recently, while they were descending a sixty-foot ladder, Miss Kirkby slipped and fell, but Mr. Larkin caught her by the waist and held her swinging above the earth until rescued. Miss Kirkby is suffering from a fractured wrist, but is deeply grateful to Mr. Larkin's presence of mind and strength of arm.

Florence Turner is back in America again after an absence of three years in England. The one-time idol of picture audiences has converted her English studio into a hospital for English soldiers and will hereafter produce in the United States.

They had their big Election Day in Universal City, too, and there was also a wrangle for a recount of the votes. Herbert Rawlinson was finally returned the winner over Ben Wilson by 691 votes to 687. It is to be trusted that Ben Wilson will not delay his congratulations (with apologies to ex-candidate Hughes).

Gail Kane, the star of many World Film pictures, is going back to the speaking stage. She is now rehearsing Laurette Taylor's latest stage-play, "The Harp of Life."

In "The Matrimaniac," Douglas Fairbanks puts all his previous records of stunts in the shade. Just at present he is snatching a bruised and breathless vacation at the San Diego Exposition.

Between scenes Anita Stewart has undertaken a bit of charity in aid of a young first offender who was convicted of burglary and is now under sentence. Vitagraph's big-hearted star is raffling, among her friends and the public, a jewel case made by the prisoner. It is an exquisite bit of mosaic lined with old-rose velvet, and the chances are only ten cents each.

Herein is perhaps the strangest and most sudden death of any that we have recorded among the players. Recently, while dancing with Ninita Garcia, George Elwell, the promising juvenile lead of the Ince-Triangle studio, dropped dead in a prize waltz contest at Ocean Park, California. Elwell had just returned from the Mexican border, where he had been doing soldier duty for his country.

For those who want to keep in touch with their Vitagraph favorites, here is a sprinkle of them, ushering in the New Year: Anita Stewart in "The Glory of Yolande"; Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "Money Magic"; Alice Joyce, Harry Morey, and Marc MacDermott in "Whom the Gods Destroy"; Lillian Walker in "Indiscretion"; Peggy Hyland and Marc MacDermott in "The Grand Duke," and E. H. Sothern in "A Man of Mystery."

Rose Tapley, of the Vitagraph Company,

(Sixty-three)

and our beloved Answer Lady, is about to take the stump. She is gifted as a speaker and will address the leading women's clubs and civic bodies thruout the country on many subjects of Motion Picture interest.

Tom Mix has been elevated to the rank of director. At the same time he will appear in leading rôles, his latest being "Twisted Trails," tri-starring himself, Bessie Eyton and Vivian Rich.

Marie Doro set the winter social season awhirl in the Hollywood film colony with a recent entertainment to fellow players. Wallace Reid and Charlie Chaplin fancy-danced together; Douglas Fairbanks and Chaplin sang a duet, and to top the evening off (get this straight), there was an imitation by Charlie Chaplin of Charlie Chaplin imitating Pavlova imitating Charlie Chaplin.

Director George Walsh and a company of Fox players were recently under fire by a shot fired at them by a United States Government patrol-boat. The good ship "Fox" contained a hold full of players made up as Chinese, and the Government boat suspected that they were the real Chinks being smuggled into the country.

Metro audiences will please sit up and take notice. Here is some advance information about their favorites: Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne will soon co-star in a romantic serial; Olga Petrova will appear in "To the Death"; Mabel Tallaferro offers "Jerry of the Emerald Isle"; Lionel Barrymore, "The End of the Tour"; Viola Dana, "Threads of Fate"; Ethel Barrymore, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," and Harold Lockwood and May Allison are about ready with "Pidgin Island."

Carlyle Blackwell is in great demand as a dancer and cotillion leader nowadays. During the past month he "led alone" in society functions in Newark, Philadelphia, New York, and even in Brooklyn.

The statue which plays an important rôle in the Fox photoplay, "The Mischief Maker," was actually posed by the persons which it is supposed to represent. The head was made from a cast of June Caprice's head, and the body was moulded from a cast posed by Margaret Fielding.

Hist! I have you in me power! Stewart Holmes has been rendered a harmless villain. It all came about thru an election bet and now the doubled-dyed villain has paid the penalty of his wager by shaving off those devilish little mustachios.

Triangle program sleuths will be interested in the following clues of new presentations. Clara Williams will soon appear in "The Criminal"; Dorothy Gish in "Children of the Feud"; Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in "The Wharf Rat" and Bessie Love in "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's."

Just to show that he has not lost his stage cunning, Earle Metcalfe took a flier in vaudeville recently, playing in Cleveland and Detroit. Earle will soon be back in film harness, however.

Hobart Bosworth is slowly recovering from an encounter which he recently had with a vicious horse. The animal was unbroken, and, when the star approached him, attacked him viciously, striking out with all four feet. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are hopefully awaiting the recovery of their director and adviser.

Edward Earle is making a country-wide tour of Metro theaters, not only addressing his audiences, but appearing in a novel sketch.



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Star-gazers will do well to note the appearances of favorite stars for the coming month. Florence Reed will appear in "Lucretia Borgia"; Clara Kimball Young in "The Foolish Virgin"; Mary Miles Minter in "The Innocence of Lizette"; William Russell in "The Twinkler"; Marie Doro in "Lost and Won"; Vivian Martin in "The Right Direction," and George Beban in "His Sweetheart."

Having passed thru the "pimple and elbow" age in retirement, Yale Boss, the erstwhile noted Edison child-star, has rejoined his colors and will be featured as a football hero in "The Halfback."

Marjorie Rameau, who is now making one of the hits of the season on Broadway in "Cheating Cheaters," will soon join the Frank Powell picture company.

The following stars will twinkle in heavens new: Fay Tincher meteors from Fine Arts to Fox; Joe King, of Lasky, will soon be rediscovered in his first firmament, the stage; Volia Vale (Volia Smith) glides from the Universal to the Lasky constellation; Charlotte Walker and Holbrook Blinn will twin-star with McClure, and Jewel Carmen comets from Triangle to Fox.

Here are some important changes of hangars among studio high-fliers: Charlie Chaplin is looping-the-loop, and no one knows where he is going to alight—his present contract expires in January; Dolores Cassinelli is after an altitude record by starring in her own company; Frank Keenan expects to volplane to the stage from the Triangle studio; Gertrude McCoy, Jean Sothorn, Jack Sherrill, and Dorothy Bernard have all alighted at the Art Drama hangar, and Hank Mann has skidded from Keystone to Fox.

"The Truant Soul" is replete with fire-scenes, and Henry B. Walthall has again proved himself a life-saver. While a recent fire-scene was being taken, Patrick Calhoun, one of the cast, caught fire from the oil-soaked furniture and was rescued from a gruesome death only by Mr. Walthall's courage and presence of mind. The Essanay star dashed forward, wrapped his coat around the sufferer, and finished the life-saving job by playing a fire extinguisher upon him.

Nell Craig is another unfortunate election better. She is not out of pocket on Hughes, but her payment consisted in playing golf thru the streets of Chicago, with a potato and a toothpick as her golfing kit.

While getting local color for his rôle in "The Egg," Richard Travers entered a tough saloon. Upon inadvertently displaying a roll of bills he was set upon by a gang of the regular "bar-fleas." Travers floored the ringleader with a neat pivot blow and now the fellow is minus a tooth (pivot, perhaps).

Just a few gurgles from the Fox Chatter-box: Frank Morgan, lately of Vitagraph, has been engaged to play opposite June Caprice; Theda Bara will next present "The Vixen," "the greatest liar and the greatest love-pirate the screen has ever known"; and Art Acord and Gladys Coburn will co-star in "The Battle of Life."

"Perilous" Pearl White has at last had a Humpty-Dumpty adventure. Counting upon her ability as a bareback rider to manage any kind of a steed, she asked the liveryman to send her a wild one for her morning's exercise. Result: Pearl spilled neatly in the bridle-path.

## OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne honored our offices with a visit last week and made the rounds of our chain of dens—the Answer Man, Peter Wade, Editor Brewster, Edwin M. LaRoche, Dorothy Donnell, Gladys Hall, and all the others of us, were surprised and delighted in turn. The famous players looked the picture of health, happiness and good looks, and Mr. Bushman was "buttonholed" for a set of pictures of himself on pleasure bent at his country home, which we will shortly publish in an interesting article.

## MOTION PICTURE

## Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

Marin Sais, the Kalem leading woman, and Barney Furey fell from a horse in a scene the other day. It was part of the program. On this occasion Miss Sais escaped hurt, which is unusual; it was poor Barney who laid off for awhile with four broken ribs.

Edith Sterling, supporting Tyrone Power in "The Planter," writes from Guatemala entertainingly. She states that she cannot say exactly what she wants to as the mail is inspected. Edith had an air trip with the government aviator.

Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey are working together at the Western Vitagraph studio. Miss Edith has a bungalow; but she does not hide the fact that she will be glad for the time to come when she can return to "that dear New York."

Two important directorial changes have been made: Rollin S. Sturgeon, who was prominently associated with the Vitagraph, has gone to the Famous Players-Lasky studios, and William D. Taylor leaves the Pallas-Morosco for Fox, at the end of the present Kathryn Williams feature.

It is an open secret that Cleo Madison will head her own company at the expiration of her Universal contract. The New Year should usher in all the important particulars. Miss Cleo has managed to make herself very popular since she started playing for the screen.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are noted for their bigness of heart. When poor Louis Jackson was killed at the Santa Monica races they assumed the expenses of the funeral, and looked after Jackson's wife and brother. Jackson drove their car for them during working hours.

William Farnum was a big loser in the late Fox fire at the Western Avenue studios. He is grieving over the loss of many treasured possessions which were burned, relics which can never be replaced; there were three big trunk loads of them.

At the same fire, Frank Lloyd's assistant tried to get into Frank's office to save some manuscripts. A fireman objected; the assistant insisted; so Mr. Fireman promptly knocked him out with one on the jaw. That punch saved the youth, for the ceiling fell in a moment afterwards.

Bessie Barriscale is working on a new comedy-drama for Mr. Ince. She is full of work after her Eastern trip. According to her accounts of said trip, the little lady had a fine time and met about everybody. She says it is nice to be home, tho. Howard Hickman agrees with her in this sentiment.

Mary Miles Minter and her mother, Mrs. Selby, have a particularly beautiful home at Santa Barbara, and both are in love with the pretty city. They entertain quite a lot, and Director James Kirkwood and his wife, whom we all knew as Gertrude Robinson, are constant visitors.

Charles Ray has received several letters from Englishmen thanking him for his natural impersonation in "The Honorable Algy." One man wrote: "It is so unusual to see an Englishman characterized as an ordinary human being; one is accustomed to watching an inane ass with his head bent forward and his eyes half closed."

Margarita Fischer, star of the Pollard Picture Plays Company, has the honor to possess two directors all to her own little self. Harry Pollard prepares his story while Henry Otto directs another one. Henry and Harry find this a splendid arrangement, and claim that it saves both money and time. Of course the winning Margarita has all San Diego at her pretty feet.

Say, New York, what are you doing with some of our leading citizens? Anna Little, Alan Forrest, Webster Campbell, Corinne Griffith, Rhea Mitchell and others have left our much vaunted sunshine, and have been listening to the blandishments of Eastern agents and managers. Have a care—we may come back at you, Father Knickerbocker!

(Sixty-four)

# A Little of Everything—and Then Some More

An Amazing Jill-of-All-Trades Is This Month's Art-Portrait Girl

By PETER WADE

"WHO'S good-looking enough and well-known enough to play the star in our new military serial?" asked the general manager.

"Who can do the thrills? It's full of them," piped up the casting director.

"And who can wear a uniform and not look like a bolster or a lath?" suggested the wardrobe mistress.

"There is some heavy emotional work to carry," explained Director Jose, "and quite a bit of ingénue, with a dash of coquette and some heavy stuff; and I guess we'll have to double on most of the thrills—they're awful!"

"You've got me," confessed the general manager, hopelessly. "Where are we going to find such a composite star?"

"A lot of the work will be new to her," countered Director Jose—"railroad hazards, monkeying around dangerous machinery and high explosives, mixed in with some deep-sea stuff in the icy briny. Then, too," he added, in mock despair, "she's got to play up true and big in the patriotic scenes—a modern Joan of Arc."

"There aint no such she!" growled the G. M., savagely.

Director Jose struck an attitude. "I've already titled the script, 'Pearl of the Army,'" he cried triumphantly, "and the star is cast as Pearl Dare."

"Pearl White!" roared the G. M., in tones of relief. "Why didn't you say so in the beginning?"

And so it was settled that "Pearl of the Perils"—she of the "Exploits" and "The Iron Claw"—should be the bright, shining star of Pathé's forthcoming serial. No career in studio or stage history has been overcrowded with adventure as that of Pearl White, and the strangest part of it all is that she is just crazy about her unique calling. Perhaps being born with Titian-red hair, in a mountain log-cabin, the first-born of an Italian father and an Irish mother, has something to do with it. At any rate, Sinbad the Sailor led a hall-bedroom existence compared to Pearl White.

Her first real adventure came when she slipped down from the mountains, barefoot, and played Little-Eva-chased-by-the-bloodhounds for a wandering Uncle Tom's Cabin company. In between her adventures were a few years in the crossroads school, wherein the Titian pigtail was put up into a fiery circlet around her head.

Then, one day, a cross-country circus came to the village, and Pearl slipped away in the dust of the lumbering wagons. For years she led a gypsy-life

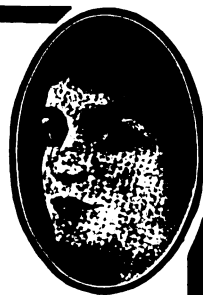
—a bareback rider, camping in the open, and wandering from town to town. In time the stage had its lure for her, too, and her wanderings were taken up anew in, as she says, "some of the worst road-



PEARL WHITE IN "PEARL OF THE ARMY"

shows in the business." It would have taken a genius or a seer to have recognized the demure little Pathé ingénue of four years ago, who, with Quaker straight hair and downcast eyes, had put

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The third painting is perhaps the strongest of the three, and it is of a strong and handsome player,

### H. B. WARNER

who is now playing in McClure pictures. This painting will also be reproduced by the offset process and will appear on the inside third cover of the February Motion Picture Magazine. You can't afford to miss any of these charming paintings, so it would be well to place your orders now with your newsdealer.

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her gypsy-loving circus days far behind her.

The birth of the "thriller" serials gave Pearl White her chance at last. Here was a dazzling, handsome girl, with a figure like Venus de Milo, and blessed with steel nerves, who could do anything the "thrillers" demanded. Her exploits in the pictures are an open book, but it is not generally known that "Perilous" Pearl tackles all sorts of stunts outside of studio hours (heaven knows she works for eighteen hours at a stretch!) "just to keep in practice," as she demurely says.

One early morning, on her way in her demon car from her home in Bayside, Long Island, to the Pathé studio in Jersey City, she chanced to see some painters—little toy-men way up on a seventeenth-story scaffold—and the desire took possession of her to try her hand at sign-painting. Leaving her car at the curb, Pearl White shot aloft in the sky-scraper's elevator, and stepped out on a window-ledge above the astonished painters. Hand-over-hand she slid down the supporting ropes, and once on the slender scaffold, seizing a brush, she daubed her initials upon the sign. The painters, of course, thought she was plumb crazy, but it was only one of the exploits of Elaine, strictly on her own hook.

Days afterwards the sign-painters heard that their aerial visitor was none other than the famous Pearl White, and one morning she received a little, pink card in her mail, which read:

Member 3482, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paper Hangers of America.

At her beautiful country-home, in Bayside, "Perilous" Pearl uses up some of her surplus energy on the golf-links, and is hail-fellow-well-met with every one, from minister to the plumber's helper. Democracy is her middle name, and in the wee sma' hours of the morning, if you chance to live in Bayside and hear a whirring, raucous noise, you can gamble that it is Pearl White taking a constitutional on her lawn with her demon lawn-mower.

## "Kissed," Please, Not "Kist"

By ROBERT J. SHORES

When'er I read "The hero kist,"  
I think of what the hero mist;  
I fear that when her lips he sot  
He gave it very little tot,  
Nor lingered as a lover ot.  
What sort of lover, sir, is this,  
Could be so stingy with his kiss?  
Cut business, if you must, to "biz,"  
Reduce Elizabeth to "Liz";  
But when we reach the final act,  
Oh, leave the hero's kiss intact!  
I used to be with envy green  
Of actors' love-scenes on the screen;  
But now I much prefer my own,  
Where lover's kisses came full-grown.  
Thank God! when I set out to court,  
I did not cut my kisses short!

## "Daredevil? Not Me!"

(Continued from page 48)

actors I have ever seen on the screen. But he seems to just naturally take delight in the excitement and danger."

Larkin appeared at the edge of the far roof, bellowed a lusty "All right, go ahead," and in a second Director Ellis was shouting a volley of commands. I faded into the background, for now things were happening, and I had no desire to be in the way. Puffs of smoke began pouring from the top floor of the unoccupied building. Larkin tested the strength of the wires by leaning over the cornice and resting both hands on them, then swung out in the air and began a slow progress across the thirty-foot area-way.

My heart pounded like a trip-hammer. I turned to see the camera-man grinding away in an unconcerned manner. Then he swung the camera-head a trifle, and I knew he was doing it so that the far roof would be outside the camera's range when the assistant cut the wires. I bolstered my nerves up to turn and look at the giant swing. Director Ellis bel-lowed a hoarse command thru the megaphone; the assistant's hand appeared over the cornice; his wire-cutter began hacking away. A waver ran thru the wires; Larkin halted his progress, then—

I'll have to be frank with you. I didn't see what happened then. I saw a blur, a scattered vision of cameras grinding, a cold-hearted director, flames and smoke pouring from a window, and, thru the whole kaleidoscope, a human body hurtling thru the air towards—yes, right towards that spot of blinding smoke and fire. True as an arrow, thru the window—the cameras clicked a half-minute more; I heard another command from the director—and it was over. Everybody turned to everybody else with self-congratulatory smiles.

"But what's happened to Larkin?" I asked some one.

"Oh, there are a dozen inside there waiting for him. They have been keeping the fire from spreading too far inside the building, and as soon as they pull Larkin out safely they will put it out altogether. Come on; let's run up and see what damage was done by the fire. You won't mind the smoke for a few minutes?"

But I was edging away, my head shaking an emphatic negative.

"Let George do it," I said, "and tell him for me that whether he likes it or not he's going to be a 'daredevil!'"

## A Fair Question

By K. A. BISBEE

Mrs. Brown and little Ruth were waiting on their corner for a car. Ruth, turning to her mother, said: "Mamma, if I promise to be young enough to ride on half-fare this morning, can I be old enough to go to the movies tomorrow?"

(Sixty-six)

## Overheard in the Studio

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

"THE best way would be to carry her to the deserted house and there force her to sign the agreement."

"No; I advise kidnapping her and keeping her prisoner on board the vessel."

Not a desperate conspiracy, gentle readers; just an everyday conversation between a scenario writer and a director arguing over a story.

Lights, lights! Over here in this dungeon set. Lights!"

"Lord! but it's hot under these lights, Lillian!"

"It certainly is. Temperature, ninety-two in the shade; the sun beating thru a glass roof; electric arc-lights of seventy-seven power overhead in addition—it's a wonder we don't melt. And the people think that movie actors and actresses have a soft snap, when they sit in a cool, well-ventilated theater and see these scenes run off!"

"Now, people, we'll have to meet early tomorrow morning to get some special scenes. Be at the Weehawken ferry at seven thirty A.M. Oh, quit groaning! You can have a two days' rest when this picture is done."

"Hello; what are you cast for today, girls?"

"Oh, I'm cast for a French maid; Molly's cast for a restaurant cashier, and Peggy's downcast because she isn't cast for anything yet!"

"What's holding up this scene?"

"Edith has lost that precious poodle of hers, and her temperament won't allow her to start work until the dog is found. For heaven's sake, look for it, everybody!"

One of the publicity men trying to interview the stars:

"What's your favorite flower, Earl?"

"Oh, the Moving Picture plant."

"Oh, go away! What is your favorite flower, Marc?"

"Pillsbury's best, son."

"How goes your production, Tommy?"

"Bad, old top, pretty bad; I have to re-take a lot of stuff. My leading lady fell off the cliff in the big scene just as gently as tho she were rolling off for exercise. 'This is no weight-reducing stunt,' says I; 'you're supposed to be hurled from the cliff.' I even fell off the blooming cliff myself, to show her how. I ask you, could I do more?"

Why technical directors leave home:

"Jack, for this script I'll need a very old edition of the Bible, some candlesticks and furniture of the Louis Quinze period, a mediæval French dungeon, and a—er—er—post-chaise of the same period. And oh! two little chickens in one scene, where the peasant child plays with them. Tell me, did the chickens look the same as now, six or seven centuries ago?"

(Sixty-seven)

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Some time ago we asked a selected number of popular players to be kind enough to supply us with some true stories of themselves—events and episodes that happened in their own lives. They very kindly responded and now our readers are to be treated with the result. Some of these stories are very fine, and all are good and worthy a place in any story book. Perhaps our readers should be let in on a little secret—we promised the writer of the best story a cover painting! Perhaps that accounts for the excellence of the stories. Anyway, you are to judge for yourselves if they all are not entitled to covers! The first of the series are by these popular players:

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GORDON GRAY  
(VITAGRAPH)

## His Surrender

### The Youth Who Ran Away to Dance Back

WHEN young Gordon Gray confessed to his father, Carleton Wiggins, that he wanted to follow in his footsteps and be an artist, the distinguished animal painter leveled his mahlstick at his son's breast and offered to shoot him in his tracks.

That meant little to Gordon in one way, and a lot in another. At the time he happened to be a famous runner, a "track man" in the Boys' High School of Brooklyn, and he had shown his heels to the best half-milers in the East. But it meant an awful lot in shaping his career.

Of course, with hope wanting, young Gordon ran away, and the "foot-work" of his retreat was so agile that he decided to become a dancer. But modern dancing had not quite come into its own in those benighted days, and Gordon did the next best thing and became an actor. His success was rapid and deservedly so. After a gruelling two years in stock, Broadway "discovered" him, and soon he was playing "fat" parts in "The Old Homestead," "Peter Pan," and "The Tyranny of Tears." But his first love, Silver Heels, the goddess of the cinder path and the dance, kept calling to him, and he left the stage to take up the new-found profession of society dancer. And, in time, he danced his way all along the coast from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach and back again to the Waldorf-Astoria. As an exponent of the light fantastic, young Gordon Gray was a serious rival to the kingdom of Vernon Castle; and when that artist abdicated for a trip to Europe, Gordon filled an engagement at Castle Summer House.

One day Gordon Gray danced into a Moving Picture—and could not dance out again. It captivated him, and he surrendered to the art of silent pose. He is a Vitagraph player now, and the irony



of fate cast him as a starveling artist in his first production.

Gordon Gray yearns for "the different," and in "Nature Classics," a series of ten unusually artistic pictures, he is now playing in support of Paula Blackton.

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(Sixty-eight)



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In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. **CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.**

THE CONTEST CLOSSES ON MARCH 31, 1917.

**THE SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU**  
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. City

## At a Motion Picture Theater of the Future—Program

By LDMUND J. KIEFER

- 6:45—Overture, "The Top o' the Morning." Patrons are gently awakened as they lie huddled in their seats where they have fallen asleep the night before.
- 7:00-7:30—Breakfast is served.
- 7:30-8:00—"Morality Reel." Picture version of the gospel of the day and its various applications.
- 8:00-8:30—The News Pictorial. Yesterday's happenings of interest gleaned from every quarter of the globe.
- 8:30-9:00—"Cheer-Up Series." Good-natured portrayal of some triumph of optimism. A tonic for the day.
- 9:00-11:00—Intermission, to allow those desirous of it an opportunity to earn their daily bread.
- 11:00-11:30—"Yesterday's Yield." Pictures of the latest arrivals in movie stardom.
- 11:30-12:00—Karl Kaplin in a kitchen comedy. This film is intended to serve as an appetizer.
- 12:00-12:45—Lunch is served.
- 12:45-1:45—Intermission, to allow for nap.
- 1:45-2:00—Cartoons by Rube Silverberg, Gray, Hy Flyer, and others.
- 2:00-4:00—Intermission. Further opportunity to earn daily bread.
- 4:00-4:30—A Cornerstone Comedy enacted by Fatty Normand, Mabel Arbuckle, William Sterling, Ford Collier, Raymond Busch, Mae Hitchcock, Lew Weber, Joe Fields, Tillie Bernard, Sam Dressler, De Wolf Tincher, Fay Hopper, and others.
- 4:30-5:30—"The Surprise Show." Photographic representation of the latest thing in the world of fashion, sport, art, science, etc. This film affords patrons a liberal education which they have no time to acquire elsewhere.
- 5:30-6:00—"How to Eat What." Illustrated lesson in mastication and food values.
- 6:00-7:00—Dinner is served.
- 7:00-7:30—"It Is to Giggle!" The latest jokes set forth in pictures.
- 7:30-8:00—Intermission, to allow for fresh-air recreation, in accordance with the order of The National Committee for the Encouragement of Exercise.
- 8:00-8:15—"Lovers' Luna." Beautiful close-view pictures of the moon, by special request of The National Committee for the Encouragement of Courtship.
- 8:15-11:15—"The Feature Film." A film of emotional drama, featuring all the artists of note.
- 11:15—"You Yawn, Yawn, Yawn—" Orchestra selection to serve as a lullaby.
- 11:30—Sleep.

The paper reports that a prominent man has trouble with his eyes—a film has come over them. Films have come over the eyes of the whole world in the last few years, but it doesn't seem to trouble them much.

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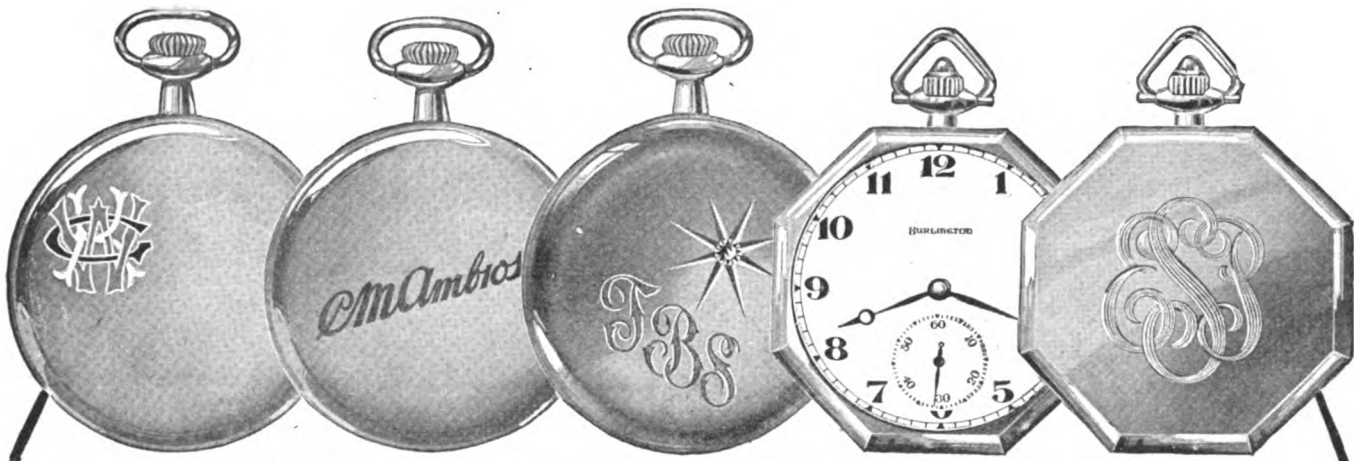
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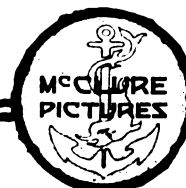
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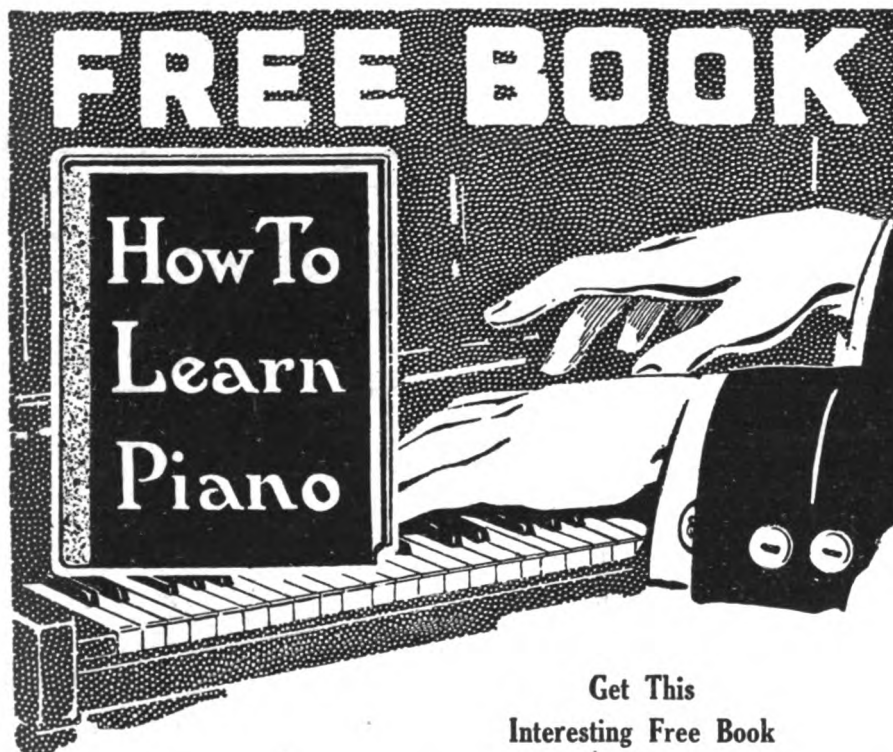
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# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 6

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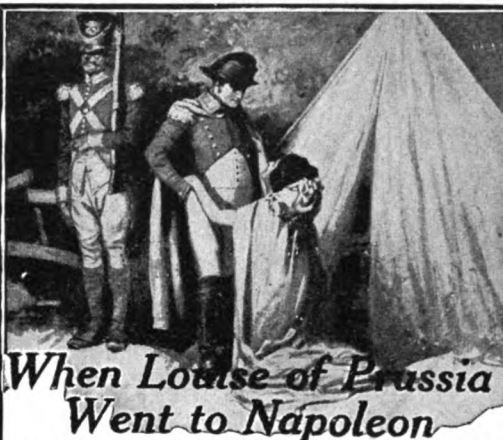
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*If an oily skin and shiny nose is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit.*

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will keep your complexion free from blemishes.

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This treatment is just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A few ap-

plications should show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

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# GALLERY of PHOTOPLAYERS



Photo by De Gaston

MARIE DORO (Lasky)





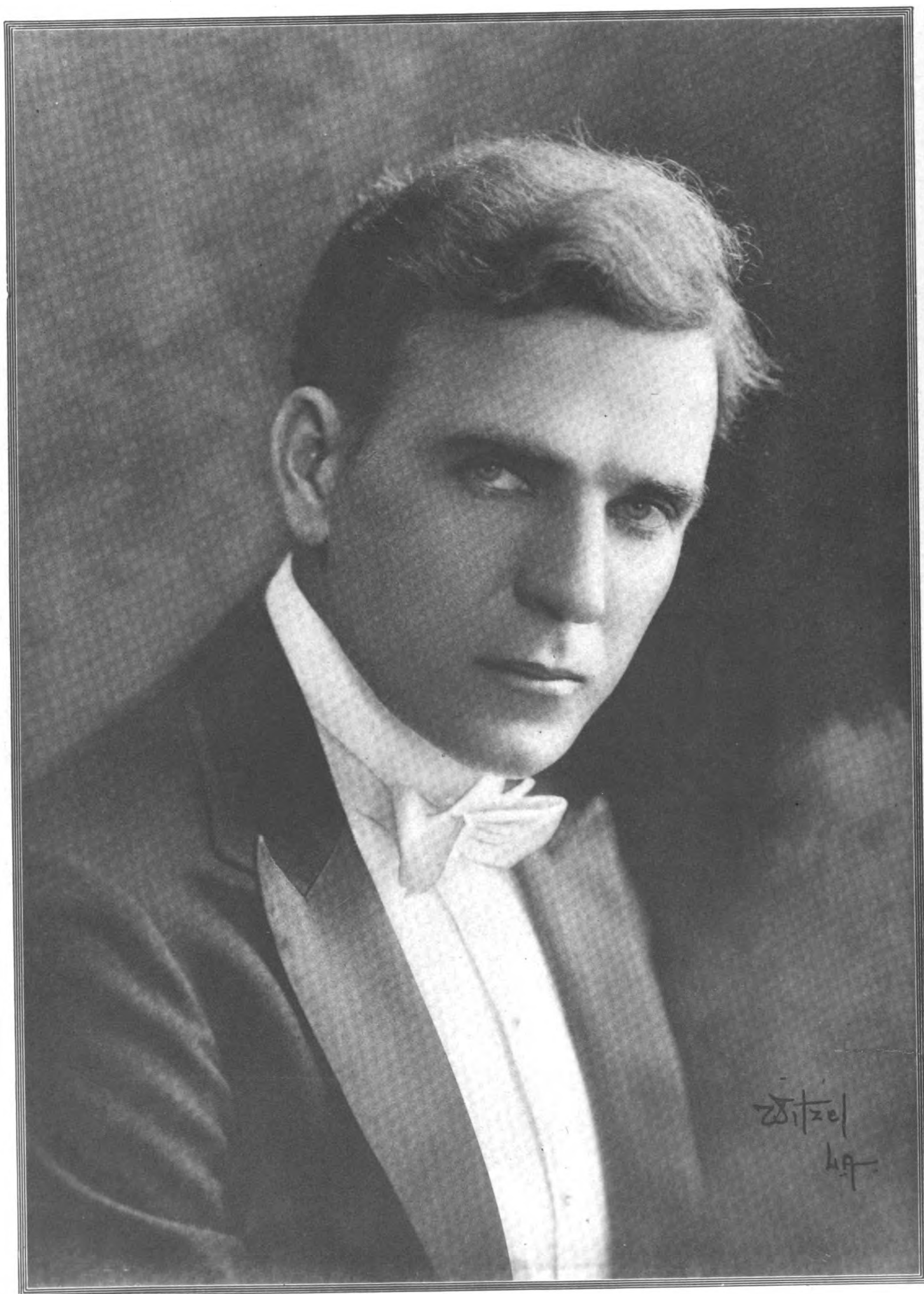
GLADYS BROCKWELL  
(Fox)





KATHERINE LEWIS  
(Vitagrap)





HENRY KING (Balboa)





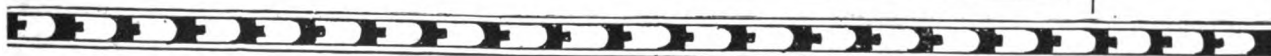
FANNIE WARD  
(Lasky)



LOUISE HUFF (Famous Players)



WILLIAM  
STOWELL  
(Universal)







EDWARD EARLE



# The Gentle Art of Make-Up

By PEGGY HYLAND,  
(The Popular English Beauty with Vitagraph)



M

AKE-UP! It is such a little word, isn't it? But what enormous possibilities it has!

Just think; a few lines and shadows on a face can alter it nearly

beyond recognition, and it is in itself a great art and a very difficult one, too.

I shall never forget my first screen make-up. Oh, it was so funny!—plenty of black round my eyes and red on my lips, and I actually used to spend about three-quarters of an hour beading my eyelashes, until they nearly reached my eyebrows. And I was very proud of my work when it was finished—until I saw it on the screen.

Then I had a shock. For, of course, it looked terribly overdone and artificial, and now, since I have learnt a little about it, I do it all very differently.

Shall I tell you just how I make up for the screen every day? Well, it is really very simple, compared with what I used to do.

First of all I get some good cream

(Fifteen)

on a cloth and rub it all over my face; then my stick of cream-colored grease-paint comes next, and I rub it on very evenly and smoothly as a groundwork. It looks so funny and white, until I put on soft, brown grease-paint as a shadow over my eyes, and a little lip-salve to color my lips. By that time I am all shiny and greasy, and then comes the welcome powder-puff.

It feels just ripping to get the powder on and begin to look fairly decent again. After that my eyelashes and eyebrows are darkened with some black stuff on a little brush, and the final touch comes with the ever-faithful black hairpin and a candle, with which implements I bead my eyelashes just enough to make them look nice and thick on the screen.

That is my daily make-up before acting for the camera, and I try to improve it every time I put it on. It doesn't sound very difficult, does it? But it isn't nearly so easy as it sounds, and the camera has such a searching eye; it sees every little line and shadow, so that one can't take any liberties nor play any pranks with it.

Do you know, I have a great respect

and a teeny little feeling of awe for the camera. It never says anything; it is just a wooden box with some little wheels inside and one winking eye of glass in front of it, but it misses nothing, I can assure you—not a single point, nor line, nor shadow—and so one feels it very necessary to take great trouble in order to try to please it.

One day I had to be an old lady, and I didn't know how to do it. So every one about was very kind, and they all tried to help me, and each one made little lines and marks on my face and hands—they need make-up, too—and by the time we were ready to take the picture, my poor face was quite wonderful to behold, and I was very anxious to see what the result would be.

However, I think the camera must have been extra good-tempered that day, because, when I saw myself on the screen, I was surprised and delighted to find my shadow-self looked quite splendid, and, of course, I was very grateful to my director and all the kind people who had helped me and given me my first little lesson in character make-up.



However, just as one swallow doesn't make a summer, so one lesson in make-up doesn't teach one everything about it—so I am still learning; and it is so interesting to see what different results one can get.

Do you know that the make-up one puts on for different characters actually helps one to *feel* like them?—And it is my ambition to really live the parts I play and not only act them.

Of course the make-up we use for the screen is quite different from the one used on the stage. We might be called "the pale-faces," because we are so pale and white and, I am afraid, uninteresting-looking to the eye compared with the lovely, colored faces on the stage.

Whenever I go to the theater, which is as often as I can get there, I always think every one looks so lovely

and fresh.

I was on the stage before I went into pictures, and have got all my pink, red, blue and nice-colored sticks of grease-paint put away safely in a box in case I ever want them again.

Of course the stage make-up takes much longer to put on than that used for the screen, on account of blending

in smoothly all the colors. I

knew one girl who used to take nearly three-quarters of an hour making up her eyes, but they looked perfectly wonderful when they were finished. Then there is the make-up used for the street, et cetera; but we must only whisper about that. It can be very effective and mightily improves those it suits.

(Sixteen)



# Annette Kellermann

All-round Exponent of Physical Grace and Beauty

By HENRY MacMAHON



HERE'S a novel angle from which to look at Annette Kellermann, the diving wonder and star of "A Daughter of the Gods," but on my own observation, and the authority of James R. Sullivan, her manager-husband, it's the correct one. Miss Kellermann is the foremost exponent and exemplar of the outdoor life.

The island of Jamaica, West Indies, where "A Daughter of the Gods" was staged, proved a paradise of a playground to Miss Kellermann last winter. The white shell-roads gave her Packard machine a splendid running, but commonly she preferred to mount her black horse, Pluto, and thread the forest paths amid the luxuriant tropical foliage to King's House, home of Sir William Manning, the colonial governor, where

she and the principal members of her company were ever welcome guests. At the tennis courts near Rose Gardens she held her own against the crack tennis players among the visiting naval officers of the

British West Indian squadron. And there was many an early morning jaunt across Kingston harbor to

(Seventeen)

the beautiful Moorish city that had been constructed for the play on the site of old Port Royal, with Miss Kellermann at the helm of the yacht or guiding the swift motor-boat, *Nerissa*, which conveyed the principals of the company.

In the taking of the picture itself were the most hair-raising stunts—in some of them the bitter of struggle very much mixed with the sweet of athletic achievement—but Miss Kellermann took them all gaily and breezily. Even the dive of 105 feet from the top of a tower into the Caribbean Sea did not feaze her. Being thrown to the crocodiles was somewhat alarming, but there were stout blacks there to stick wooden spears into the mouths of the live "crocks" if they should venture hostile measures, while the crocodiles placed nearest to her were of the property order.

Swimming out to sea presented no terrors to this natatorial expert, even tho her hands had been bound with cords behind her back—her legs were free to kick and make progress. She had some qualms about going over the waterfall, so the director tried it on a little dog, which seemingly drowned. However, two hours later they found the little animal safely ensconced in a miniature "Cave of the Winds" behind the young Niagara. So Miss Kellermann took her chance, bobbed up to the surface in the rapids below and placidly floated out to sea. Out among the jagged rocks of the shore the swimmer had some rough experiences. Dashing herself against the rocks in such a manner that the sharp edges would cut the cords that bound her arms, she released herself, then found a more suitable landing-place.

As equestrienne and swordswoman, Miss Kellermann had plenty of work in the battle scenes of the picture. Clad in complete armor and mounted on horseback like a modern Joan of Arc, she went forth to do battle against the Mohammedan champion of the Moorish city.

Mention must be made of her marvelous scenes in the hall of the Sultan's palace, her aerial somersaults and dives into the Gnomes' pool, her marvelous poses in the woods as a veritable child of nature and her rare sport with the fish-tailed maidens out at sea—not forgetting her stunt of swimming under water still clad in the suit of armor wherein she had fought on the city battlements.

Thus, as fencer, horseback fighter, dancer, poseuse, swimmer, diver, and actress of the leading rôle, this extraordinary woman kept up, for three quarters of a year in a tropical clime, her extraordinary range of activities.

Returning to New York, she developed a great fondness for golf, and improved so rapidly that there were hopes of her becoming a woman champion. She also spent much time in the waters of Little

Neck and Great Neck bays on the coast of Long Island, where her husband is a member of the Manhasset Yacht Club. In the intervals she rode horseback and motored.

But purposeless play palls on Annette Kellermann. There must be some motive for her activity. Giving up her golfing and horseback riding, she went to Manhattan and spent five or six hours a day in Albertieri's dancing academy. For outdoor exercise she took a breezy round of the outside of Central Park—walking from Fifty-ninth Street up Fifth Avenue, across the northern end of the Park, thru One Hundred and Tenth Street, down Central Park West, and back to her home at the

plated giving in vaudeville. But Charles Dillingham asked her to put on a big natatorial act at the Hippodrome, and with the gracious consent of William Fox, who has been starring her in "A Daughter of the Gods," she consented. This meant hiring a tank and pool and starting more rehearsals, but Annette Kellermann is equal to that, and more if necessary.

While all this has been going on, Miss Kellermann and friend husband have

(Eighteen)



Hotel Netherland.

With it all she found time to rehearse an act she contemplated



found time to plan and superintend the building of a large suburban home at Douglas Manor, L. I., which, with its delightful environment, expresses their ideal of outdoor country life.

Everything they are interested in and like to do is found right at their door. Across the road is the diving-pier and the yacht-dock. Two superb golf-courses are near-by. The walks and drives are ideal. The house is built in a kind of cigar-box pattern, with a frontage of seventy feet. It resembles a perfect cigar-box, and the two wings smaller boxes. In the center is the great living-hall, with its immense log fireplace, and the walls hung with trophies of the owner's athletic exploits. One of the wings is reserved for the family sleeping-rooms, while the other will be for the convenience of week-end guests.

(Nineteen)

In private life Annette Kellermann is the least affected of her sex and profession—entirely free from the usual "actress-star" haughtiness and freaks of temper. She possesses the true modesty that knows no evil. Her lithe body is the instrument of her amazing athletic virtuosity, just as the pianist's fingers are the instruments of his skill. Her genuine love for natural, healthful activity is evidenced in everything that she says and does. From the time she forsook the career as violinist, which her mother, teacher of Melba, had mapped out for her in Australia—and took like a duck to the water—this penchant has been manifest.

And it is safe to say that Annette Kellermann will be the means of stimulating a greater desire for outdoor life and athletics for women—and many will find, thereby, the royal road to grace, beauty and abounding energy.

The paradoxical part of the Kellermann athletic chronicle is that as a child she was an almost hopeless cripple. "My baby-legs were badly deformed," she says, "and I had to wear leg-braces to correct the deformity. As I hobbled about—a frail and sickly child—no one thought that I would ever amount to anything, and even my fondest relations believed that I was not very long for this world.

I gradually began to improve, however. The braces helped to straighten my crooked limbs, and I found I could get about more easily and rapidly. At this

point the family doctor recommended swimming exercises to develop my frail underpinnings and facilitate the cure he had started. On his advice I was taken to Cavell's Baths. Here, somehow or other, in the course of a few lessons I learnt to swim. The limbs which had served me so ill on dry land found their true congenial element in the water. In Australia, by the way, swimming is by no means so infrequent an accomplishment as in the inland parts of America. On the contrary, it is the universal pastime enjoyed by both sexes and all ages.

"At the age of fifteen," reminisced Miss Kellermann, "I was the champion girl-swimmer of Australia. I had attained a fine physical development, and I enjoyed the output of bodily energy with every fiber of my being. Yes, it is true that mamma, devoted as she was to her artistic profession, wished to make a musician of me. I had a good singing voice, and I was an expert on the violin, having been brought up in the atmosphere of the conservatory, where musicianship was easy. Mother felt that I could win fame and fortune in the distant, more settled lands with the bow and strings. It was planned for me that I should go to Paris, her old home, and there be tutored to perfection by the best violin masters.

"But, almost before I knew it, I was doing professional swimming work in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. Such a demand arose for my exhibitions that, almost perforce, I cast aside the thought of musical fame."

"Aside from physique and skill, to what qualities do you mostly attribute your success?" the writer asked.

"Hard work, the never-say-die spirit, and the singular good fortune of being handled by able managements," she answered promptly. "Let me speak of the last-named first. In England my first sponsor before the public was the present Lord Northcliffe, at that time Alfred Harmsworth. His great newspapers staged my Thames and Channel swims as a publicity stunt and rewarded me both artistically and financially. Then Arthur Collins became interested, which resulted in an engagement at the leading London music-hall. That prince of showmen was, in fact, largely responsible for my touring success in Great Britain. Coming to America, I had the good fortune to work several years for the late B. F. Keith and his chain of theaters. My picture debut was in 'Neptune's Daughter,' following which William Fox accepted my plan of a fairy-like film spectacle, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' and now, lastly, Charles Dillingham has contracted with me for the Hippodrome. To these five men I owe the big opportunities of my life."

Modest, matter-of-fact Annette! There isn't an ounce of conceit in her nimble brain or her sinuously beautiful body. As she says, she is always *trying*. That of itself spells the difference betwixt success and failure.



# ~ ~ Popular Players &

A PICTURE-PLAYER who hasn't a pet these days is out of the running. There are those who affect weird creatures, like squeezey boa-constrictors, perfumed civet-cats and armored armadillos—a whole Noah's Ark of furry or scaly rascals—for sweet publicity's sake. And, again, there are others who have gotten acquainted with some of our friendlier fellow animals, and who get a good bit of fun and companionship out of them.

There is Claire Whitney, for instance, whose tiny marmoset is a close pal in her home as well as on tramps afield. Out in Los Angeles there are alternate gloom and joy in the home of Neva Gerber. It all depends upon the disposition of her thorobred bull, "Brutus," who, on temperamental days, starts a feud with neighbors' pet tabbies, and on good behavior days is the star's.



NEVA GERBER FAVORS THE PARK SWANS



CLAIRE WHITNEY HAS A TINY MONKEY FOR A PET



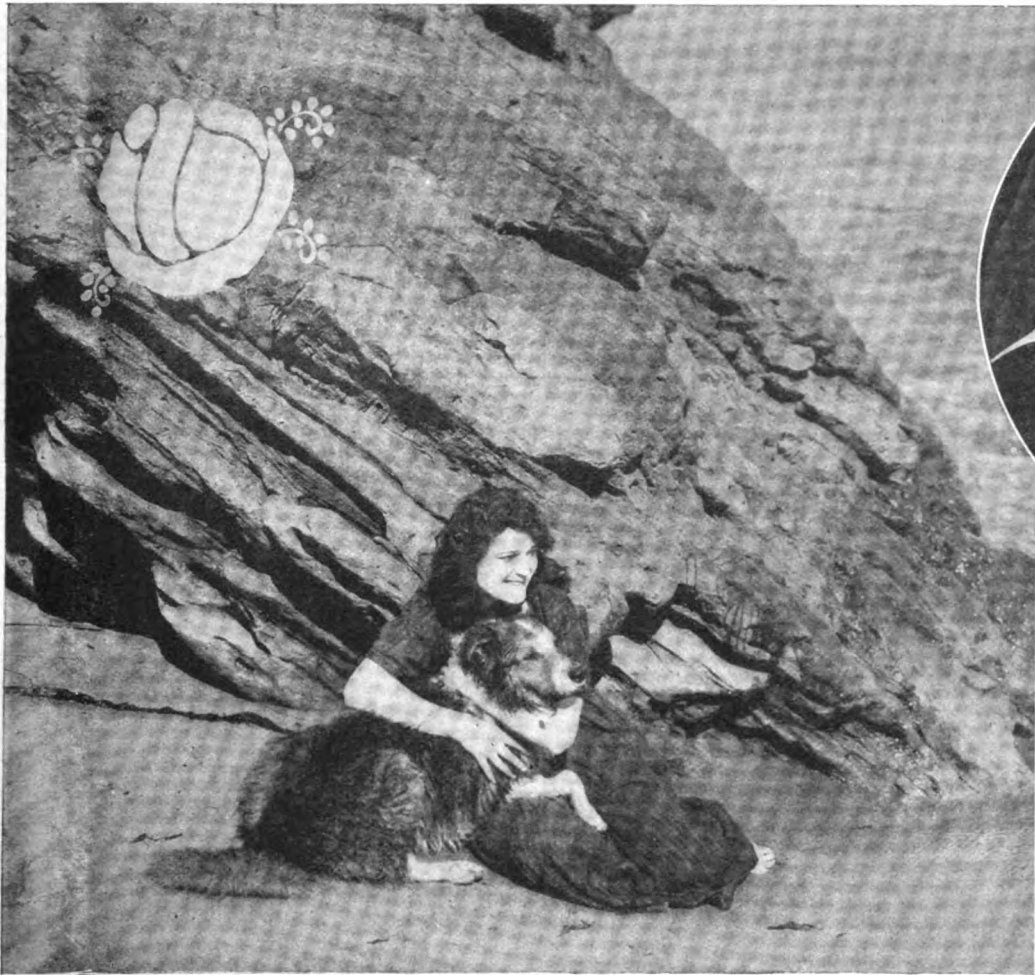
RUTH ROLAND AND HER COLLIE

constant playmate on her trips to the park.

They say it is a sight for the gods to see Ruth Roland, in summery white, frolic on her Long Beach lawns with her year-old collie. 'Tis

(Twenty)

# Their Pets *By Richard Wallace*



VIVIAN RICH AND HER NEWFOUNDLAND

a question for artists and athletes to decide which is the more alert. Young-blooded, graceful and just as pretty a picture are the prankish romps of Vivian Rich along the rough-cast coast with her Newfoundland.

No canine blue-book would be complete without mention of Charlotte Burton's Japanese spaniels, "Akita" and "Choshi"—mother and son. From humblest extra up to society queen, every one in Santa Barbara is on a bowing and patting acquaintance with the star and her woolly protégés.

You have got to be a lion-hearted girl to live in Seligville, where the jungle beasts devour three whole bullocks each and every day, and roar blood-shivering "defi's" to man and beast across the studio yard. A friend to them all is Vivian Reed.

(Twenty-one)



LION-HEARTED VIVIAN REED

She is not exactly the official manicure to the huge felines, and perhaps you don't know that they have to have their nails clipped even as you and I, and that they "take on" terribly during the process. It is then that Vivian, the lion-hearted, stands near-by and soothes the outraged paws. Even the lioness purrs complacently when Vivian fondles one of her cubs. Could a king convey a finer compliment?



CHARLOTTE BURTON AND HER JAPANESE SPANIELS





## “Lassie Mary of Killeen”



**I**N this, her latest shadow-play, Mary Pickford is an appealing little figure in the rôle of Marget McTavish, the daughter of the clan chieftain. On the death of her father she bravely assumes his position, and her efforts to rule his people, as her father would want them ruled, are childishly pathetic.

There is an ancient law of the Clan McTavish that none of them shall mate with any one of English blood. Marget

finds her mate in one Jimmy O'Neil, “a braw laddie,” who is a fisherman in the village and a kinsman of the clan. There comes among them a woman who, to the simple-minded villagers, seems like a being from another world. To the ignorant, that which is strange is wicked. So the God-fearing, bigoted clansmen decide that the newcomer is wicked—a “scarlet woman”—and that she must be driven from the village.

How brave little Marget, in “The Pride of the Clan,” with her wistful, flower-like face, solves the problems that beset her beloved clan; how the “scarlet woman” is vindicated and the ancient law set aside by the leader of the clan, and how, once more, the sun of love and happiness shines upon the Lass of Killean—is all told in broad Scotch in a narrow little Highland village, “somewhere in the land of heather and plaids.”

(Twenty-two)



# "Stingaree" Forever

A Player and a Part That Have Become Inseparable—With a Look at True Boardman's Mail

By ROBERT E. WELSH



AREN'T you ever going to be anything but 'Stingaree'?" we asked True Boardman.

"Not if I listen to the fans," he replied, with a laugh. "They won't be satisfied when I play any part but 'Stingaree.' And besides, I don't know as I have ever liked any part better. Yes, I guess I'm pretty well satisfied to keep right on being 'Stingaree' forever."

We sat in the comfortable dressing-room that is allotted to True Boardman at the Kalem Glendale studio in California. My remark had come following a silence of five minutes as I watched the player make up before starting the day's work in the studio. I use the term "make up," but, truth to tell, there is little of make-up to it, for True Boardman, as you see him on the screen in "Stingaree," is little different from the True Boardman that my camera had snapped the day before as he mowed the lawn of his Glendale bungalow.

"You're right," he responded, as I commented on this fact. "There are just the soft woolen shirt, the corduroy trousers and leggings, and I am 'Stingaree.' Add to that the ever-present monocle, and my make-up is finished. That was why I didn't know whether to feel flattered or the reverse when the author, E. W. Hornung, wrote that I was just the personification of the gentleman outlaw he had pictured when he wrote the 'Stingaree' stories. Still, I suppose I should feel complimented, for 'Stingaree,' with all his faults, is a jovial, human fellow and the fans surely do like him."

Which brought us back to the question that opened this chat. "Do you know," said Boardman, "I don't believe it's me they like at all, it's just that good-natured villain 'Stingaree.' Honestly, it sometimes gives me a creepy feeling to read the letters from the fans, and feel that they are not talking to me at all, but are addressing the mythical character of the stories. They have got me to feeling that there is a real 'Stingaree'—that I have two identities."

"That was the way I felt when the original 'Stingaree' series came to an end. I felt as tho I were saying goodbye to an old friend. But I found that many of the letter-writing fans who

liked 'Stingaree' as well as I did continued with me thru 'The Girl from Frisco' and their letters seemed to give me some sort of connection with the picturesque outlaw.

"Then I heard that the Kalem Company was making a strong effort to



TRUE BOARDMAN IN  
"STINGAREE"

induce Mr. Hornung to write another series of stories about the Australian bush-ranger. It seemed impossible that the effort would be successful, for I could not imagine an internationally known author of the standing of the creator of 'Raffles' writing a series of original stories for the screen. But one day the good news came that he had consented. They tell me that it was only after Mr. Hornung had been given a private exhibition of the twelve pictures in the first series adopted from his short stories, that he agreed to write the new stories.

"My joy over the good news seems to have been shared by the fans, if I

may judge by their letters. And now, as you see, we are hard at work on the second edition of 'Stingaree.'"

"I imagine from the way you refer to it that you take considerable interest in the mail you receive from your followers," I said.

"All players do," was Boardman's reply. "You can find encouragement, occasionally a valuable bit of advice, and always something of interest in your mail. And it is especially inspiring when you are playing in a series like 'Stingaree' to know that hundreds of fans are watching every move and action of the character. Then, you frequently get a real good laugh out of your mail. Read this letter that I received this morning."

It was an indignant letter. "If you don't stop making up to look just like me," said the writer, "I'll have you arrested. I won't have myself made ridiculous before my friends by your imitating me on the screen. I don't know what your real name is, but if I did I would probably know your reason for seeking to make a fool of me."

We joined in a hearty laugh. "I'll have to write him today," said Mr. Boardman, "and assure him that I do not make up at all to appear on the screen."

And I am really anxious to know what he means by that word 'ridiculous.' It's a sort of left-handed compliment, isn't it?"

We glanced over a few more of the letters. There were a number received while the player was appearing in "The Girl from Frisco."

"Why did you stop being 'Stingaree'?" said one. "I know you are a very nice hero in 'The Girl from Frisco,' but I

do wish you would give us some more of 'Stingaree.'"

Another writer wanted to know if he were the same player as had appeared in the series by E. W. Hornung. "I know it is the same name," read his letter. "But I don't see how you could be a villain like 'Stingaree' and now be a hero. Of course, 'Stingaree' was an outlaw like Robin Hood, who tried to do good, but he was a bad man just the same."

It's a fascinating task, this going thru a screen-player's mail. Most of the letters are just gushy notes of praise, with the never-failing request for a photograph. A few contain querulous complaints over some trivial incident, while some unburden their troubles and

TRUE BOARDMAN AT  
HOME AND AS  
"STINGAREE" WITH  
MARIN SAIS



ask for advice just as if they were life-long friends of the player.

"I try to answer all my letters," said Mr. Boardman. "But the hardest of all to answer are the ones who seek to know the secret by which they may enter the pictures. The girls are not alone in this; there are quite a number of young men who tell you the reasons they must get positions in the pictures, and place the entire responsibility of getting them there on your shoulders.

"The fans don't seem to realize how terribly overcrowded the picture field is right now. If they only could see the number of capable actors and actresses seeking for the same chance that they want. But they seem to imagine that there is some short-cut by which they can overcome the lack of experience and knowledge that they would naturally expect to be required in any other vocation. It is difficult to answer their letters

and make them feel that you sympathize with them while you are trying to be honest and clear and not create any false hopes.

"Here's a rather pathetic little letter that I received the other day. It has taken me two or three days to make up my mind just how to answer it." He tossed me a letter written on a small sheet of note-paper in a wavering hand.

"I live here in Randallsburg with my aunt," it opened. "I have no one else in the world and I do have to work terribly hard. I wish that I could get in the movies, for I see that the girls there all have fine clothes and they seem very happy. Often when I sleep I dream that I am a Moving Picture star, and I know I do just as well as them girls. My aunt is not always kind to me, but I guess she can't help it, 'cause we ain't got much money and it's pretty hard. Maybe if I could become a star I could

get her a fine house and she wouldn't have to work no more. I seen you in a picture the other night, and I just know you are kind and will help me. Wont you?"

"It's going to be hard to answer that letter," said Mr. Boardman as I finished my reading. "But I will do my best, and perhaps I will succeed in putting in a word of encouragement that will smoothen out some of the worries of my little friend and dry the tears that I am sure will well up from her discouraged heart.

"But from the way she speaks of 'Auntie' I imagine she is just the sort of girl who will grit her teeth, clench her little fists, and go right ahead and find her happiness—and find it right in Randallsburg. We players have a responsibility—friend and adviser to every one. Don't you think so, too?"

I'll leave it to you readers of MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

(Twenty-four)

# Truthful Tulliver

(Ince-Triangle)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of J. G. HAWKS

**I** COULD wish," complained Silver Lode Thompson, not without bitterness, as he removed a half-inch deposit of alkali dust from the type-font, "that the surface of Arizona was considerable more permanent, as it were." He squinted anxiously among the jumbled compartments of type. "Tulliver, you'll have to change your motto; there aren't but two Old English capital T's in this prehistoric ruin. How about 'Honesty is the Best Policy'? I got lots of H's and P's."

"'The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth,'" said Tulliver, firmly. The gentle voice came with surprising effect from the mighty frame humped over the battered table on the other side of the room. "A Roman letter will do, but the motto goes."

"In Glory Hole, telling the truth about

a man means insulting him," grumbled the staff of the new weekly, slapping a stick of type onto the press with practiced hand—"not that I'm fussy about how I shuffle off this mortal coil, y' understand, but you're too young and beautiful to die—"

"Come here, Silver." Tulliver waved an excited hand. His friend regarded the lean, grim face with a silent groan. There was trouble brewing when Truthful Tulliver clamped his jaws in that determined fashion. Gingerly, Silver examined the dingy memorandum in the editor's hand.

"Subjects for the First Month's Editorials," he read aloud: "'Shall Gin Govern Glory Hole?' Suffering cats! You dont need to plan any more issues if you lead off with that. We'll be just about as popular as two tom-cats singing to the moon at three A. M. Reform is all right; but couldn't you begin sort of easy and gradually work up—say a protest against the habit of wearing spurs

to bed, or something not quite so radical?"

"No!" It was as near a shout as Tulliver ever came. A newcomer, who had just pushed open the office door, paused, startled, on the threshold, as the big man brought down his fist in a blow that nearly demolished the crazy old table. "If the truth about a man cant be known and published freely, he isn't the kind of citizen a town wants, and he'd better leave!"

"You're not planning to depopulate Glory Hole, I hope!" said the newcomer, pleasantly. His tone and the outstretched hand he offered Tulliver were cordial, but there was a cold, unfriendly expression in the eyes above the flashing smile. "My name is York Cantrell," he explained, as they shook hands—"not a native, but my mine is expatriating me from the East for a while. And so you're planning a truthful newspaper, Mr. Tulliver? Well, you'll need a lot of nerve to succeed; we're a bit shy and



"WE'LL BE JUST AS POPULAR AS TWO TOM-CATS SINGING AT THREE A. M."

(Twenty-five)



sensitive about our little failings in Glory Hole!"

For reply, Tulliver laid a hand on the well-tailored shoulder and swerved him about, facing the dirt-crusted window.

"Look at it," he bade him sternly; "it's a town to be proud of, isn't it?—a cluster of wretched shacks huddled about that great barracks of a dance-hall-saloon. What kind of a chance is there for community pride and civic responsibility in a place without library, or school, or church, and with the owner of a saloon

neither to the right nor the left, while the younger girl danced along with the restless glances and conscious airs of the coquette. The same differences spoke in their hair and dress—the one trimly smooth and soberly arranged, the other all flying curls and fluttering ruffles.

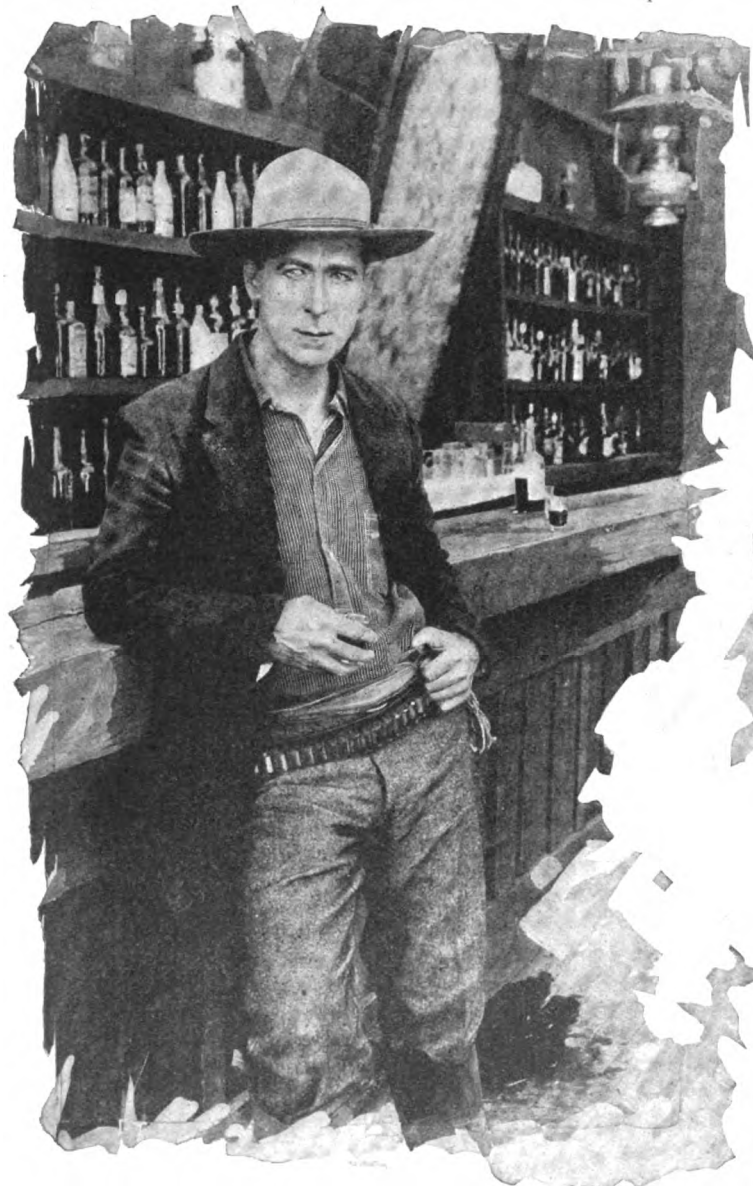
Tulliver turned abruptly to Cantrell.

"Who are those girls?" he asked, "and what in Heaven's name are they doing in this rough place?"

"They're the Burton sisters." Cantrell did not quite meet the other's eyes.

"Quite a Sir Galahad, your friend!" he remarked to the silent compositor, with a barely perceptible sneer; "but you'd better advise him to reconsider his Carrie Nation designs on the Forty Rod Saloon, yonder. Of course I don't know who the proprietor is, but he might—just possibly *might*—feel hurt at having his means of livelihood taken away."

Silver Lode Thompson went on sorting commas and semicolons without reply, unless a grunt might be termed an answer. But with the click of the latch



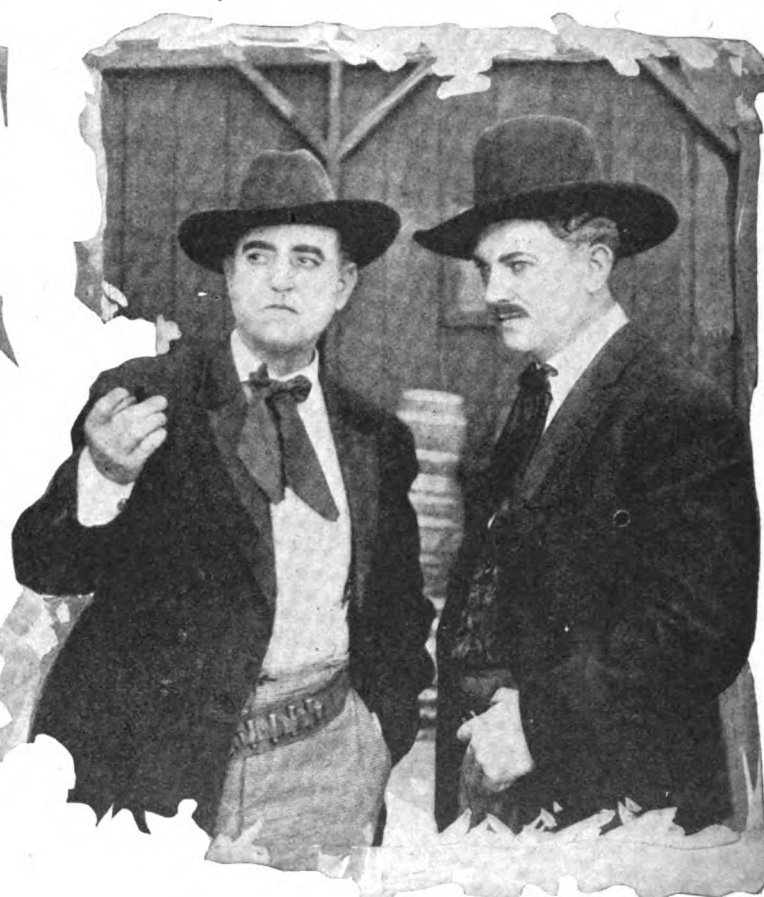
TULLIVER TOOK A "SOCIAL" GLASS WITH HIMSELF NOW AND THEN

taking in all the money that is made and spent in the town——" The words trailed suddenly. He leaned forward, staring out of the window with incredulous eyes. Cantrell, following his gaze, gave a slight start, biting his lip in annoyance.

Along the single, dusty street of the town two girls were hurrying. They were plainly sisters, and both were pretty; but there was a noticeable difference in character to be read in the way they carried themselves. The older of the two moved with a swift, anxious step, looking

The group of loafers gathered before the saloon had stopped the girls and were laughing loudly over some witticism that set Grace's lip quivering. Tulliver's great fists clenched. Without a word, he snatched up his hat and bolted from the room.

York Cantrell saw him descend upon the jeering loafers and push the ring-leader away from their victims with one flail-like sweep of his long arm. An ugly look tightened the skin about his mouth, as he watched Tulliver speaking to the girls, deferential hat in hand.



"HOW SOON DO WE RUN THAT OUT OF TOWN?"

"Grace is the older one; the other is Daisy, I believe. Their father is the superintendent of my mine."  
"But girls—*here!*" protested Tulliver. A dull flush ran under the dark skin. "Look at that, now! Shameful!"

behind the visitor's departing back, he raised grimy hands and beat his brow eloquently.

"Ol' man Trouble's a-knockin' at de do," he chanted; "and now—petticoats! And our little friend from New Haven, Connecticut, with the kollege-kut clothes, don't seem to love us over 'n' above a whole lot, either. Aw, well, what do I care?"

Before the bar of the Forty Rod, Tulliver stood at this moment, whisky-glass in hand. He was not a drinker, but he could drink, upon occasion, as much as another man, and this was one of the occasions. He wanted information, and the bartender, a filmy-eyed man with a sad, rabbit chin, was the best one to give it to him.

"You seem to do a good business," he remarked genially, nodding at the impressive display of bottles and glass that stretched down the entire line of shelving. "I expect the fellow who runs this place is getting rich hand over fist."

"The deacon?" The bartender closed

one eye significantly. "Oh, the deacon is getting his little rake-off, but he isn't the main guy, buh-lieve me! There's a man higher up, 's they say——"

Tulliver set down his empty glass and leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know his name?" Instantly the bartender's face lost all semblance of expression.

"Sure," he replied amiably. "It's old Astor V. Rockabilt himself," and he began to polish glasses, whistling a derisive tune.

"All right," said Tulliver, cheerfully,

"He's ambitious for trouble, all right," gloomed York Cantrell, "but hanged if you cant help admiring the fellow for his nerve. However, if he gets too noseey——"

He touched his hip significantly. They exchanged winks, and the hoary-headed deacon gave a hoarse chuckle. "I see him shining up to Daisy and Grace," he prodded the other's ribs with a meaning thumb; "maybe you've got a pair of old shoes he could wear convenient—a parting shot, hey? Haw! haw! haw!"

And perhaps no Presidential message ever received the attention or created the stir that Tulliver's editorial produced. It occupied the entire first page, and the headlines were as large as the job lot of type in the *Clarion's* cases afforded. They announced boldly:

**DEACON DOYLE MUST GO!**

**GLORY HOLE'S SINK SPOTS MUST BE PURIFIED!  
IF THE MANAGER OF THE FORTY ROD  
SALOON IN CAT'S PAW FOR ANOTHER,  
HE, TOO, MUST GO!**



• "THAT'S WHAT WOMEN WERE BORN FOR—TO BE HOMES FOR MEN"

"but his name on a piece of paper can be cashed for a hundred any day at my office, if you should ever run short of small change."

He tossed a quarter into his glass and strode out of the saloon, a virile, vital sort of figure that drew the glance like a magnet. Two pairs of gloomy eyes followed his going. "H—ll!" growled Deacon Doyle, in disgust. "How soon do we run *that* out of town?"

(Twenty-seven)

Slow red oozed over Cantrell's sullen face. "Keep out of my affairs, will you?" he snarled, but his eyes, under lowering lids, were filled with the shame of a thief caught with the goods.

The first issue of the Glory Hole *Clarion* came out within the week and had a quick and gratifying sale. There was not a copy to be bought ten minutes after the first one appeared in the saloon.

"It is splendid—*splendid!*" Grace Burton told Tulliver, as he stopped before her gate that afternoon, "but you—you frighten me a little!"

"Why?" asked Tulliver, quietly. He leaned forward on his horse's neck, watching the girl's upturned face with a straight, level gaze. It was a face, he thought, with a little stir of his heart, worth watching—a face to trust, and remember, and like. He had not realized how

much he had come to rely on her opinion in the few days he had known her, but now he awaited her answer with a strange sense of expectation. "Why do I frighten you?"

"Because you do not seem to know enough to be frightened for yourself," she said thoughtfully. "There are bad men in this town—desperate men to oppose. And you are so direct, so smashingly honest! There will be trouble. They will try to hurt you——" She shuddered slightly. He caught the tiny ghost of a movement, and suddenly he knew how much he had wanted her to care. He had been a lonely man all his life. Fighters make enemies; they have no time to win friends; but now it was strangely as tho he had been homesick always and had come home.

"There are good men in this town, too," he answered, hardly conscious of what he was saying in his fear lest he might speak mad things. "Your father—Mr. Cantrell——"

He paused, disturbed by the sudden change in the girl's expression at the name. Her eyes fell, and a deep pallor ran like a blush across her smooth young cheeks.

"I'll be careful," he said abruptly, gathering the reins in clenched fingers; "but if they get me—well, I've always hoped I'd go with my boots on—fighting!"

He wheeled his horse with a jerk that brought the animal rearing to his hind feet, and sprang away down the road, his heart choking him with the turmoil of differing emotions within. Could it be that she cared for Cantrell? Yet she had feared for *his* safety. He set his strong jaw grimly.

"I've got my job to think of—the job of cleaning up this town!" he muttered. "That's what men were born for—their jobs. But when it's over, then, perhaps—a great throb of longing shook him—"if I could go to her, for that's what women were born for—to be homes for men to go to when the day's work is done——"

Silver Lode Thompson glanced up casually, as his chief entered the office a little later. "Well, the returns have begun to come in," he said cheerily. He jerked a flat, black thumb at a piece of wrapping paper tossed on the table. "That billet-doux was pinned to the door when I came back from lunch. It seems to be a kind of 'At Home' invite——"

Tulliver read in his smooth voice:

I'll be waiting in the saloon at ten tomorrow. If you've got anything to say about me, you can say it then; but no d—n pen-pusher's goin' to run me out of town.

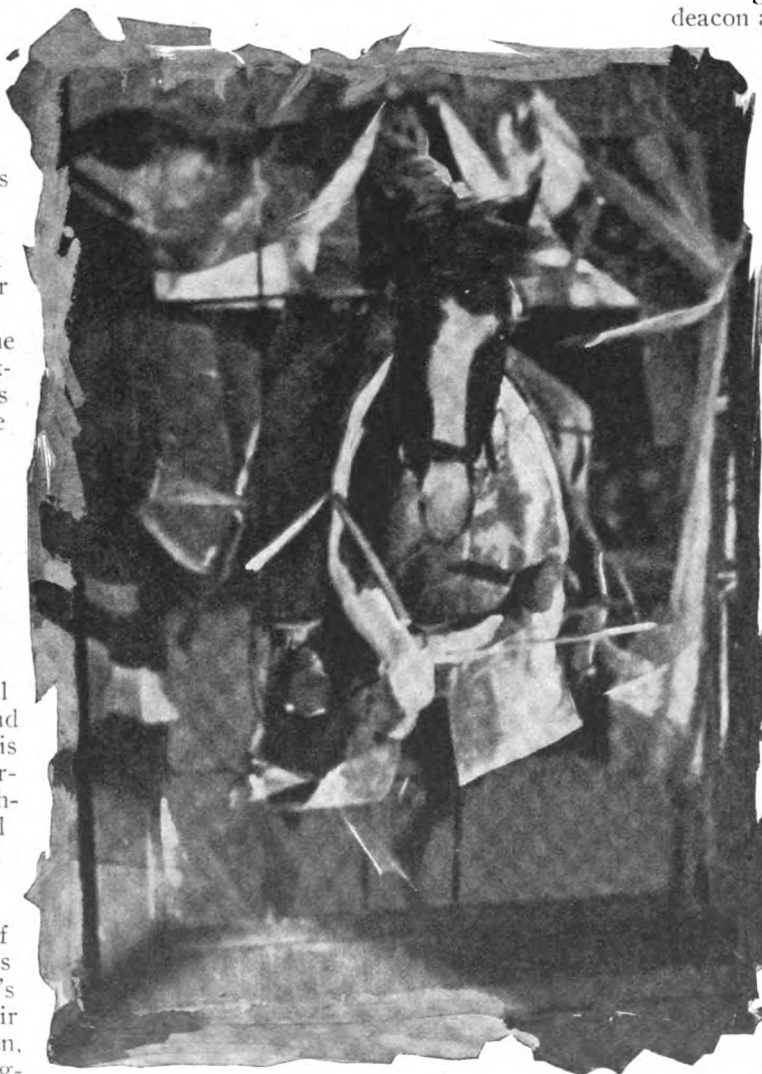
PETE DOYLE.

He tossed the paper contemptuously aside, lips set in a grim line.

"Four o'clock, Silver!" he consulted his watch; "there isn't much time, but we'll hustle lively, and I guess it can be done——"

"What can be done?" Silver Lode's face was wooden. He went on methodically picking out type.

Truthful Tulliver laughed joyfully. "Life looks a little bit uncertain after ten o'clock tomorrow," he explained, "so we're going to get out our second issue of the *Clarion* tonight, and it's going to be some issue, my son!" He put on his hat and turned toward the door.



TRUTHFUL TULLIVER RODE STRAIGHT THRU THE WINDOW

"Is news so scarce that you're going to commit a murder to adorn the front page?" queried Silver Lode, in patient sarcasm, "or where *are* you going?"

"To interview a gentleman who has information I need," said Tulliver, mildly. He opened the drawer of the table, took out a revolver and thrust it conspicuously into his belt. "Some journalists prefer a fountain pen, but in this case the gun is mightier than the pen. So long!"

When he returned, his eyes were shining with the holy light of the reporter who has found out something he is not supposed to know. He took off his coat, flung it across the room, and seized his pencil.

"A scoop! A darned big scoop, Silver!" he proclaimed. "Eastern papers, please copy! Dig out your biggest capitals, beloved squid, and set up what I'll have for you. But leave a vacant column on the second page——"

His voice trailed vaguely; already his pencil was moving rapidly over the paper.

"A vacant column? What for?" growled Silver Lode.

"My obituary!" said Truthful Tulliver, with a grin.

The hands of the Forty Rod clock pointed to five minutes of ten, the next morning, as York Cantrell joined the deacon at the bar.

"See here," he began querulously; "what are you going to do to Tulliver? I wont stand for his being killed. If you must shoot, scare him a little—that's all."

"I'll spoil that silly grin of his!" said the deacon, fiercely. "You'd better let me make it a good job. Scare him? That kind wont scare! Then, before you know it, he'll get something on you, and your fine friends back home 'll get onto what kind of *mining* business you've put their money into, and then——"

The crash of glass cut short his words, and both men whirled as Truthful Tulliver rode on horseback straight thru a gaping hole in the big windows of the saloon. Jaw-slack, they gazed at him, too stupefied to move.

"Well, gentlemen," said Tulliver pleasantly, pointing to the clock, "you see, I'm just on time!"

He took off his revolver and flung it crashing thru the bottles of the bar. Then he turned to York Cantrell.

"In ten minutes the second edition of the *Clarion* will be out," he said curtly, "and it will give the name of the man who secretly owns the Forty Rod Saloon, and it will tell where he got the money to invest in this profitable way."

Cantrell's heavy face was flooded with the purple blood of rage. His hand flashed to his hip and stayed there, tightly pinioned to his side. Beside him the deacon struggled, in a similar coil of rope, with shrill squeals of dismay.

"It's always well for an editor, especially a truthful one, to know how to throw a lasso!" remarked Tulliver, calmly. He gathered the ropes firmly in his hand. "I'm going to conduct you two gentlemen out onto the plains," he explained in his soft voice. "I'll head you toward the nearest railroad, ten miles away, and, if I were you, I'd *stay* headed that way. Mr. Cantrell needn't be anxious about his property, for I'm going to



buy it of him for a town hall. Now start moving, and keep moving, and, if you're real polite and say 'please' pretty, maybe I'll give you a copy of the *Clarion* to read on the way!"

It was dusk when Tulliver rode back into Glory Hole. When they saw the tall, lean figure on his horse coming around the water-tank, the crowd of miners gathered in the square raised a ringing cheer. With the instinct of the mob they recognized their leader, and Tulliver knew, as he saw their cordial,

"York Cantrell!" she moaned. "Where is he?"

Tulliver's lean face went quite gray. But it was characteristic of the man that he did not waste time with his own pain.

"Cantrell is very nearly at the next railroad station by now," he said directly.

She gave a cry of horror. "Then he is going away? He will never come back? Dear God, what shall I do——"

She swayed, would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. The pressure of her soft, warm body was almost more than he could bear. He laid her gently

single, crooked street two hours later. They were both walking and leading the fagged horse by his bridle-rein. The white dust of the plains covered their clothes, and they moved stiffly, as tho they were weary to the bone.

A light shone dimly thru the dirt-crusted office window. At the door Tulliver turned to the other man, his jaw set in a stern line under the drawn skin.

"There's a priest over in the hollow," he said grimly. "I'm going to send Silver Lode for him, and when he comes



"I CANT THANK YOU—THERE AREN'T WORDS TO DO IT IN"

upturned faces, felt the rough good-will of their hands, that they were his to fashion into the splendid, self-respecting community of his dreams.

He was very happy, as he opened the door of the shabby little newspaper office, and so wrapt up in his pleasant imaginings that at first he did not notice her at all. Then a low sob drew his startled eyes toward the slim figure shrinking in the gloom. In one stride he was at her side.

"Grace!" he cried, all bewildered—*Grace!*

She caught his sleeve with frenzied fingers that left their slender mark on his skin.

(Twenty-nine)

on the old, leather lounge that he himself used for a bed at night.

"Dont grieve," he said steadily; "be here in an hour, and I will have him back, if I possibly can. I did not know—he meant so much to you——"

He stooped an instant and laid his lips on her warm, sweet hair. Then he turned, without another glance or word, and a moment later the girl heard the clatter of his horse's feet on the hard-baked alkali.

The moon was drenching the world with a soft, pale glory, turning the squalid little town into an enchanted place, when Tulliver and Cantrell came down the

you're going to marry that little girl that's crying her heart out for you in there. I'm not asking any questions; I dont want to know anything; but there's one thing you may as well know right now. After you're married you're going to straighten up, and live decent, and make her happy, or you'll answer for it to me!"

The other man's face was quivering. "So help me God, I will," he said slowly, "if you'll—just be my—friend and lend a hand——"

In the dingy little office two figures were waiting. One of them sprang forward into Cantrell's arms with a cry of joy.

(Continued on page 68)

# "The Individuality Girl"

The Knack of Doing Things Differently—Dancing, Dress-Designing, Posing, Acting—Has Brought the Laurels to Her Brow and the Shekels to Her Purse

By HECTOR AMES



**I**RENE CASTLE, "The Individuality Girl," has earned her title all by herself. Born in New Rochelle, and married, at eighteen, to an English chorus-man in a highly diverting musical-comedy, her individuality has, in five short years, made her one of the most famous and well-known women in America.

She has always been original—often daring in her ideas. She designs all her own frocks, and, as can be seen from the accompanying illustrations, they are distinctly original and pretty. The gray frock, at the left, quaintly suggests the nun-like garments of a French Sister of Mercy. No woman but Irene Castle could so swathe her head in folds of white Georgette crepe and still retain her title as a pretty woman. The average woman would look as if she were suffering from an attack of headache and toothache, while Mrs. Castle merely looks distinctive.

When she married Vernon Castle they were, as she says, "as poor as church mice." But, being an individuality girl, that worried the little bride not a whit. She merely resumed her interest in dancing, and, with the aid of her husband, designed a number of pretty, unusual and intricate steps and dances. She took up dances not usually welcomed in polite society—considered really vulgar, for the greater part—and, thru her own ingenuity and cleverness, refined them and made them so attractive that New York and London smart sets tumbled over themselves to become pupils of the Castles.

At first, these dances and their pretty exponent were confined to hotel ball-rooms, and then an astute theatrical manager discovered that this slim little woman would be an asset to Broadway. So, with very little preparation, Irene Castle danced into "Watch Your Step" in a way that made her, instantly, one of the biggest acting-hits on Broadway. After a highly successful season in this comedy, Mrs. Castle had an offer to dance her way into Filmland.

When she first signed a contract with the International Company, to play "Patria" in the preparedness serial of that name, the company had a great deal of trouble getting her to pose for photographs. She resented the suggestions of the photographer, which are more like commands; she disliked the poses he asked her to assume; and, being merely a bundle of nerves contained in a slim, fragile body, every séance with a photographer ended in hysterics and nervous excitement that prevented her working for a day or so. Finally, the publicity manager arranged

Mrs. Castle be her own poses and word of suggestion Mrs. Castle had posed ready for the picture, word, the cam blinked — and

with a photographer that allowed to suggest costumes. Not one was given. When herself and was she gave the era's shutter that was all!

# Mr. Shakespeare Was a Poor Scenario Writer

By E. H. SOTHERN

**S**HORTLY after it became known that I intended appearing before the Motion Picture camera, many people asked me which of Shakespeare's plays I intended to select. Almost without exception they expressed surprise when I declared that I did not intend to appear in any Shakespearian play in Motion Pictures. Naturally I was asked for reasons.

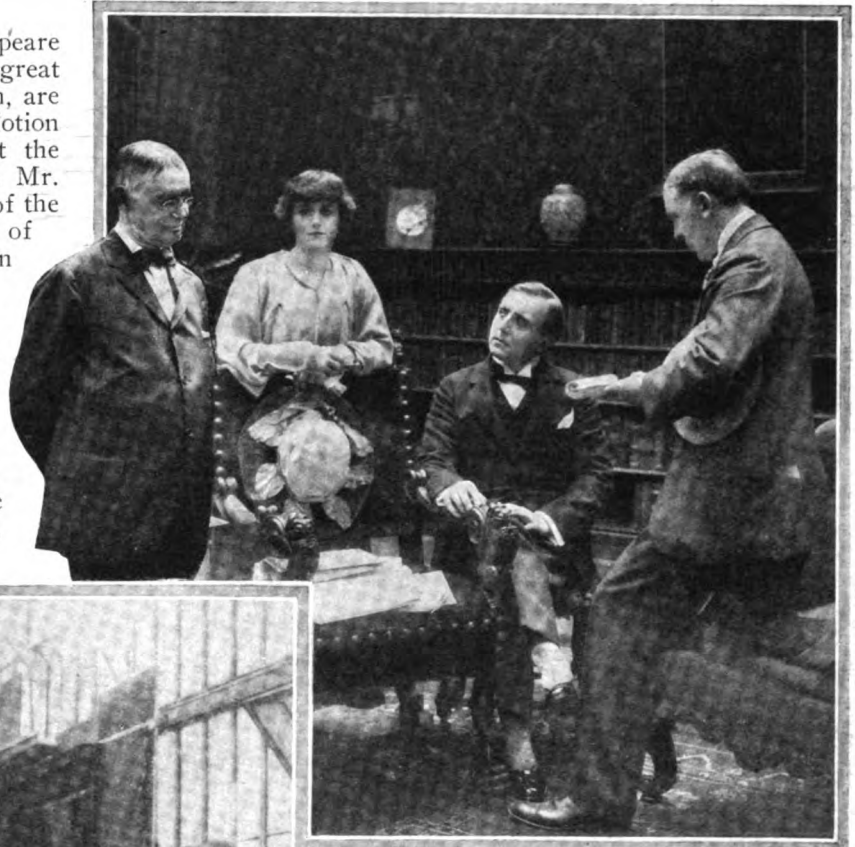
Much as I admire the genius of William Shakespeare as a playwright, I do not think he ever wrote a great scenario. I mean that his plays, as he wrote them, are not, to my mind, adapted for really high-class Motion Picture production. Furthermore, I believe that the average Motion Picture editor would turn down Mr. Shakespeare's manuscripts on the instant, because of the fact that the great Bard of Avon was not aware of either photographic limitations or possibilities when he wrote his works.

Shakespeare, to be sure, sought and attained the artistic, but the element of action as it applied to Motion Pictures was, if discernible at all, only partly defined in even his most spectacular plays, because he wrote with the limitations of the stage always in mind. The great thoughts he amplified in words will some day be picturized, no doubt,

movies. Let me set myself right, however, with regard to my opening statement about Shakespearian plays and the pictures. I want it distinctly understood that I do not mean to say that these classics are too elevated for the minds of the Motion Picture spectators. The fact that the big feature pictures like "The Birth of a Nation," and others, have managed to thrill

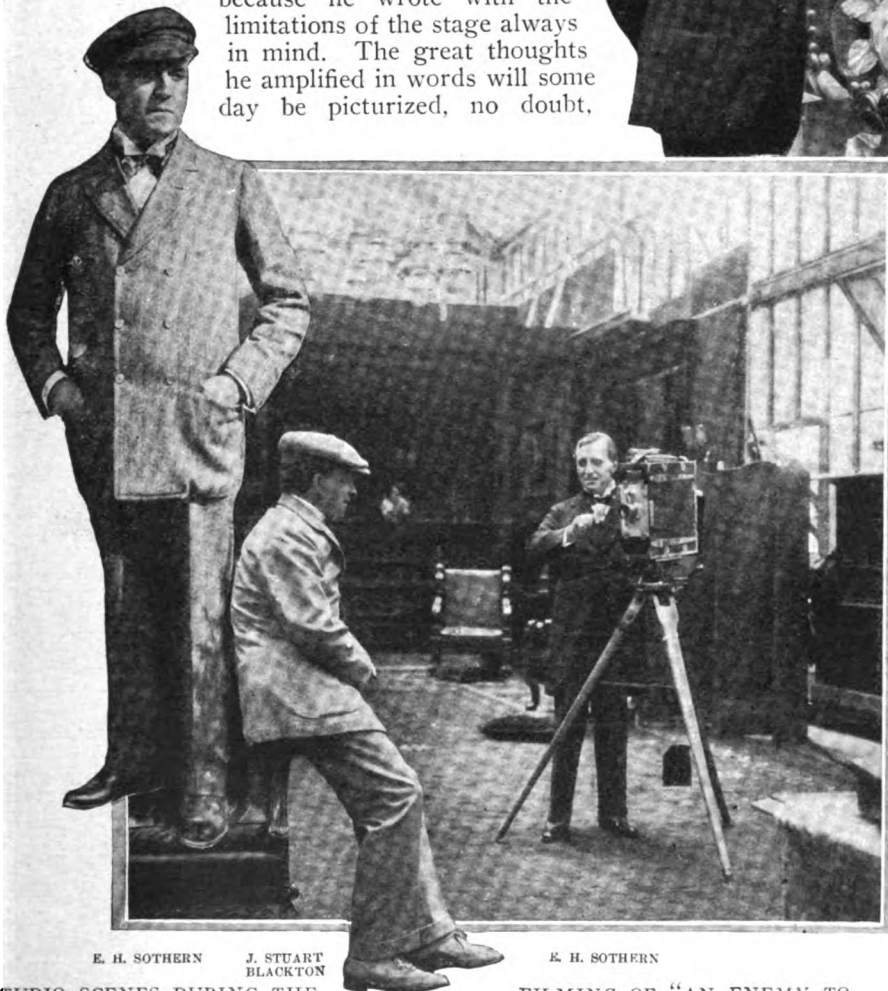
MELVILLE STONE

DIRECTOR THOMPSON



PEGGY  
HYLAND

E. H. SOTHERN



E. H. SOTHERN

J. STUART  
BLACKTON

E. H. SOTHERN

STUDIO SCENES DURING THE FILMING OF "AN ENEMY TO THE KING" (VITAGRAPH)

when the right man comes to work them over into the form that the photoplay requires.

But I shall not play Shakespeare for the screen, much as I should like to do so, for the simple reason that I fear Shakespeare's productions are not yet ripe for popular favor in the

(Thirty-one)

thousands is proof positive that the great classics can be produced in pictures and that those who see them have taste and refinement.

The script is the thing I have in mind. Shakespearian works in their original construction do not make suitable scenarios, and to rewrite them would take too much of "Shakespeare" out of them. These, you might say, are the variety of reasons for my not wishing to be seen in Shakespeare's plays in Motion Pictures.

I do not pretend to know much about the movies, but have seen enough of the methods employed to realize that there are so many other plays better adapted for the screen that it would be unwise to attempt Shakespeare.

I know that, at any rate, Movie-land is not one of those countries" from whose bourne no traveller returns." It has been an adventure for me in a way, still nothing absolutely new, for since I first saw my father in the plaid trousers and side-whiskers of "Lord Dundreary," I have

inhaled the fragrance of paint and cr pe hair and the fun of part and play is as much a part of my life as the pulse of my heart. I find playing before the camera is the same in many important respects as playing before an audience, altho the three screen plays in which I have acted call for entirely different r les.



# The King of

By GERTRUDE

**B**ETWEEN the woes of having his name misspelled constantly, denying accusations that he is a dope-fiend, and the strenuous work of playing the wonderful feature films of the Lasky film company, in which he thrills millions of Moving Picture fans, Tully Marshall's life is anything but a bed of roses, successful star that he is.

Long before the films claimed him in "dope" rôles, Mr. Marshall had sent scores of women into hysterics and men to the nearest bar to recover from the effects of his marvelous portrayal of the morphinist, Hannock, in that gruesome play, "The City." Before that he had gotten on the nerves of hundreds of audiences as

Joe Brooks in "Paid in Full." So well did he present

talented wife, Marion Fairfax, the well-known dramatist who herself contributes no small fame to the family name, Mr. Marshall is simply a "regular fellow," not at all eccentric, rather quiet, with a tremendous fund of effective humor, and thoroly interested in and ready to talk about any of his favorite sports—golf, motoring, horseback riding, swimming, even tennis and walking. He does not like to hunt.

"Can't see any use in killing something just to show that you can," is his terse dismissal of an invitation to any such "party." He would sooner walk out into the great woods near his home and make friends with the wild things than chase them to kill them.

When he is not outdoors, or working in the studios, he is reading, and of this recreation he says he cannot seem to

get enough. The amount of reading Mr. Marshall has done is remarkable. Just now he is giving the classics a thorough perusal, "and finding something new and good almost on every page," he said enthusiastically.

His vigorous appearance would lead one to think he might follow a regular line of exercise—diet, rest, and sleeping rules. "But I don't," he said when I asked him. "I am fifty-two years old and have held my health this far without rules and regulations—other than living as I desire and keeping my desires within reasonable and healthful bounds. So why change my habits now?"

Reverting to the strange ideas people in general have regarding the relation of himself, the real man, to his work, he said, in a talk given not long ago, "My whole life seems to have settled itself into pretending to the public I am one sort of person, some abnormality, and in disprov-

TULLY MARSHALL  
IN "THE  
DEVIL'S  
NEEDLE"



AS A PARIS APACHE  
IN "A CHILD OF THE  
PARIS STREETS"  
(TRIANGLE)



ing this in private. I know people say I am a dope-fiend and that I have spent weeks in sanitariums learning how to act 'dope' parts. But that is not true. I honestly can say that in all my life I never took 'dope' of any kind, not even medically, and never, to my knowledge,

(Thirty-two)

the character of this irritable, dissatisfied young husband, that, when people would meet him personally, they expected him to be the same sort of person he appeared to be on the stage. When he first appeared in films he had a monopoly on drug-using rôles, but now he also is being cast for heroes and "comics." But still his best work seems to be in his picturizations of some weird conception of human nature or distorted characterization of human appetite.

Meeting Tully Marshall in the midst of his home-life, in the company of his

# Dope-Fiends

GORDON

have I seen a man under the influence of any drug; neither have I ever seen any person take any kind of 'dope.' I study these weird parts as I would study any stage rôle, whether it be a romantic lover, a benevolent old man, a priest, or a blind man. In any rôle I undertake, I faithfully study everything connected with it. The pictures of these drug-using creatures I play build themselves up in my brain as I think them over and what they would do. Acting is imagination put to use.

"But the realism of these characters I have put on the screen has done some good. I have received thousands of letters from persons who have seen my work on the stage and in the films, and they have told me how they had been awakened to the horror of the drug habit. While and since I played Hannock in 'The City,' at least one hundred persons have sent me word or told me personally

that they were cured of using different kinds of 'dope' after they had seen that portrayal. One woman wrote and said she had been cured of smoking cigarets. People sometimes write, giving

me instructions how to break off the habit, which they suppose has gripped me. I even have had physicians offer to treat me. On the street people stare at and, I know, sometimes pity me. Yet, personally, I know nothing of the effects of any kind of drug.

"As to my name," here he laughed heartily, "I chose the 'Marshall,' but 'Tully' was my mother's maiden name, and she gave it to me, never dreaming how she was afflicting

MAE MARSH

FAY  
TINCHER



me. Some people call me 'Tooley.' Others, seeing the name in a newspaper, directory or magazine, jump to the conclusion that I am a fair representative of femininity, instead of a cigar-smoking, shaving, occasionally swearing specimen of masculinity. As a result, I always am well supplied with samples of powder, perfumes, hair-curlers, candies and cold creams; and advertisements are showered on me for garters, corsets, pneumatic devices for reduction, complexion masks, hair dyes, and articles of many kinds, made of wood, silk, rubber, steel, paper, wire and other materials—articles the use of which I have not the slightest idea. And as to addresses they almost turn my hair gray. I get mail addressed to Miss Tully, Miss Lully, Miss Lala, Miss Tilly, Miss Trilby, Miss Lilly, Miss Tralala Marshall. Only the other day there came a new horror—'Miss Tyllly Marshall.' I defy even the person who wrote that to say it."

Since his childhood, Mr. Marshall has leaned toward the stage. When he was a boy, he formed dramatic companies, charging two pins for admission. He was born April 3, 1865, in Nevada City, California. His father was William Lemen Phillips, a direct descendant of that Augustin Phillips who was a member of the company of players to which William Shakespeare belonged. His mother—"Well," he says of her, "she was an angel, nothing less. From the time I could talk I was that pest—a 'piece-speaking' child. My mother had bright visions of me as a shining light in the pulpit, or at the bar (which, truth to tell, I have reached, intermittently), or even as an auctioneer. She never thought of the stage, until, one day, a traveling company, coming to our town, wanted a small boy to speak a few lines, and I was

selected as the honored one. After that, I acted morning, noon and night. I imitated everything I could think of in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. Fact! Even imitated a whale in one play, and flopped about most realistically in a big tub of water. Everything I could lay my hands on went for scenery, props and costumes. Once, when I wanted a magnificent costume, which could not be supplied from the tags and ends I had stored in the old tool-shed, which was my theater, I broke into the stable which sheltered the town hearse. I robbed it of plumes, tassels, gold fringe, and yards of silk. I never will forget that midnight adventure as, with chattering teeth, trembling limbs and palpitating heart, I 'looted' the gloomy vehicle. But next day! Oh, next day! My mother learnt of it. She made me take all my plunder back. She whipped me, and, in addition, bade the stern, unsmiling owner of the hearse to punish me also. He did! He locked me in the stable, alone, for a day and part of the night. I never realized the glory of the blessings of freedom, sunlight and food until, thoroly chastened and repentant, I was liberated from that awful spooky, dark, squeaky stable. But even that did not cure me. As my mother said, the next time she heard an announcement of one of my 'shows,' 'Tully still is play-acting. I am sure nothing will save the stage from my son.'

"As keen as my recollections of my early dramatic efforts is the memory of my first love-affair. It began the first day I went to school. She was the teacher, and red—red face, hair and nose. She dressed in red and she had a red temper. But I loved her. I could find no fault in her. She was the ideal of my dreams. My whole life resolved it-

self into an effort to grow up quickly, become a wealthy actor, and lay my riches at her feet—regardless of the fact that she wore number sevens. This lasted until the first time she chastised me. For a while I was bitter against all women. At the age of eight I decided that they were false and faithless. I meditated living in a hermitage or monastery, where they could not enter. Later I modified my views—quite a little," and he smiled, like one who is well beloved.

When again we were talking of his marvelous characterizations, he said, "It is folly for people to say actors must 'live' the parts they play. It is no more necessary for them to really feel all the emotions they portray than it is for them to assimilate into their own bodies the clothes they wear. For instance, had I really been addicted to the use of any drug while playing 'The City,' could I have acted the rôle in exactly the same degree, night after night, as I did? Certainly not. An actor cannot succeed if he weakens his mentality or body in any way. He must keep in physical trim by wholesome living and healthful exercise and rest. He must keep his mind alive and alert and be at all times clear-headed, or else he must be content to either fail or remain a mediocre nonentity."

Personally, Mr. Marshall is absolutely different from his stage-rôles. As himself he is a very interesting and entertaining gentleman, a deep student, and an absorbing conversationalist. He is delighted with his film work, and is planning a number of rôles which will please his legion of admirers. Mr. Marshall's work is of the quality which elicits the very highest praise from thinking critics—the kind of work which sets a standard for all time.



## The Spoken Drama—A Vital Prophecy

By the late ROBERT GRAU

ONE hears so much about the distinction between the so-called legitimate players and the distinctively screen actors that the temptation has always been great to particularize those in each field who have scored permanent successes as compared with others in both fields who have merely converted their fame into cash, securing for themselves a temporary vogue.

Of the latter it is a remarkable fact that for every celebrity whose name alone induced the photoplay producer to mete out an abnormal salary, the aftermath more often than not has been a relegation to almost oblivion. One may truly ask what becomes of the one-time idols of the stage who failed to embrace the screen seriously, for the truth is that practically every stage producer has fought shy of those legitimate actors who rarely were seen in more than one photoplay. One producer poignantly refers to the screen as the temporary realm of the "star-killer," and not a few of what are called

standard stage players have persistently resisted all temptation to have their names immortalized in the picture studio. That these latter possessed a keen perspective as to the longevity of their own careers is amply illustrated by the known fact that the new theatrical season has started with an almost insistent demand for new faces, for new names, and, above all, for new rather than for old stage methods.

The astounding rapidity with which a fickle public has practically ended the vogue of stage stars has its greatest lesson in the warnings that were issued by such stage producers as have never hearkened to the siren call of the screen. Now we witness the utmost economy being practiced not only in the stage calling, but even the photoplay producer has had his awakening, for the dream days are well-nigh over and the call is now persistent for a sane appraisal of the talent. That this is as it should be is recognized by all save those who still hold to the illusion that the new art which has for two decades

enriched (as it has also bankrupted) both actor and producer alike, could go on everlastingly on a sort of "endless chain" basis.

The day had to come when the heads of the spoken play would take cognizance of the unwholesome mode of business procedure which obtains in Filmdom, hence the immediate outlook is the revolutionary yet progressive change of conduct in the effort to secure greater artistic results in the two fields of endeavor which still have so much in common with each other. Moreover, the day cannot be far off when some of the more vital problems which have for their purpose a more concrete understanding between the producers of stage and screen plays will find a solution, and it would be well for those who have prospered so amazingly in the interim to prepare for that day, for the trend is unmistakably for better things in every branch of the theater, and the photoplay will for many years to come find its mission similar to that of the older field.

(Thirty-four)





# “Rinky-Dink” Charlie

Putting Wheels on the  
World’s Funniest Feet



waiter, posing as Sir Cecil Seltzer, C. O. D. Then the fun begins. Mr. Stout’s equally flirtatious wife coquets with Edna’s father; Mr. Stout persistently follows Edna around, and the whole thing works up to a side-splitting, floor-spilling skating climax, when all the principals come together.

Each one fears exposure. The wife fears that her husband will learn of her flirtation with Edna’s father; the husband fears she will learn of his misdemeanors; Charlie, even, stands in fear of exposure—that Edna will learn that he is only a bogus count. In fact, Edna is the only member of the party who isn’t afraid that they will pin something on her. Charlie has the whip-hand, since he knows perfectly the peccadillos of the others. So his secret seems reasonably safe. The whole thing winds up with a wild raid by police, a chase thru the streets on skates, and Charlie’s final disappearance, his trusty cane hooked against the back of a racing car, his skates aiding in his escape from the furious guests. And as a skater—take the floor’s word for it—Charlie is some skate!

**A** FLIRTATIOUS fat man learning to skate; a pretty girl on pleasure bent; the wife of said flirtatious fat man; the father of the pretty girl—and a busy (?) waiter, seeking recreation between “waits”—these ingredients, properly mixed, compose the newest Chaplin comedy, “The Rink.”

The scenes are laid principally in the rink and the café, where Charlie honors the patrons by getting their orders mixed and spilling soup over them. There is another waiter—a brow-beaten, miserable

wretch—upon whom Charlie wreaks vengeance for every misadventure that happens. There is also a brow-beating boss, an uncertain swinging-door, and the other odds and ends that one expects from such a café. The skating-rink, however, plays the title part in the picture.

The rink is well filled when Edna arrives, intent on an afternoon’s innocent amusement. Flirtatious Mr. Stout arrives and is followed by Charlie, the

(Thirty-five)

# On The Beach at

~ by ~

Now this is the lay of a  
South Sea play that  
was staged at Santa  
Cruz,  
Off the coast of the  
Golden State out  
West,  
Where the sun shines  
down with never a  
rest;  
Giving a photoplay  
all of the zest  
Of pretty locations,  
every which way a  
good director could  
use.

AFTER it was all over, everybody blamed his troubles on the goat. It was a Guatemalan goat, altho in what respect the Central American species differed from the common or garden variety it was difficult to see. Its ownership, too, was varied and a matter for conjecture. First, Harry Pollard, the director, had it, but some one, or something, got it from him. Then Margarita Fischer, Pollard's leading woman, had it. She lost her goat, tho, the night the lizard dropped on her neck from the rafter.

After that no one was in possession of the animal long enough to call it his or hers. The camera-man was without the goat all the time, and, when the party returned to Santa Barbara, the Guatemalan emigrant was an orphan.

There were other animals, however, on the picture-making expedition to Santa Cruz Island, which, take it from the secretary of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, is the bright pearl in the diadem of the Pacific and only an hour or so across the channel from the mainland. A ring-tailed monkey, yclept Caruso, had been taken along for "atmosphere," and Sandy, a dog of indeterminate breed, also was a member of the club. Sandy and Caruso would have nothing to do with the goat, but struck up a strong attachment for each other. Sandy found the monkey useful, and would lie for hours while Caruso explored his comrade's back for those manifestations of nature which keep a dog from forgetting he is a dog.

The association of pearls with Santa Cruz Island must have attracted Pollard, who is everything to the Pollard Picture Plays, Inc. He had a story, "The Pearl of Paradise," to produce, and picked this particular pearl for the play. Not to pepper this paragraph with "p's" too plentifully, he and his company went to Santa Cruz for ten days of location work. They were there six weeks.

Pollard, accompanied by Margarita Fischer, Beatrice Van, Frank Ormston,

and the others of his company, set sail for Santa Cruz from Santa Barbara on a certain day in the midst of the vernal equinox. Mention of the vernal equinox is important, if technical. It contributed to the causes which stretched ten days into six weeks.

As soon as they left Santa Barbara harbor their troubles began. Their craft was a decrepit, fifty-foot freighter with no ballast and a one-cylinder gasoline engine for motive power. The captain admitted he "didn't know much about such things" and was on the job only to oblige a friend.

The little ship rolled and pitched viciously when the high waves of Santa Barbara channel were reached. The wind had stiffened to the proportions of a miniature gale. Every one, even the crew of the freighter, was seasick, but their very real danger of being swamped made them forget their qualms.

Every now and then the engine would shudder and hesitate, as if about to give up the uneven struggle. When the stern of the boat was lifted by the choppy seas, the propeller would race and rack the vessel. And if the motor had "died," and the boat been left without steerage way, "The Pearl of Paradise" would

have been a gem still undiscovered.

But two half-brothers, who had come along to be of general assistance to Pollard—Wiley Caballero and Joe

JOE MORALES

(Thirty-six)





# Waikiki ~ ~ Perhaps ~

Mosgrove Colwell

HARRY POLLARD AND MARGARITA FISCHER



WILEY CABALLERO the gas-engine and nursed it tenderly, Wiley steered the vessel. The cap-

out of the question. Night was coming on, so they cached their paraphernalia, their cameras and "properties," and made their way over a hill into the comparative shelter of a canyon.

There they pitched their tents and struggled with camp-fires on which to brew some warm coffee. They did not attempt to cook anything else. All were too weary for that. Even in the hollow they could hear the huge waves dashing against the cliffs around them, while the wind whistled thru the canyon.

And after they had gone to bed, and had begun to lose the uncomfortable sensation of a rocking earth caused by the trans-channel trip, the wind blew the tents down.

Then there was nothing to do but to crawl, with blankets and canvas, into the caves and crevices lining the canyon. The Guatemalan goat had a good night's rest, they said.

Passing lightly over the next three days as the scenario writers do, but as the wind did not, "The Pearl of Paradisers" came to the incident of the lost man. Now, the location chosen for most of the scenes, while capital for film purposes, was hardly a place for real humans to make their home. So the players, instead, pitched their permanent camp on the other side of a mountain from the location. On fair days it was possible to sail in the schooner for the mile or so between the two points, but on stormy days, when the waves were high, there was nothing to do but walk.

It was Frank Ormston's father who filled the rôle of the lost one. The players had started to walk over the mountain from location to their camp. Before they had finished their journey it was dark. The trail in many places was so steep that only one could descend at a time, while the men picked each foot-rest for the women in the party.

They made their way to camp in safety, and then a count of noses showed that one was missing. Not only was the nose missing, but its owner was not to be seen.

Pollard, Wiley and Joe started back along the trail, but could go but a short distance. What had not been dangerous to descend in the dark was impossible of ascension, and the searchers quit until daybreak.

tain had quit some time before. He said "It"—meaning the sea—"was the worst he had ever seen, and he didn't know much about steering such boats, anyway."

They finally swung around the west end of Santa Cruz and into shallow water. Here a wide rip, racing with the current of a mountain brook, made their landing perilous. But Wiley Caballero jockeyed the boat to a landing-place, and, with Joe Morales rowing, a life-boat carried the picture-makers to shore. After their shaking-up, it was a simple matter to jump, when the waves lifted them to the exact point, to a ledge of rock on shore.

They learnt later that the same day a sailing vessel, on the way to Santa Barbara to convey a Fox company under the direction of Oscar Apfel, also to a location on Santa Cruz, had been lost in the storm. When the Pollard craft put back to Santa Barbara, the next day, it brought the Fox players to the island. The boat, chartered from Pollard, cost the Fox Company one hundred and seventy-five dollars for a two-hour trip.

But, altho they had landed safely, the vernal equinox had not finished with them. The wind swept across the rocks so strongly that making camp there was

Morales—saved the situation. While

Joe knelt beside the gas-engine and nursed it tenderly, Wiley steered the vessel. The cap-



When the sun's first rays gleamed from yon hilltop, et cetera, the searching party found the missing one seated calmly in a cavern in the mountainside, with a cheery fire at his feet. After that it was the rule that any one who got himself lost should stay in one location until day-break and rescuers arrived.

Just as each drama has its comedy relief, so the hardships of the Pollard players were lightened (?) by the peculiar manifestations of the fauna of the island. A parrot, which had been imported along with the Guatemalan goat, the ring-tailed monkey, and the dog of indeterminate breed, added much to their gayety. To say nothing of a vocabulary replete with words, represented usually by dashes, the bird picked up the phrases of the picture-people. More than once the camera-man was pleasantly surprised by the command to "Cut" in the midst of a scene, and the parrot's other cute little tricks were highly diverting. When he had nothing else to do, he would pinch the tail of the monk, which would then nip the dog, which would then bite the goat, which would butt the nearest object in the line of fire, which would—But why continue? (Why, indeed?—EDITOR.)

And then there was the lizard. Even little lizards, eight or ten inches long, are not attractive things to drop on one in the middle of the night. Miss Fischer learnt this during a peaceful slumber,

when a prehistoric reptile landed on her back from a roof-beam. After that the fair Margarita was sheltered by mosquito-netting during her sojourn on the island. What she said at the time is not recorded. We're shy on shriek language.

The picture nearly made, the "punch," or big scene, was reserved till the last. A practical house had been erected for the play, and the closing thrill called for the burning of the house, while Pollard, bound and gagged, lay near-by, helpless to rescue Miss Fischer from the flames. Then, somehow or other, he was to work himself loose, take her from the dwelling, and flee to the schooner at the landing.

This action, the most important on the island, was rehearsed several times, and small fires were built to test out the scene. The parrot, of course, added effectively by calling, "Put the fire out," each time a stage-hand lit a flare. Finally the bird was exiled to the schooner and the real blaze was started.

At first it worked beautifully. The camera-man got several fine "shots" of the struggling hero and of the rescue. The finale was to show in a "panoram," a picture of the burning house, with the rolling hills in the background and the gentle waves of the Pacific close up, as the fugitives sailed away.

Sounds pretty, doesn't it? The fugitives reached the schooner, on board of which a camera had been stationed. They made their romantic farewells and the

schooner started to sail past the burning dwelling. "Started" is used advisedly. Before the house came within "shooting range" the schooner slowed, then came to a halt. The flames licked merrily at the dry timbers. Those on shore signaled frantically for the others to hurry before the fire burned out; but the schooner stayed where it was. The gas-engine chugged in vain.

It isn't every one who knows what kelp is, but the Pollard people learnt then and will never forget. Kelp is a tough, rank seaweed which grows in great profusion and accumulates in large masses, floating on the surface of the sea. It was into a bed of this growth that the schooner had pushed itself.

Wiley and Joe came to the rescue again, as they had done so many times. With poles and oars they pushed and pulled the kelp aside. And just as the roof of the building fell in, the schooner ranged into line and some fine scenes were obtained. Then it was that a happy time was had by all, for it meant the finish of the picture.

But they all had their revenge on the Guatemalan goat. It had been taken along for "atmosphere," and in the cutting-room, several feet of close-up, showing the goat, were cut out by Director Pollard.

"It's too much of a hoodoo," he said; "I won't take a chance—not by his sacred (?) whiskers!"



SESSUE HAYAKAWA AND TSURU AOKI (LASKY) KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT

(Thirty-eight)

# Here Comes the Latest Thing in Vampire Ladies! 'Ware, Theda!

By P. A. PARSONS



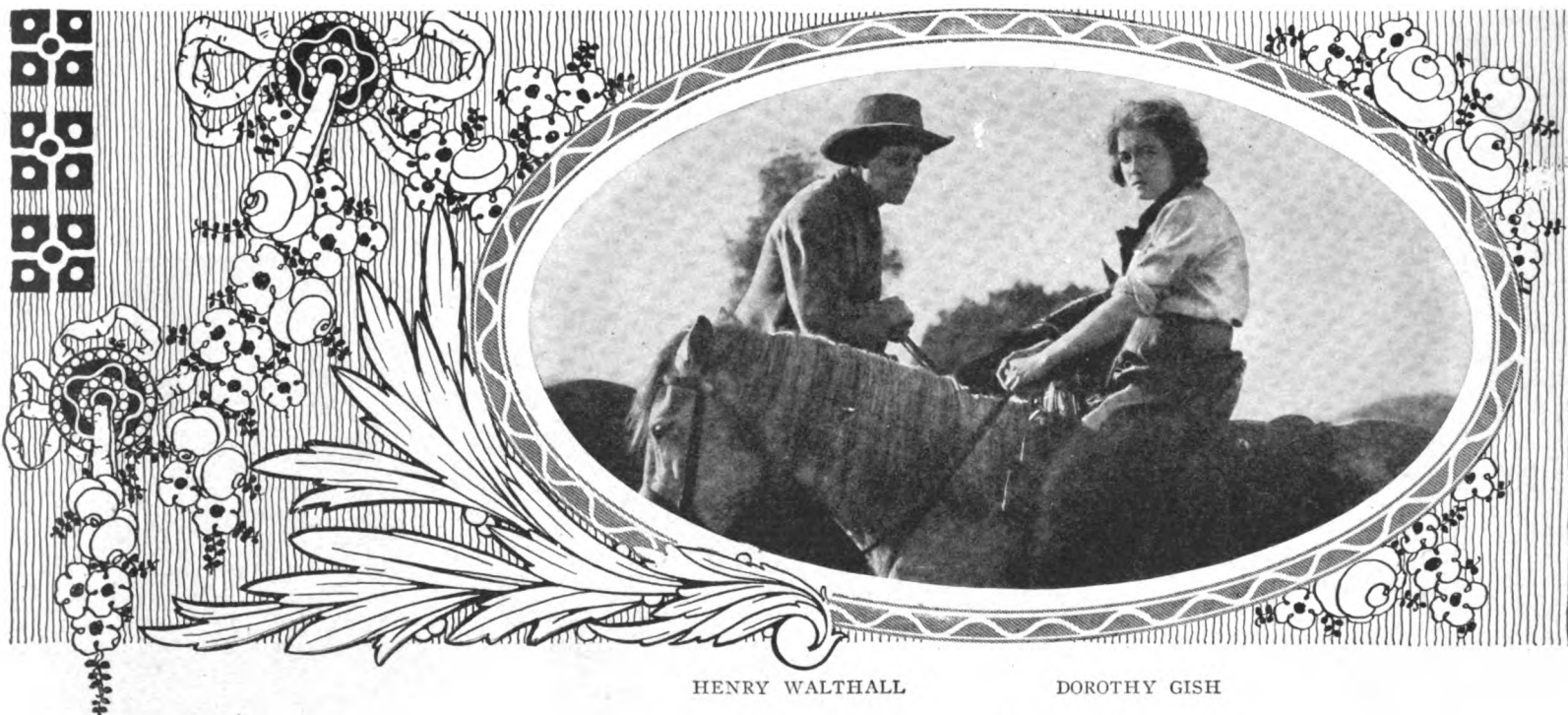
Photo by White

MARIE WAYNE IS THE SNAKY, SINUOUS LADY WHO HAS BEEN HAILED BY CRITICS AS THE NEWEST SURE-FIRE VAMPIRE. HER INIQUITIES ARE DIRECTED TOWARDS PEARL WHITE IN THE PATHÉ SERIAL, "PEARL OF THE ARMY"

(Thirty-nine)

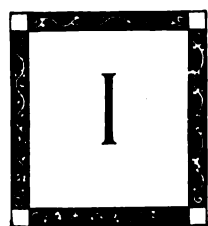
WHAT'S in ancestry, anyway?

Here's Marie Wayne, who is a creepy, sinuous, snaky and dangerous sort of villainess in Pathé's new serial, "Pearl of the Army," and her grandfather was a Methodist bishop. Probably the old gentleman often preached against the type of woman the charming Marie portrays. Miss Wayne was born of American parents in Tokio, Japan, where her father held a position in the U. S. diplomatic service. She ran away from home when seventeen years old, to go into vaudeville. Then came her chance in the Winter Garden show: more vaudeville, and now the screen.



# What I Demand of Movie Stars

By DAVID W. GRIFFITH



**I** BELIEVE that the makers of pictures have, in many ways, already surpassed the art of the speaking-stage! And perfection in Motion Picture drama has by no means been reached. Far from it, altho we are advancing with great rapidity. Now, to equal the art of the speaking-stage, a great deal is needed of the people who make these picture-plays, the movie actors and actresses as they are best known. To exceed the art of the speaking-stage, still greater things are needed and demanded of the leaders in the production of a photoplay.

Granted that the person has a moving-camera face—that is, a person who photographs well—the first thing needed is “soul.”

“Soul” sounds rather queer in speaking of a movie actor, does it not? Yet, that is just what I mean. The people of the speaking-stage call it temperament, stage presence, technique, and many other things. But there is such a wide difference between the spoken drama and the Motion Picture drama that the big people in the cast of a movie must, in reality, have “soul.”

By that I mean people of great personalities, true emotions, and the ability to depict them before the camera. Stage emotions will not do; some of the greatest of actors appear stilted and “stalky” in front of the camera. Every big star in the movies, whether a romantic, tragic or comic, really has a most interesting per-

sonality. When they step in front of the camera, they do not have the “over-the-footlight” feeling and manner that we see in the actors in the spoken drama. It wouldn’t register well at all. When a really good actor stands before the camera, he puts his soul into it—he isn’t wondering what the people “down front” are thinking of him. He or she knows there is no audience in front, but a grim, cold-blooded, truth-in-detail-telling camera lens which will register every quiver of the facial muscles, every gleam of the eye, every expression of the face, every gesture, just as it is given.

The movie actor cannot add to his art a soft voice; rising or falling inflection; a deep, piteous sigh; a quickly intaken breath expressing surprise. There can be no gay, rippling laughter, nor solemn tones of warning; no sad, sweet, pleasant tones; no shrieks of fear—not a sound can help the movie actor. He must express every emotion with his face and hands and with general gestures and movement of the body.

The actor with the soul enters into the work with all the ardor there is in him. He feels his part, he is living his part, and the result is a good picture. I can get quantities of beautiful, doll-faced girls, but, alas! they have no more soul than a doll; they can smile sadly or faintly, or giggle, and that exhausts their capabilities.

For principals I must have people with souls, people who know and feel their parts, and who express every single feeling in the entire gamut of emotions with their muscles!

They do not practice and practice to do

that. It comes naturally to them. They practice over and over many stunts, many jumps, dives, and other things, so as to time themselves accurately or so as to learn to do it just right; but when it comes to emotional scenes, whether it is love, hate, joy, sorrow, surprise, chagrin, exultation, or any of the scores of shades of the larger emotions, the best of the actors and actresses just go ahead and do it as tho it were a part of their really and truly experience in life.

This is but one thing I demand of movie stars. The first thing I demand, of course, is that they have a movie-camera face, and I not only demand that of stars, but of the humblest filler-in. If the person is to appear at all in the picture, that person must be one to photograph well.

A studio picture is quite different from a Moving Picture portrait. A studio picture has every light and shade diffused and thrown here and there so as to accentuate beauty and to hide defects. The negative is then retouched, until the matron of forty comes out on the print like a woman of twenty-five.

We cannot diffuse the light for an interior in the movies, because the people are, naturally, moving. Retouching is out of the question, because one could not retouch a mile or two of film with thousands upon thousands of pictures. Consequently, a director must demand people who take good pictures. Taking a “good” picture does not mean taking a beautiful picture. An old, withered-up woman may take a splendid picture for certain characters. John Bunny did not take a “beautiful” picture, as every one

(Forty)





LILLIAN GISH

knows, but he certainly took a good picture.

People with very light hair and light-blue eyes are seldom successful before the movie camera, because the eyes look white and wild or startled.

Good hair, good eyes, good teeth—these are essential for good movie actors, except with character parts. It takes careful search and study to pick out the right people. A graceful carriage is also necessary and the ability to forget the presence of the camera. This prevents restraint, awkwardness and clumsiness, and all these things must be demanded, especially of movie stars.

Somehow, most of the stars who come to us from the regular stage lack sincerity, at least in their earlier efforts before the camera. Mrs. Fiske, in "Tess," was a notable exception. I know she drew from me the tribute of tears. The Comédie Française actors, notably Coquelin and Le Bargy, who appeared in some of the French pictures, were wonderful in the breadth and strength of their exquisite character portrayals. On the other hand, some of the most widely advertised and most-admired spectacular pictures from abroad suffered from the defect of mediocre acting. Of what use are magnificent scenes with only puppet-like actors? Here in America we are training a school of silent actors who bid fair to surpass the finest efforts of the Old World schools.

In the old days we followed the modes of the stage somewhat slavishly. Few of us sensed we were dealing with a new art form. The primitive picture-play was laid out in acts, strict unity of time and place being always observed, the same-sized figures shown in an unvarying time sequence of single action.

I remember what a sensation I caused in the old Biograph studios, in Fourteenth Street, when I invented the "close-up" figures.

"That will never do at all," objected

(Forty-one)

the proprietors. "The actors look as if they were swimming—you can't have them float on, without legs or bodies!" But I persisted, and had my way, tho it was alleged that the audiences always knocked disapproval with their feet whenever the "close-ups" were exhibited. Today the "close-up" is essential to every Motion Picture, for the near view of the actors' lineaments conveys intimate thought and emotion that can never be conveyed by the crowded scene.

I borrowed the "cut-back" from Charles Dickens. Novelists think nothing of leaving one set of characters in the midst of affairs and going back to deal with earlier events in which another set of characters is involved. I elaborated the "cut-back" to the "story within a story" and to the so-called parallel action. I found that the picture could carry not merely two, but even three or four simultaneous threads of action—all without confusing the spectator. At one point in my latest drama, four actions are represented simultaneously by the device of switching scenes every few moments. Each action heightens the effects of the others—a technique that, so far as I am aware, is absolutely novel in story-telling art. My point is that photographic drama is constantly progressing, and he is indeed foolish who would set arbitrary limits as to what it can or cannot accomplish in the course of its marvellous evolution. For one thing, the telling of history, the education of old and young, may be entirely revolutionized by its strangely new processes. •

The old schools are coming to us, and appropriating such of our devices as the "cut-back" and the parallel action; and I could name one actress, with a tremendous New York hit of two years to her credit, who built up her justly famous part from close study of the methods of our Los Angeles picture actresses!

Already it is admitted that as to poetic beauty the Motion Picture entertainment

is far ahead of the stage-play. Poetry is apparently a lost art in the regular theater, but it is the very life and essence of the motion playhouse. We have staged most of Browning's stories, many of Tennyson's, innumerable Biblical and classical fables. Not only beauty but thought is our goal, for the silent drama is peculiarly the birthplace of ideas. No one can tell what the Motion Picture will become, for we are at present only at the infancy of it.

I doubt if there ever will be a Shakespeare or Homer of the movies, because the Motion Picture is action, and the fashion of action changes with each age. The stage-work of Forrest, Macready, Kean or Kemble, for example, if it could be accurately reproduced, would appear crude, stiff, awkward to us of today. The acting of today may, similarly, seem unnatural or impossible to the people two hundred years hence. But the immortal stories will be there—the world's legacy of great characters and great scenes—to be picturized according to the changed ideals of the succeeding generations.

I also demand the ability to work, and to work pleasantly and uncomplainingly. It takes endless work to produce a big Motion Picture. Unless the stars are willing to be human and get right into the work, instead of hanging back and acting like superior beings, we cannot produce a really good play.

There is also endless detail. Let me illustrate by the concrete example of "The Birth of a Nation." First comes the scenario or written outline of the plot. In this case there was a previous stage-play. If we are wise, we forget as much as we can, for the Motion Picture is a novelizing or story-telling form, not strictly a stage-form; it is epic rather than dramatic; much of the work is of the great outdoors. We have a period of history to cover, the scenes of a wide territory to revivify. Therefore, we must

(Continued on page 68)

# The Garden

By JOHN

From the immortal novel of ROBERT



THOMAS SANTSCHI AS BORIS ANDROVSKY

No one but God and I know what is in my heart.—*Desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt.*

DOMINI, after the death of her father, left England with only her maid as companion. Her destination was Beni Mora, which she had never seen. She chose it because she liked its name; because she saw on the map that it was an oasis in the Sahara Desert; because she knew it was small, quiet, face to face with an immensity of which she had often dreamed. Idly she fancied that perhaps, in the sunny solitude of Beni Mora, she might learn to understand herself. How? She did not know. She did not seek to know. Here was a vague pilgrimage, as many pilgrimages are in this world—the journey of the searcher who knew not what she sought!

The man's face, as they arrived by train at Beni Mora, was illuminated by the setting sun. The faint lines near his mouth looked deep, and suggested most powerfully the dreariness, the harshness of long-continued suffering. For a minute the man's eyes held hers, and she thought she saw in them unfathomable depths of misery. And she thought of the outer darkness spoken of in the Bible.

Count Anteoni and Domini Enfiliden approached the edge of his brilliant garden. From its edge stretched the desert of Sahara, as eternity stretches from the edge of time. An Arab passed

on the path below them. He was singing to himself, in a low, inward voice.

"Do you know what he is singing?" the Count asked. Domini shook her head. She was straining her ears to hear the melody as long as possible.

"It is the desert song of the freed negroes of Touggourt—'No one but God and I know what is in my heart.'"

In the Street of the Dancers, Domini again met the stranger, who escorted her to her hotel. He was going away, but she stopped him. "My name is Domini Enfiliden," she said in English.

"My name is Boris—Boris Androvsky," he replied. There was a sound in his voice as if he were insisting, like a man making an assertion not readily to be believed.

As the days passed, Boris and Domini became friends. The mysticism of the desert came upon them and the marvel of its silence, and they seemed to be set there in a wonderful dream. . . .

Domini met Boris Androvsky's eyes. He was getting up to leave the dining-room of the hotel. His movement caught her away from things visionary, but not from worldly things. She still looked on herself moving amid these events in an oasis at which her world would laugh or wonder.

"Tomorrow I am leaving Beni Mora," said Boris Androvsky.

"Tomorrow?" she said.

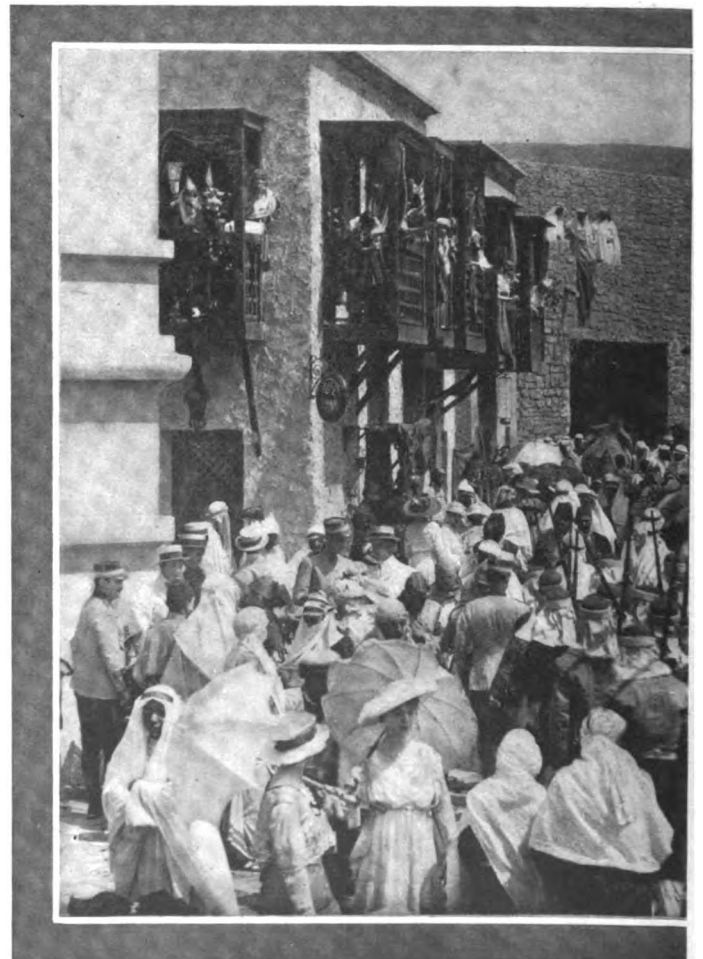
She did not see the desert beyond, or the moon. Tho she was looking at Boris Androvsky, she no longer perceived him. At the sound of his words it seemed to her as tho all things she had ever known had foundered.

The next day, in the Count's garden, there came realization to Domini that she loved Androvsky. Everything in her loved him; all that she had been, all that she was, all that she could ever be, loved him; that which was physical in her, that which was spiritual, the brain and heart, the soul, body and flame burning within it—all that made her the wonder that is woman—loved him. She was

love for Androvsky. It seemed to her that she was nothing else, had never been anything else. There was no room in her for anything but love of Androvsky. Besides the truth of love within her, there was one other thing in the world that was true. Androvsky was going away. She was stunned by the thought.

Presently there came a step upon the sand of the garden-walks. It was Androvsky. In his eyes there was a fixed expression of ferocious grief that seemed mingled with ferocious anger, as if he were suffering from some dreadful misery, and cursed himself because he suffered. Such an expression may sometimes be seen in the eyes of those who are resisting a great temptation. His eyes saw Domini; his figure straightened. "I came to say good-by," he faltered. He caught hold of her left hand awkwardly, but held it strongly with his, close to his side, and went on speaking.

"Nobody is happy alone; nothing is—men and women, children, animals." A bird flew across the shadowy space under the trees, followed by another bird; he pointed to them; they disappeared. "The birds, too, they must have companionship. Everything wants a companion. But



THE RESTLESS STREETS OF BENI

(Forty-two)



# of Allah (Selig)

OLDEN

HICHENS (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

then—you will stay here alone in the desert?"

"What else can I do?" Domini said.

In the distance of the garden rose the twitter of a flute. Little notes of African love, of love in the desert, where the sun is everlasting and the passion of man is as hot and direct as the sun.

Then Androvsky put his hands on Domini's shoulders. Then he sank down on the sand, letting his hands slip down over her breast and along her whole body till they clasped themselves around her knees. He pressed his face into her dress against her knees.

"I love you," he said. "I love you—but don't listen to me—you mustn't hear it—you mustn't. But I must say it. I love you—I love you."

She heard him sobbing against her knees; she put her hands against his temples.

"I am listening," she said. "I must hear it."

He looked up, rose to his feet, put his hands behind her shoulders, held her, and set his lips on hers, pressing his whole body against hers.

"Hear it," he said, muttering against her lips. "Hear it. I love you."

Dawn came, struggling like an exhausted pilgrim thru the windy dark. It slowly lit up Beni Mora with a feeble light that flickered in a cloud of whirling sand, revealing the desolation of the almost featureless void.

The sand swept along the narrow streets, eddying at the corners, beating upon palm-wood doors, behind which the painted dancing-girls were cowering; battering upon the all-white tower, on whose summit Domini had first spoken with Androvsky; raging thru the alleys of Count Anteoni's garden.

Father Roubier married Androvsky and Domini Enfiliden in the little church, while the wind howled and the sand stormed without. Then she was in the palanquin, with Androvsky close beside her. The camel began to get up.

As it did so, from the shrouded group of desert men one started

forward to the palanquin, throwing off his burnous and gesticulating with thin, naked arms. It was a native sand-diviner. He shook his hands above his head toward the desert, still staring at Domini with his fanatical eyes. The wind shrieked; the sand-grains whirled in spirals about his body; the camel began to move away from the church slowly toward the desert.

Night had fallen over the desert. A clear, purple night, starry, but without a moon. The members of the caravan, presided over by Batouch, were celebrating the wedding-night of their master and mistress. A contralto voice came to Domini and Androvsky:

No one but God and I  
Know what is in my heart.

"But is it true? Can it be true for us tonight?" Domini whispered. Together they entered the tent. When Androvsky had fastened the tent door, he turned around and saw her kneeling. He stood quite still, as if petrified, staring at her. Then, as the flame, now sheltered from the wind, burned steadily, he saw the crucifix. With a look of fierce and concentrated resolution on

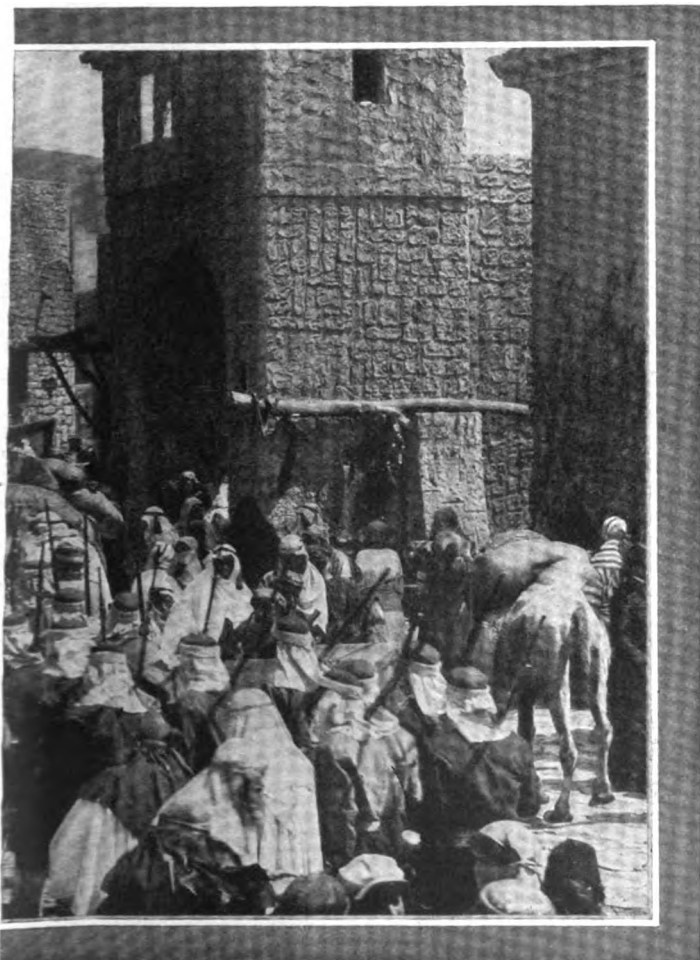


HELEN WARE AS DOMINI

his face, he went swiftly to the crucifix and pulled it from the canvas roughly. He held it in his hand for an instant, then moved to the tent door and stooped to unfasten the cords that held it to the pegs, evidently with the intention of throwing the crucifix into the night. But he did not unfasten the cords. Something, some sudden change of feeling, some secret and powerful reluctance, checked him. He thrust the crucifix into his pocket. Then, returning to where Domini was kneeling, he put his arms around her and drew her to her feet. She did not resist him. Still holding her in his arms, he blew out the lamp.

When Androvsky rode in from a hunting trip, he was met by Domini, who informed him that Monsieur de Trevignac and several of his French Zouaves were to be dinner guests, that they had come upon the camp in the desert. It seemed to De Trevignac that he had seen, perhaps known, Androvsky, at some time in his life. He searched his memory. When Domini, who had left the tent for a moment, returned, she found Androvsky sitting alone. De Trevignac had left it suddenly, mysteriously.

In the morning Domini arose to see De Trevignac and his men continue their journey. De Trevignac's face, burned scarlet by the sun, had a look of exhaustion on it, but also another look—of horror. She thought as if in his soul



MORA ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT

(Forty-three)



he was recoiling from her. "Good-by," he said at last, coldly. It seemed to her that he was going to say something of tremendous importance to her. His lips opened to speak; but he only looked toward the tent in which Androvsky was sleeping, and then at her. Then De Trevignac, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, leaned from the saddle and made over Domini the sign of the cross. Then, without another word or look, he rode away to the north, following his men.

That afternoon, as the sun glowered over the desert, which fell away from them on all sides like the immensity of the sea, Domini and Boris sat close together, yet a distance like the desert's breadth had come between them. Boris shivered. He took his hand forcibly from Domini's. His voice failed. He bent forward and took Domini's face between his hands.

Androvsky looked profoundly agitated. His hands dropped down.

"I must go," he said. "I must go to the priest."

"When you come back," she said, "I shall be waiting for you, Boris."

He looked at her. There was in her eyes a piercing wistfulness. He opened his lips. At that moment Domini felt that he was on the point of telling her all he knew. But the look faded; the lips closed. He took her in his arms and kist her almost desperately.

"No, no," she said; "I'll keep your love—I'll keep it." She looked at him thru her tears. "Boris, if you love me, you must trust me; you must give me your sorrow."

The night drew on. Boris had started off rapidly on foot towards the desert's rim, where the priest lived. Domini was alone for hours, sitting before the tent, waiting for his return.

Suddenly she was conscious of a sensation of unusual weariness, uneasiness, even dread, then, again, of an intensity

of life that startled her. She looked out over the sands and saw a moving blot upon them coming slowly towards her—very slowly.

As the blackness upon the sand drew nearer, she saw that it was a man walking heavily. The man had her husband's gait. When she saw that she turned. Her sense of shyness died when she was at the tent door. After what seemed a long time, she saw Androvsky coming across the sand. He was walking very slowly, out, with

spirit was beyond domination. He would do what he meant to do regardless of her—of any one.

"What is it, Boris?" she whispered. "Tell me. Perhaps I can understand best because I love best."

He put his arms round her and kist her, as a man kisses the woman he loves when he knows it may be for the last time, long and hard, with a desperation of love that feels frustrated by the very lips it is touching. At last he took his lips from hers.

"Domini," he said, and his voice was steady and clear, almost hard, "you want

to know what it is that makes me unhappy even in our love—desperately unhappy. It is this. I believe in God, I love God, and I have insulted Him. I have tried to forget God, to deny Him, to put human love higher than love for Him. But always I am haunted by the thought of God, and that thought makes me despair. Once, when I was young, I gave myself to God solemnly. I have broken the vows I made. I have—I have—"

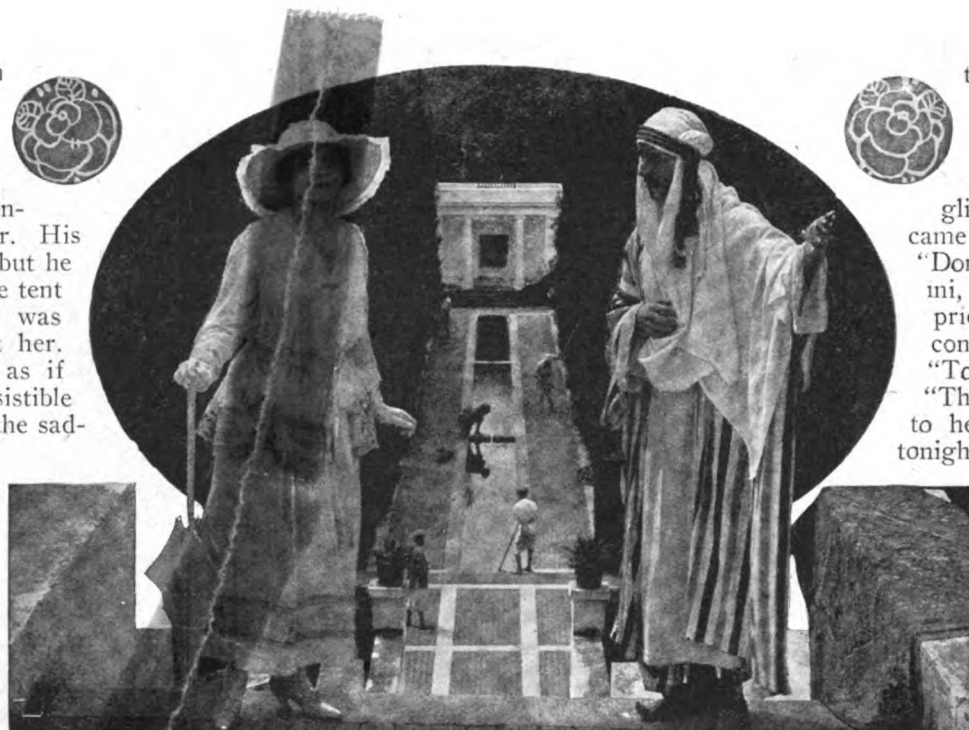
The hardness went out of his voice. He broke down for a moment and was silent.

"You gave yourself to God?" she

said. "How?" He tried to meet her questioning eyes, but could not.

"I—I gave myself to God as a monk,"

(Forty-four)



DOMINI VISITS THE RECLUSE AND AESTHETE, COUNT ANTEONI

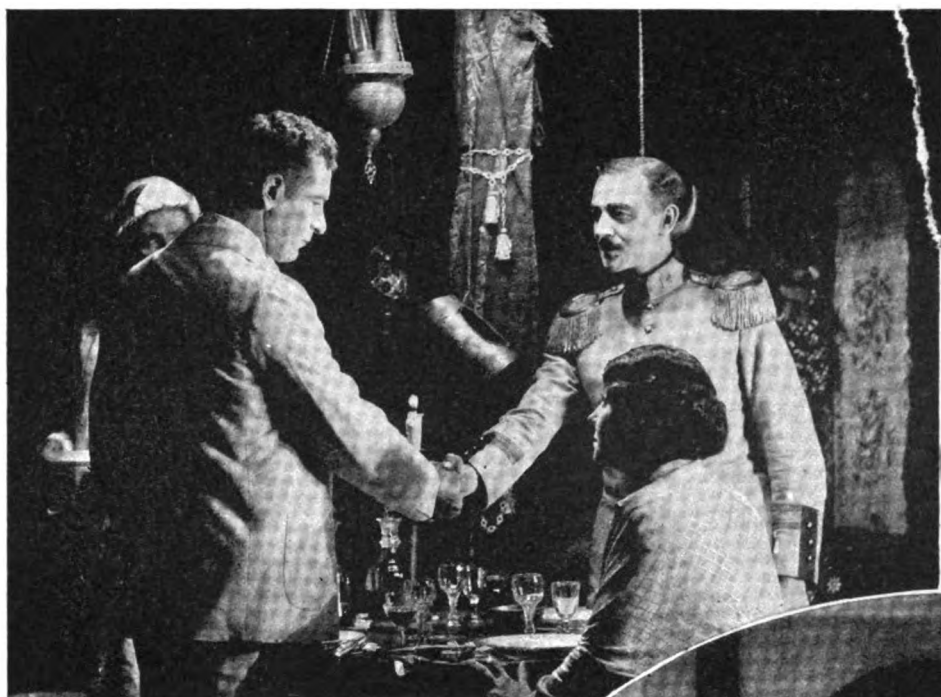


THE DESERT—THE GARDEN OF

ALLAH—HAS ITS PASSIONS, TOO

his head. Then he gazed at her.

drooping. stopped and The moon—she



BORIS MEETS DE TREVIGNAC  
—AFTER MANY YEARS

he answered after a pause. As he spoke, Domini saw before her, in the moonlight, De Trevignac. He cast a glance of horror at the tent, bent over her, made the sign of the cross, and vanished. In his place stood Father Roubier, his eyes shining, his hand upraised, warning



moved slowly in thru the doorway of the monastery.

THE FACE OF THE MONK HAD BURNED ITSELF INTO THE SOLDIER'S MEMORY



her against Androvsky. Then he, too, vanished, and she seemed to see Count Anteoni dressed as an Arab and muttering words of the Koran.

"Domini! Domini, did you hear me? Domini! Domini!" She felt his hands on her wrists.

"You are the Trappist," she said quietly, "of whom the priest told me. You are the monk from the Monastery of El Largani, who disappeared after twenty years."

"Yes," he said, "I am he."

"What made you tell me? What made you tell me?"

There was agony now in her voice.

"Give me your truth!" she said.

Then Boris spoke the words of revelation. He told Domini of how his mother

accompanied him to the monastery doors. He spoke of his happy spiritual life there; he alluded to De Trevignac, who had spoken with Boris in the monastery and who finally had recognized him there on the desert; he told of the stranger who had tempted him and of how he had finally left the monastery.

It was days later when Domini ordered the coachman to drive them to El Largani, the monastery. When the carriage stopped, Domini lifted her face from her hands. She saw before her a great door, which stood open. Above the door was written "Les Dames n' entrent pas ici" (Women enter not here).

Domini sat quite still. Androvsky got up from his seat and stepped heavily from the carriage. He leaned toward Domini and looked at her with tearless eyes. At last she leaned downward and touched his forehead with her lips. Then Androvsky

"Love watcheth and, sleeping, slumbereth not. When weary it is not tired. When weary—it is not tired." Domini's lips ceased to move. She could not speak any more. She could not even pray without words. Yet in that moment she did not feel alone.

In the garden of Count Anteoni, which has passed into other hands, a little boy may often be seen playing. Sometimes, when twilight is falling over the Sahara, his mother calls to him, to the white wall where she is sitting beneath a mimosa.

"Listen, Boris!" she whispers.

An Arab is passing below on the desert track, singing to himself as he goes:

No one but God and I  
Know what is in my heart.

When his voice has died away, the mother puts the little boy down. It is bed-time. But the mother stays alone by the wall till night falls on the desert.

She whispers the words to herself. Always, when night falls, she sees the form of a man praying who once fled from prayer in the desert; she sees a wanderer who has at last reached his home.



THE PARTING  
IN THE  
GARDEN OF ALLAH





# Why They Go

By ONE



ETHEL BARR

Her association with a line of stage gentle-folk has bred thrift

"Isn't Bernhardt's love for her art just wonderful!" an acquaintance exclaimed, the other day, while we were discussing the arrival of the "divine Sarah."

"Isn't Bernhardt the grasping thing—still after more American dollars to add to her millions?" another friend said, within the same week.

And both were wrong, in a way. Sarah didn't come over here, with her added years and artificial leg, because she loved her art so dearly that she couldn't bear to sit still during the sunset of her life. Neither did she make the dangerous and tiresome trip to add American dollars to her millions, for the simple reason that she has no millions.

In other words, Sarah Bernhardt is "broke." And she is proud. She has lavished millions upon others, in charity, in divers ways. She has spent freely all her days. And now she is actually in need.

Benefit?

Surely, even in the midst of all her troubles, Paris would give Sarah a benefit that would keep her in comfort all her days. So would the people here. In fact, some of her friends in America are secretly working for it, but Sarah must never know it, for she is too proud to allow such a thing—even to allow any financial aid.

"Why, oh, why, do actresses go broke? Why do so many suddenly turn and dive straight thru the bankruptcy court in self-defense?"

The question has often been asked. I think I know the chief reasons. I have been mingling with these stage-folk for more years than I will admit. A few save—just enough to make the exception that proves the rule. But most of them talk Spanish. When the matter of saving a nest-egg, or for a rainy day, comes up, they say, "Tomorrow."

Actresses lose their money, waste it, dribble it away, take risks with it, and just sort of naturally let go of it in some way or other, and I suppose they always will. Away back in the old days the prominent actresses were forever making fortunes and suddenly becoming poor. Sarah Siddons was

forced to lecture, scarcely a year after her retirement, and many critics abused her and called her miserly and grasping because they believed she already had a fortune. In truth, she was "broke."

There was that wonderful and mighty Jewish actress, Rachel, who was so poor that she raved over her poverty on her death-bed. And, coming nearer to our own generation, there was Mrs. D. P. Bowers, the ideal of the public during the late sixties. She retired with a fortune. But three years after her husband died she was financially ruined and went looking for an engagement to play old-woman characters.

More, many more, I could mention who have lost all, either thru the folly or the downright treachery of those whom they trusted with the savings of years of hard work and modest living. But the bankrupt lady is of a different type—she knows not modest living. She is of today, and this is a time of luxury, extravagance and display. She would rather have but two nickels to rub against each other in a gold mesh purse with a diamond clasp than own the seven one-hundred-dollar bills it cost and have to carry them in a leather wrist-bag.

All these financial losses are as easy to explain as they are impossible to justify. The thing that somewhat puzzles me is why do nearly all these bankrupt ladies



Photo by Sarony

BILLIE BURKE

\$5,000 spent on the costume creations of an episode is a mere nothing



Photo by Aped

EDITH STOREY

Good taste but not lavish display in dress—with a self-earned country place—is her distinction

belong to one wing, as it were, of the profession?

Read the list over—nearly all of them are of the singing, dancing, comedy-playing order of artists: May de Sousa, Fritzi Scheff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Marie Cahill, Mildred Holland, Truly Shattuck, Mrs. Willima Lemovne, Elita Proctor Otis, Rose Coghlan, Odette Valery. Possibly one or two of these may not have actually gone thru the bankruptcy court, but all were destitute.

(Forty-six)



# Into Bankruptcy

OF THEM

Miss Otis and Mrs. Leslie Carter represent the more serious line of work. Bulwer declared that, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail,'" but far more truly may it be said that in the accepted lexicon of the actress there is no such word as "retrenchment." She can't spell it, pronounce, define or apply it—hence the bankruptcy court.

But, to understand the woman who seems recklessly to throw her money away, one must know something of that woman's girlhood. You see, these handsome, generous, fetching comedy stars have not, as a general thing, sprung straight from the lap of luxury to a place in the back row of the chorus. They are far more likely to hail from a hall bedroom or the family flat.

Now, in a struggle to rise, there is no finer incentive than poverty, and it is the glory of these actresses that they never deny a former lowly station in life. It is in their very period of neediness that that veritable passion for clothes (over which the world wonders later on) is born. These pretty daughters of the poor, starting out in life, can count their assets on one hand, with fingers to spare, since they have only their graceful, healthy bodies, their pretty faces and their shrewdly clever wits.

Now, when a girl has beauty she longs to adorn it; she craves, she



FRANK DANIELS

The richest self-made actor in the studios



SARAH BERNHARDT

Her charities run into the millions—hence her seeming avarice to continue



SIDNEY DREW

Related to the first families of the stage, his tastes run to simplicity

hungers for delicate raiment, for God has made her

so. Nay, she suffers from, and is repelled by, cheap and tawdry things; so cramped and narrowed is she by her sordid life that for her all the beauty of the world is contained in luxurious raiment. She would stand unmoved before a glorious painting, saturated with sunlight, full of air, with wide, open, blowy places. No thrill of awed delight could come to her before the stern, high loveliness of carven stone, but her

(Forty-seven)

poor little soul will quiver with rapture over the graceful sweep of a splendid feather, and her heart will beat double time with joy at the mere touch of the soft, almost living warmth of fine furs.

If, then, beauty can only reach her thru the medium of clothes, think how precious a thing to her must be a gorgeous wardrobe!

Then, when such a girl—pretty, clever, poor—lands in the front row, third from the left of the line, it's a toss-up whether she remains right there till her round, smooth throat becomes lean and scraggy, or whether some chance, some jack-in-the-box trick, tosses her into the middle of the stage and a sudden, head-turning popularity.

It seems strange that these people, who so often reach success by luck, never remember that luck, like a good rule, works both ways—and never, never prepare for the inevitable change.

In her strange, new affluence, the girl who has made "a hit" develops needs amazingly. The cab habit is acquired in a week. In less time she knows the joy of walking on "the sweet, sunny side of Broadway," wearing a hundred-dollar hat. She who in the old days asked nothing better than a sliver of any old kind of soap for her bath in the family zinc-lined tub, can no longer use soap at all, but only almond meal; so delicate becomes the favorite's skin, that her hot, aromatic baths, or stimulating spice-baths, or cooling, fragrant rose-baths, are as necessary as they are expensive. It is "dead easy" to acquire habits of luxury, but try breaking them once! They are far more likely to "break" you.

Nor does she deny herself the joy of extravagant giving, for every actress is a bread-winner for some one besides herself.

Did you ever watch the flight of an arrow sent aimlessly into the air? It will describe a perfect arch, rushing upward and straightening itself out horizontally, and at the apex of the arch it will seem for the part of a second to be stationary. Then the point slips to the downward rush—the completed arc and obscurity for the arrow! 'Tis the life of most actresses.

It is just during those years of popularity and high pay, the years that correspond to the stationary arrow, that the public imagines its favorite star to be cutting a wide swath in safety-deposit circles, or at least putting aside many large, round "nest-eggs." But, instead of that, she is adding about forty per cent. to her expenses by taking a husband.

If he has brains enough, she turns him into a sort of gentleman courier, to purchase tickets, check luggage, and "jolly" newspaper men. Sometimes he is not up to more than running errands or training her dog, whom he will teach to sit up and beg almost as well as he can do it himself. And, when evil days come, her sole effort at economy consists in eliminating that husband from her list of expenses. She drops him overboard.

If it is folly to live right up to one's income, it is a sin to live beyond it. Most actresses commit this folly, nor will they take any hint—profit by any warning. There is always some old friend or relative to say, anxiously:

"You are putting by, aren't you, Nellie child? This is your harvest time—you are saving for the future?"

The answer never changes: "I shall begin to save next season, my dear."

Then follow the usual excuses: Her expenses have been so heavy this season, and she must go abroad this summer—an actress is so provincial who has never been in London or Paris. But next season—oh, yes, she means to own her own

home before she quits the business, and next season—

The "next" season will open only with the millennium. Then there comes to her that incredible thing—a bad season—and she searches the world for excuses. There have been great floods, or fires, or a panic in Wall Street, or it's a Presidential election that's on. Anything—anything rather than acknowledge the truth that the public wants a change—that the play is worn out.

Now, if she is a real star, playing on a percentage, she loses money heavily and rapidly; for just as money pours in when everything is right, just so it rushes away when everything is wrong. Reduced income, sustained expenses, land her on the verge of the quicksands of debt.

Will she draw in the purse-strings? Will she retrench, reduce expenses a bit, live more modestly, till a new play helps her to her feet again? She will not. She honestly believes in the power of show. She puts up what she calls "a good front," and goes into debt to do it. She believes that if she lets that French cat with her earrings, or that chit, Cissie Lozenge, with her peck of pearls, outshine, outdress her, she will be suspected of being in straits and that managers will look coldly on her.

There is to be a new play. Gambling on a chance, she borrows wildly—as, of course, the play will put her right with every one. The play fails, and she—she

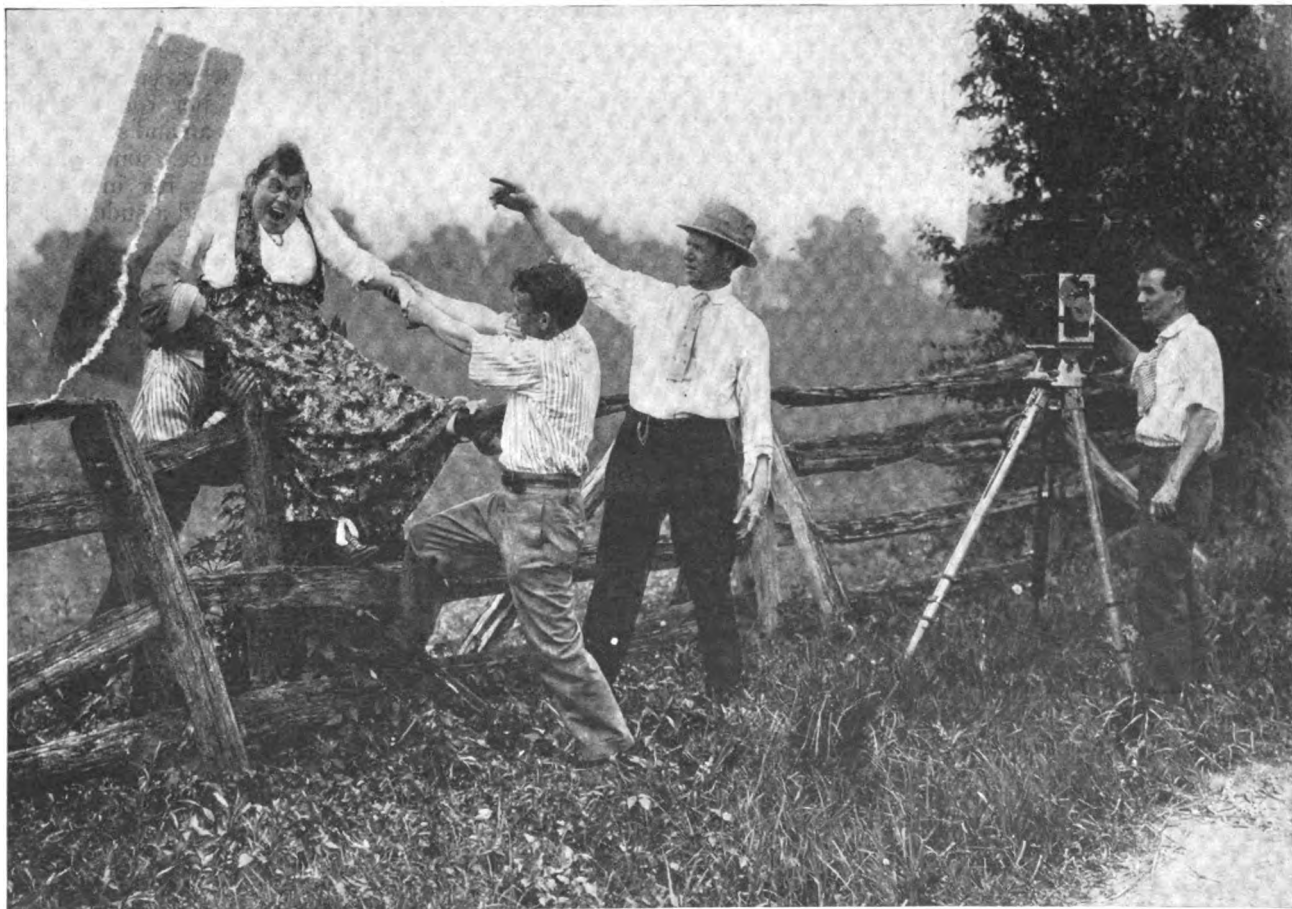
gaily chases into bankruptcy, sheds her debts as a snake sheds its skin, and comes forth resplendent—one of the best-dressed women in New York.

But there are those who feel that bankruptcy is a dainty, beautifully decorated net with which the devil himself takes captive the delicacy, the pride, the honor, and the sensibility of women, leaving them coldly indifferent to others' pain or need. I know one of these bankrupt ladies, and so twisted is her reasoning that she really feels herself rather noble when she publicly acknowledges obligations she never intended to discharge.

One may seek the bankruptcy court's relief once with good intentions, no doubt, but the woman who goes into bankruptcy two or three times would take pride in being called the greatest debt-dodger of her day.

At all events, bankruptcy pays better than acting does, and I would not be surprised to hear of a new Golden Rule being in use, reading: "Do unto others what you would not have others do unto you—borrow money of them." But, oh! the pity of it all; the strain; the sacrifice in honor of the great god, Dress, in whose beauty they bask, in whose power they believe.

Charlotte Cushman, Miss Lotta, Maggie Mitchell kept their savings, and they are the necessary exceptions to make the rule that all actresses lose their money—by the folly or treachery of others, or thru mad extravagance. And there you are.



"LITTLE" MARIE DRESSLER HAS JUST FORMED HER OWN COMPANY. SHE'S LOOKING FOR A "STRONG" DIRECTOR

(Forty-eight



MILDRED MANNING (VITAGRAPH)

## My Lady of the Great Outdoors

**D**ESPITE the misstep that she was born within sight of Broadway, Mildred Manning, pretty Vitagraph player, is a girl of nature. She spends the greater part of her leisure time under nature's own "Kleig"—riding, hunting, fishing, "Annette Kellermann" at Manhattan Beach. She is a splendid rifle-shot and drives her own machine with a verve and dash that keeps her friends anxiously watching the list of casualties in automobile accidents.

And where do you suppose this girl o' nature was discovered when D. W. Griffith gave her her first job in pictures?

(Forty-nine)

As one of the "merry-merry" in a Broadway musical show. She sang and danced her way thru the intricacies of "Little Nemo," "Over the River," "Dancing Around" and "Oh! Oh! Delphine." It was while she was playing in the latter that she caught and held the attention of Mr. Griffith, and so it came about that it was her very last stage engagement.

Under her brilliant director she blossomed forth in the Biograph studio, doing leads in such pictures as "The Charity Ball," "Poor Relations," "Concentration," "By Man's Law," and so on world without end. When the Vitagraph Com-

pany was assembling its cast in support of Sothorn in "An Enemy to the King," a high-and-low search was made for a pretty foil to Edith Storey's graceful "Princess." A piquant, pretty lady-in-waiting must positively be cast, and so Mildred Manning stepped up and at once filled the bill.

She has brown hair and eyes and the olive complexion that properly accompanies such coloring. She is five feet four in height, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and, as one can readily see from the accompanying pictures, is a distinctly personable young woman.



# Favorite Players in



EDNA MAYO



WE all have our favorite players and the favorite plays in which we have seen those players. Of course the player, too, has his own favorite rôle—that one which, for some particular reason, appealed more than any other rôle that he may have played in. Therefore this department. It will not attempt the newest rôles of the players—the trade publications do that much more thoroly than I could ever hope to do. It sometimes happens that a player's favorite rôle is one that he or she has played years ago. Sometimes it is a rôle that has not yet been shown the public. More often, tho, it is an old part.

One of the exceptions is Edna Mayo, whose favorite rôle is Eve in "The Return of Eve," recently released on the V. L. S. E. program. In this Miss Mayo

plays the part of a beautiful girl of nature, scantily clad in garments furnished by Mother Nature herself—skins of animals and wild flowers. On her feet are rudely constructed sandals. Miss Mayo's reason for preferring this rôle is that it is a part entirely different from anything she has ever played—it was made almost entirely in the beautiful dells of Wisconsin, and the character was a most lovable one. It called for strenuous emotion, charming little



BLANCHE  
SWEET  
IN A

EDITH STOREY

EDNA MAYO DOUBLE RÔLE

(Fifty)

# Favorite Rôles

By  
ROBERTA  
COURTLANDT



MARY PICKFORD



BLANCHE SWEET (ABOVE), HENRY WALTHALL (BELOW)

laugh-  
touches,  
and, in  
short,  
was an  
ideal

Edna  
Mayo part.

On the other  
hand, Earle Will-  
iams' preference is  
for a part played quite  
awhile ago—John Storm in "The Chris-  
tian." He prefers it because, as he  
expresses it, it gave him a chance to

comprehensively portray a noble nature;  
because the response to his rendition has  
never been equaled by anything in his  
career; and, last, because he may be said  
to have created the rôle in Motion  
Pictures.

Crane Wilbur names his rôle in  
"Wasted Years," a recent release, as his  
favorite rôle, for several reasons: First,  
he wrote the play himself, and, naturally,  
the character appealed to him; second,  
because he believes he has done the best  
dramatic work of his entire career, so far,  
in this rôle; and third, because his powers  
of make-up were brought into full play,

in depicting the old bum, who  
at the end of the Road of  
Life sees enacted again the  
story of his own misspent  
life in the semi-symbolic play  
of "Youth." One of the best, or  
rather one of the most pleasing  
scenes was the unconscious pathos of the  
scene in which the man finds the child  
whom he does not know to be his own—  
when the young spendthrift returns to  
his machine, left standing at the curb  
during his trip to the club, and finds there  
a little, golden-haired street-waif, asleep.  
His scene with her is a beautiful one,  
and, tho he never discovers that she  
is in reality his own child, Mr. Wilbur's  
handling of the scene was most pleasing.  
Another reason for his preference for  
this rôle was the unusual make-up which  
he employed as the old man and which  
was described in the MOTION PICTURE  
MAGAZINE, recently, under the title of  
"Triumphs in Make-Up."



Edith Storey's preference is for her rôle as the Egyptian princess in "Dust of Egypt." It isn't hard to understand this preference, remembering Miss Storey's wonderful success in it. Her characterization, one of the most difficult that has been shown on the screen for



CRANE  
WILBUR

months, was almost perfect. Her make-up was another unusual feature. Miss Storey's portrayal of this rôle has received the highest commendations from Egyptologists, who, as a usual thing, don't concern themselves with anything so terrifyingly modern as Motion Pictures, but who found, in "Dust of Egypt," a star who had really studied her part and fitted it out as nearly perfect as human mind may dare; so there isn't any wonder that this part holds a big share of Miss Storey's by no means fickle affections.

Henry Walthall's portrayal of Edgar Allan Poe, the ill-starred Southern poet, in "The Raven," was one of such depth and ideality that the picture is often referred to as "The Life of Poe," or similar titles. Mr. Walthall is a Southerner by birth and deeply interested in the work of this much admired and revered countryman. At the beginning of the picture, an old daguerreotype of Poe, taken shortly before his death, was shown, and, this fading out, Walthall's face looked out from the same frame. The resemblance was startling. And, no matter how many other plays the well-beloved "Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation" may play, he will always feel a fondness for the character of Poe. It was a most difficult part, owing to the fact that so many of the scenes depended upon the star alone. The emotion and dramatic intensity of Mr. Walthall will always make the play stand out, clean-cut

as a cameo, in the minds of the people who were lucky enough to see it.

Alice Hollister, for all her vampire work, and the fact that she is really the screen's first vampire, loves simple, innocent, girlish parts. One of her favorite parts is shown here—a still picture from "Maker o' Dreams." A slim, elfish bit of girlhood, dancing her way thru the woods, that are all she knows of the world, she is betrayed and goes to the city, where she falls lower and lower, until— But it was the first part of the picture that Miss Hollister liked so much. After so many vampire parts, she says that it was a posi-

the Japanese girl, and the tradition which clings about her, that made her an everlasting joy to me. She is the symbol of absolute faith and devotion and is one of the sweetest characters I know. It was a delight to interpret her for the camera."

Blanche Sweet likes her part—or should I say parts?—as the twin sisters in "The Secret Sin" better than anything else she has ever done. There was an excitement, a sort of contagious enthusiasm, according to Miss Sweet, about playing two such different characters at one time before the camera. The accompanying photograph gives an idea of the difference in the characters of the two girls. They don't even look alike. And you may be sure that Grace and Edith Martin, the rôles assumed, were entirely different girls in character, traits, man-

nerisms, disposition, mentality, and, in fact, everything else that goes to distinguish woman from her fellow creature in this world of likes and opposites.

'Tis said that Blanche Sweet was inspired to assume the difficulties of playing opposite to herself by the unfair

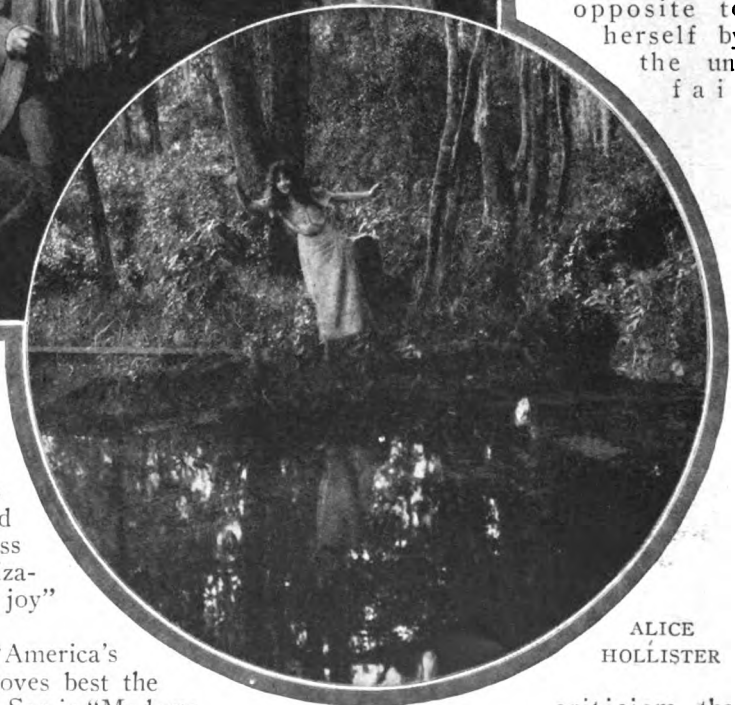


EARLE WILLIAMS

tive joy to play, even for so short a time, a girl who was simple and sweet and innocent. And Miss Hollister's characterization was a "positive joy" to picture fans.

Mary Pickford, "America's Little Sweetheart," loves best the character of Cho-Cho-San in "Madame Butterfly"—this in spite of the fact that a recent contest in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE proved that the majority of the fans liked her best in "Tess of the Storm Country." Hear Mary's reasons for preferring little Cho-Cho-San:

"Of all the rôles I have played on the screen, the most lovable has been Madame Butterfly. Tho I adored the broader characterizations, such as the Italian in 'Poor Little Peppina,' and the Dutch girl in 'Hulda from Holland,' there was an appeal about the romantic atmosphere of



ALICE  
HOLLISTER

criticism that "she played all her parts alike." The amazingly distinct characterizations she achieved in "The Secret Sin" put all her critics to rout and proved her to be an emotional actress of the first water.

The man in the middle is Frank Reicher, who was responsible for the direction of "The Secret Sin." It has been under the direction of Mr. Reicher that Miss Sweet has done some of her finest work since leaving D. W. Griffith's company.



# Big Moments from Popular Serials

A Pocket Edition of All the Current Instalment Dramas

From time to time the Motion Picture Classic will collect and publish lay-outs from all the leading serials. Some of these photographs will be in advance of the serials' release dates. We do this in deference to the enormous audience who follow their favorites week by week



Grace Darmond, as Leontine, is rescued by the unknown Ravengar, from the wreckage of a disastrous earthquake ("The Shielding Shadow," Episode 4)

Juliet Musidora, as Irma Vep, and H. Leubas, as Satanus, are about to kill Enrique Moreno with an electric gun ("The Vampires," Episode 6)



Charles Richman, as Phillip Barr, and Dorothy Kelley, as Madame Savatz ("The Secret Kingdom," Episode 2)



Jimmie Dale, wealthy society man, makes a club bet that he can commit a robbery and escape undetected. The morning after the robbery he is horrified to receive a letter, signed only with a grey seal, accusing him of the robbery and commanding him to take up a career of crime. Under threat of exposure, he is forced to obey, altho his entire energies are bent toward unearthing his unknown accuser. In this scene are shown the four principals of the "Jimmie Dale" series—E. K. Lincoln, as Jimmie Dale; Edna Hunter, as Marie La Salle; Paul Panzer, as Henri La Salle; and Doris Mitchell, as "The Woman in Black." This dramatic moment is a struggle to secure evidence involving life and freedom ("Jimmie Dale, Alias the Grey Seal," Episode 4)



Driven to action by the discovery of a bullet-marked skull in an abandoned house, the police cannot unravel the mystery. Tommy Grant, a police reporter, discovers that years ago the house was rented by a boarding-house keeper, Henri Theophile. Grant traces his daughter and gets a confession from her. It seems that Theophile had become infuriated because his daughter Babette (Ollie Kirkby) was about to marry Alphonse, a poor artist (T. Justin Dow). Theophile (William McKey) traced them to the artist's studio, and, after a thrilling scene, killed his daughter's lover ("Grant, Police Reporter," Episode 2)



Charlotte Walker, as Molly Pitcher, the Joan of Arc of the American Revolution, in "Sloth," the 4th Theme of "Seven Deadly Sins."

(Fifty-three)

Florence Martin (Marguerite Clayton), tired of her village home, elopes with Chester Randolph, city chap (Sydney Ainsworth). Randolph turns out to be a crook whose cruelty finally drives Florence to desert him. Her wedding-ring is "the burning band." She obtains a position as a secretary to a millionaire's wife, and falls in love with William Conklin, a wealthy youth (Edward Arnold). The newspapers report Randolph killed, and Florence weds Conklin. Then Randolph appears in her bedroom as a robber, discovers her marriage, and seeks blackmail. Florence fears to reveal her past to her husband, but finally, in an exciting scene, Randolph is shot to death by his crook "pal," and all ends well for the others. ("Is Marriage Sacred?" Theme 1—"The Burning Band")



Ralph Kellard, as Captain Payne, is accused of betraying his country. Pearl White resolves to clear him. ("Pearl of the Army," Episode 1)

# The Mona Lisa

By L. CASE

OLGA PETROVA



PETROVA IN ACTION

DIMLY I recall one of the fairy stories that delighted my childhood days—that of the little Princess, at whose christening twelve fairies attended, each of whom gave to the Princess her choicest gift: one bestowing surpassing beauty of face and form, another beauty of soul, another wealth, others showering great talent, charm, the sympathy that makes and holds friends, and so on, until the tiny babe had within her all the elements to insure a life which should attract as well as radiate happiness. Then came the bad fairy, who spoiled it all by a clause about a spindle, this latter resulting in the Princess getting into most grievous trouble.

Since I have been privileged to know the wonderful woman whose appearance under the Metro banner has been one of the greatest achievements yet encompassed by that organization, I have arrived at the conclusion that Madame Petrova is the reincarnation of my Princess of childhood days. Gifts have been lavishly bestowed upon her—alluring, physical beauty; histrionic ability; literary attainments along several lines; a keenly analytical mind; charm, augmented by that rarest of all possessions and the most uncommon—so-called “common” sense; the culture that comes from blood and breeding, enriched by intelligent travel; a beautifully modulated voice, made all the more attractive by a fascinating foreign inflection—all these and more have been heaped in the lap of this favorite of fortune; but, as in the early story, the bad fairy must have attended the christening. Just what the curse was I do not know, but I rather think she tried to spoil all the good fairies’ kindnesses by wishing the Princess might always be unhappy. Out of the great,

dark eyes seems always to gaze a troubled soul, and her sweetest smile has in it a wistful sadness.

Her first screen appearance—“My Madonna,” inspired by Robert Service’s poem—established Madame Petrova in many minds as the embodiment of the *tragedy of womanhood*, and her wistful smile reminds us of the inscrutable Mona Lisa. She has received scores of letters to “My Madonna of the Screen” and to “Our Lady of Troubles.” It is not Madame Petrova’s creed, however, to supinely accept the narrow confines allotted women. She is an ardent and intelligent advocate of the present-day trend toward an ever-widening field for the activities of her sex. The cobwebs of musty conventions cannot blind her clear vision. She thinks for herself—a rare accomplishment, by the way.

Unlike most beautiful women, she is not content to depend upon the gifts of



kindly nature, but believes it her duty to develop to the full all the talents which she possesses. Before she became the great artist who can sway millions, she had made an enviable name for herself as a writer of verse, articles and stories in the *London Tribune*. This literary ability she has lately applied to feature photoplays, “The Weaker Sex” and “The

(Fifty-four)

# of the Screen

RUSSELL

OLGA PETROVA



PETROVA AT HOME



"Orchid Lady" being two excellent stories from her pen, soon to be released.

Not content with keeping two directors busy, she takes three music lessons a week, and has entered into a contract with one of the largest manufacturers of phonographs to make records both of her original poems and her voice in song.

(Fifty-five)

Her many admirers the world over will now be enabled to hear, as well as see, their favorite screen artist. It was just outside the pale of the big studio scene in our forthcoming story of Corsica—for I have the honor of recently collaborating with the gifted Petrova—that she recited for me a little gem which I begged to be allowed to incorporate in this brief

chat. The sweet wistfulness of it quite shut out the harsh discordancies of the busy studio. Much of the charm is lost when you do not hear the music of her voice, but as this is one of the records recently made you may soon have that privilege:

## TO A MOTHER.

Mother, why do you weep?  
Because your birds grew too big for the nest?  
Because they left the soft down of your breast,

When they stretched their frail wings and flew to the west?

Mother, why do you mourn?  
When the sun rises lone o'er the tall pine trees  
And the wind sighs sad on the autumn leas,  
And the ringdove laments to the evening breeze?

Mother, why do you sigh?  
Remember, you, too, left the parent tree  
And flew with your mate far across the sea,  
Nor heard your mother's tears in that Land of To-Be.

Mother, why do you smile?  
Because your bird has flown back with a broken wing,  
And forgotten the songs that she used to sing,  
And you've anointed the wing and healed the sting?

Thru this you may glimpse the sentiment and tenderness which, true daughter of Britain that she is, she seldom displays. And that brings me to the question that is no doubt uppermost in your mind, as I find it the one most frequently asked by her admirers, "Is Madame Petrova a Russian?" No, she is not. She was born in Warsaw, her mother being Polish, and her father English. The name Petrova is that of her husband.

Educated in England and France, and having traveled all over Europe as well as India and Egypt, and being possessed of a retentive and well-trained mind, Madame Petrova is of invaluable assistance to her directors. There is not a people with whose manners and dress she is not familiar, and she gives freely of this knowledge in the production of her pictures. She is most particular about the minutest details, which accounts for her features having a most convincing



atmosphere. For instance, in one of my stories, "The Black Butterfly," soon to appear, Madame Petrova personally superintended every detail in the café scene, making a most realistic reproduction of a famous Parisian resort.

Before the silent drama claimed her, the gifted artist appeared in New York, in the old Folies Bergère, and later made a tremendous hit in "Panthea." Until the war made ocean travel hazardous, she has made an annual tour abroad, which she contemplates continuing as soon as feasible.

Among Madame Petrova's most pop-

ular plays are, "My Madonna," "The Heart of a Painted Woman," "Playing with Fire," and "The Eternal Question." "Extravagance" is the title of her latest release, with "The Orchid Lady," "The Weaker Sex," "The Black Butterfly," and the Corsican play, "To the Death," soon to follow.

From the thousands of letters received by the popular star, one would judge that patrons of the screen are automatically disproving what disparagers of the silent drama contend—that a real artist cannot be appreciated in the shadow play. To those who worship at the shrine of "Our

Madonna of the Films," let me bear assurance that their incense ascends to no unworthy idol, for added to unquestioned talent are beauty, rare mental attainments, and boundless capacity for work, which is, after all, the secret of any lasting and worth-while success.

And this, as a last little whisper aside, despite the tragic eyes and the wistful smile, your "Lady of Woes" has a keen appreciation of humor, a quick wit, and a merry laugh—that toast to good fellowship—that is almost enough to dispel my theory that the bad fairy attended the christening at all.

## What Happens in the Audience

By ANNE SCANNELL O'NEILL

WHILE the joys and sorrows, the love-affairs and the tragedies of screen-folk are flickering across the stage from Shadowland, it is often the case that just as joyful and sometimes just as tragic events are happening in the audience.

Another tribute to the world's sweetheart, Miss Mary Pickford, has recently found its way into print. A group of soldiers, on a brief respite from the vermin-infested trenches, visited the picture theater. The play was a love-story, featuring the little queen of the movies, and, of course, she won her way straight to the soldiers' starved hearts by her winsome grace. Tears came to them and heartache, as the story carried them back to the days when they, too, were privileged to laugh and love. After the play was over, they wrote a letter of appreciation to Mr. Adolph Zukor, expressing their admiration for the actress and asking for her picture to be placed in a niche of honor in the trenches. The first signature was that of Robert Lermusieux, brigadier of the Belgian Royal Guards, and contained the signatures of ninety-six of his comrades.

"It is the finest compliment I have ever received," said "Little Mary," as, with characteristic thoughtfulness, she selected the charming picture of herself taken with a pet kitten and sent it abroad in answer to the respectful request.

That screen lovers can sometimes interrupt the most important event of one's life was demonstrated not long ago when a young couple journeyed from Madison, Illinois, to St. Louis, Missouri, to be married without the knowledge of prankish friends. Tired with shopping, they put off their trip to the courthouse and dropped into a theater to rest a while. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne were the featured stars that held the young strangers enthralled until darkness had fallen over the city and the license-clerk and judge had long since departed

to their respective homes. However, a trip to East St. Louis found a kindly clerk and justice, and by nine-thirty that evening the young couple were man and wife.

Sad, indeed, is the story of the poor little Englishwoman who, after losing both her husband and eldest son in the war, was forced to see her only remaining son, George, leave for the front. Months before she had received official notice that George had been killed while bearing dispatches from one trench to another, but this day fate decreed that her cup should be drained to the dregs. Entering a picture theater to try to forget for a space, she saw some old war-scenes. One of these was of soldiers breaking camp for their start to the front. There, in the foreground, was George. A moment he worked busily, and then, evidently in answer to the request of a camera-man, he faced forward and saluted with an embarrassed laugh. Oh! that boyish laughter! How it brought him back! Surely he could not be dead! "He was just away." But the strain proved too much for the mother's overburdened heart, and they found her sitting there, dead, when the lights flared up.

It is an old story now about the miracle performed by Ham and Bud, of Kalem fame. A young British soldier was so badly gassed at Ypres that he was invalided home, supposedly deaf and dumb for life. When he was convalescent from his other injuries, a nurse accompanied him to a Motion Picture theater. A Kalem comedy was on the bill, and the funny antics of Ham and Bud so tickled the soldier that his laughter startled the house. When the confusion died away, it was found that he had recovered the use of his suspended senses. But the wonder grows that he owes this miracle to Ham and Bud! Boy, page Charlie Chaplin.

The *Moving Picture World* tells of a

letter received from the superintendent of the Nava Vidyalaya, Hyderabad, Sind, India, pointing out the unexpected result of showing Wild West and bandit pictures there. These have been the means of suggesting to Indian outlaws the value of the automobile as an aid in the commission of crime in making a quick escape. It is said that the bad men of the hot country are very quick to take advantage of any suggestion that they can glean from the pictures as to how *our* bad men ply their trade.

One cannot waste any sympathy on the young farmer who was swindled out of one hundred and sixty dollars by a supposed ranchman from whom he requested work. The man took him into a picture theater, where some ranch pictures were being shown, and declared that they were watching scenes on his own ranch. The young farmer eagerly accepted a position with the swindler and turned over his money to him for safe-keeping. In the darkness the man escaped with the money, and at last accounts the farmer was applying for a position on the police force.

A clue furnished by a picture in Massachusetts was followed across the continent by a forlorn little woman, who eventually appeared in a Los Angeles court and demanded the arrest of the husband who had deserted her. It was while sitting in a theater, watching scenes taken during the tournament in Pasadena, that she saw her husband standing in the throng. "I wouldn't have been so mad, judge," she sobbingly explained, "but there he was laughing away and having a good time, and here I have been breaking my heart for fear he was dead or something dreadful like that."

The novel contention that a film influenced a jury to convict four men who were charged with train robbery was made in the United States Court of Appeals by their attorney, recently, while

(Continued on page 67)

(Fifty-six)



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

### Close-Views and Inserts

Then there is the newspaper dramatic critic who serves out caustic comment about photoplays.

This man is ostensibly paid as an expert to report truth for the information and guidance of the public; instead we find him something of a dilettante lolling out opinion to the edification and misguidance of himself.

He dismisses the whole panorama of photodrama with a "But don't take them too seriously, for they are all a part of the silly-ass movies, you know."

I refuse to know any such thing.

In the first place, I'll warrant that nine-tenths of the intelligent readers of every newspaper in the world are more or less interested patrons of the photodrama and that fifty per cent. of them are photoplay "fans."

The province of a critic ought to be tolerant at least and encourage a new phase of artistic expression that largely patronizes the advertising columns of his paper, and he should pass over shortcomings in the knowledge that all beginnings are basically crude.

I'm afraid that some of our so-called critics are hide-bound. They refuse to accept the premise which we must all admit before we can enjoy the photodrama. It would seem that he visited the theater in a skeptical mood, and when "The Conquest of Canaan" was announced as the title of the current photoplay, he shook his head in sheer scorn. "'Conquest'? How absurd! I see only a series of photographs. I saw the stage-play, 'The Conquest of Canaan' and there was something that made me thrill!"

See how hide-bound this is! He refuses to accept the photodrama as a distinct drama by itself. How long will he continue to judge it by the standards of the stage?

And just where and how is stage drama more convincing, more appealing or more real than photodrama?

Let us assume that a person with a mature, intelligent mind should see a stage-play for the first time in his life—just as countless thousands of us have come to witness the photodrama in our middle-aged wisdom. Our imaginary-person's first impression of the stage-

(Fifty-seven)

# The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism,  
Timely Hints, Plot Construction  
and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

play would result in a mental revulsion against the theater's statement that this play is *Life!* Why, all that any one may see is a platform framed like an oversized picture and filled with obviously painted scenery. Amidst this artificial setting actors make their way and imitate some highly spiced fragment of Life. How preposterous! King Lear and Princess Cordelia indeed—why, they are none other than John Bunk and Lizette Hotair, a couple of half-starved actors!

Thus we may readily imagine the public's comments when stage drama was first presented.

Fiction is open to the same criticism that it is not Life but a printed page! And so is all Art—the marble statue, the painted picture, etc. Even the outward Man is but a counterfeit of Truth. How seldom do we really *know* what is going on within his soul and mind! Only under the stress of emotion do we ever truly find out. And there lies our whole problem in Fiction, in Drama, in Art—to portray Man in his moments of emotional Truth.

We sum it up in a few words: All Drama, Fiction, Art consists in an endeavor to express thru an outward and visible *symbol* some great inward and invisible Truth or spiritual struggle.

Art, therefore, is fundamentally pictorial and dramatic.

So then the printed page, the picture-frame stage and the animated photographs are all *symbols* by means of which we convey our dramatic message, story and play. We must grant that they are artificial—just as we accept the polite Man as artificial—but the soul of the Man or the Play must be Real in order to command our further serious and fair consideration.

Photoplays that are unreal merit scorn; but photodrama that is Truth deserves encouragement, praise and a place beside the fairest sister-arts of Fiction and stage Drama.

### Plotting the Photoplay

By plot material is not meant a Complete Plot, but any data, facts or fancies that are capable of interesting expansion, dramatic culmination, effective characterization or scenic picturization.

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If name of course you want is not in this list, write it below.

Plot material may consist of any fragment of dramatic action.

If ordinary material is employed it must be at white heat, or pathetically simple, or viewed amidst some extraordinary phase—be suggestive of more than the obvious.

Thus, thru plot selection, the commonplace becomes electrified when the trained plotter attaches his current of imagination to it. In fact, the highest art attainable in plotting is that which is capable of effectively utilizing the ordinary and the commonplace phenomena of life.

Plotting becomes easier in ratio as it deals with the extraordinary, but narration more difficult, because of the greater task of rendering the extraordinary material convincing.

### Screenings from Current Plays

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I have just seen one of my own plays screened. Again it has proved to be one of the sad hours of my life. Furthermore, I intend to lay the same heavy hand of the law upon its malefactions just as tho I had not been its parent.

Before we go further, I'll confess that I was responsible for the birth of this brain-child—its upbringing and debut, however, are in the main the result of its screen foster-parents.

Who else could be responsible in the course of picturizing your idea?

Well, it is a case not unlike our old alphabet: A stands for Author's Child; B bit it; C cut it; D directed it; E edited it—and so on to the end of the alphabet.

I can't swear that Mary Miles Minter did not delineate *my* character of Millicent in my play "A Dream or Two Ago." Actresses—big or little—are supposed to obey literally what their directors tell them to do.

Nor can I say for a certainty that James Kirkwood was responsible for Millicent's change of front. Directors are supposed to abide by the working scripts that are given them.

Now we come to the writer of the working script. I am inclined to suspect him—yet, writers of working scripts are supposed to incorporate suggestions offered by scenario editors.

My Millicent groped her way out of my imagination just as tho her former life had happened a dream or two ago. But Mary Miles Minter romped upon the screen a vixenish hoyden, referring to the delicate matter of her lost memory with a "Gee, I guess I'm gittin' nutty!"

No, this was surely not the girl of *my* dreams.

If I were to ask why *my* play was not scenarioized as contained in my synopsis, I would probably be told because it was too long to include in five reels. This was true in a measure. But there is such a thing as selecting essentials

(Fifty-eight)



from among non-essentials. For instance, I had not the honor of numbering an organ-grinder's monkey among my characters. I still consider the little beast a non-essential. Yet the Monk stole the "lead" in several scenes in which he appeared *alone*. See how we writers have honors thrust upon us.

In defense of having submitted a crowded synopsis, I will ask why several hundred feet were wasted on captions, dialog inserts and the like that were perfectly covered in the action itself?

In one place we find Millicent's father and mother bickering on the screen. The screen was not made for bickering. Nevertheless, we find these two characters conversing back and forth for not less than seven or eight times. Screen art consists in saying *once* in the mouth of one character all that is necessary, but implying possibly what in literature it takes many "he said's" and "she said's" to cover. Captions or dialog are a last resort in photodrama when we have exhausted our ingenuity in trying to express the same thought in action.

Thus we see that even the selling author has his troubles—troubles which are not always necessities. Time alone will not remedy them. Protest alone will root out abuses.

It was not thought necessary, for example, to be particular about the precise name of the author of "A Dream or Two Ago." The posters outside said it was taken from the story of "Albert Phillips," while the screen had it "Henry A. Phillips," but my real trade-mark is

Yours faithfully,  
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

#### Lessonettes

There is no other way of setting down your ideas, expressing your thoughts and telling others what you mean, than the grammatical way.

Hence, we may examine briefly the specific photo-power of our nine parts of speech:

EXAMPLE: (1) *Noun*, tells us what or whom you are talking about; have no more nouns than you want objects, and no object that is not clearly visible; (2) *Pronoun*, use the Noun in preference if its repetition permits; (3) *Verb*, the action word; the dynamo of emotion and the most important word in playwriting; (4) *Adverb*, the word of color, fine subtlety, charm and pathos; (5) *Adjective*, the quality word that visualizes the image and without which there is no description; (6) *Preposition*, the word of passing, the bridge; pause at it and you will have suspense; (7) *Conjunction*, joins qualities, objects and groups and may connect words and short statements or break long ones; (8) *Article*, is insignificant unless it singles out objects; (9) *Interjection*, represents the less artful way of expressing emotion.

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.

(Fifty-nine)

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Looking for a position. The stakes are too big. Be sure you are right—then go ahead. Directors are constantly looking for Types. You may be the one to have the personality, the ability to make good. I am offering for a short time—to readers of this magazine—"Motion Picture Acting" for only fifty cents a copy. Enclose either stamps or money in an envelope with your name and address. My book will be promptly mailed and your money promptly returned if you are not satisfied. I guarantee this to you and to "Motion Picture Classic."

H. E. GRIFFIN, Dept. B, 353 E. 55th Place, Chicago, Ill.

## Film Fables

The Fable of the Scenario That Sounded Well

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

ONCE a Gink who sold ribbons in a dry goods emporium was seized with a Tremendous Idea for a Scenario. As he smelled off the yards of ribbon for the ladies, he saw, in his mind's eye, the people falling all over themselves to get in and see his photoplay at the movie theaters; he heard the thunderous roars of applause, and envisioned the double-column spread that the newspaper critics would hand it.

For sixteen nights (consecutive nights, at that) he consumed the midnight gas, tearing off his masterpiece. When he had perpetrated the last page, he sat back and read with satisfaction, rumpling his hair just like a real author. It was most beautiful—he admitted so, himself.

It opened with a description of the breezes singing in the tree-tops, of birds caroling on the branches, of horses neighing and of cows lowing. The little brook gurgled over the stones, the motorboats chugged by. Horses' hoofs were heard in the distance, also the splash of the oars of an approaching rowboat and the whip-poor-will in the woods. And so on, at great length.

Having gotten all this out of his system at one fell blow, he picked out a company on which to inflict his offering, and mailed it, breaking his last jitney for postage.

The next day he overslept, arrived at the store late, and was reproved by the Grouchy Boss. Haughtily he resigned on the spot, and, going home, sat down to await the large and juicy check that would be forthcoming.

Several days passed, and anon several more, as the novelists are wont to chirp.

Then our hero received a bulky envelope in the mail. Surprised, and wondering if they had sent more than one check, he tore the thing open and beheld his scenario, sent back to father! Coming out of his coma, he read the brutal and unfeeling editor's comment:

"Your script *sounds* very good, but unfortunately, the Motion Picture camera is unable to portray noises. The only sound we can put in pictures is the Long Island Sound. We advise you to turn this into a book, or an orchestration, and bestow it upon some worthy institute."

Firmly grasping his superlative script in his little hands, our amateur scribe tore it from stem to stern. Next morning, at seven-thirty o'clock, he was endeavoring to grab his old job again.

Moral: A job in the fist is worth two (or more) tremendous ideas in the mail.

### What Remained

The movie censors had registered their complaints and gave a sigh of relief. They felt the thrills which come with thoughts of work well done. "Now," they said to the director, "let us see what remains."

The operator was ordered to proceed. The censors settled back in their seats to enjoy the production. There was a click, a flash of a desert scene—that was all!

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopedia in existence.

**MARIETTA.**—I liked your letter very much, but you don't ask any questions. Send a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will send you a list of the film manufacturers. You want a cover picture of May Allison?

**EVELYN T.**—Yes, I have read the novel, "Wild Olive," but I haven't seen Myrtle Stedman in it. Yes; Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley in "Grip of Evil." It is awfully sad, but paper is getting so scarce and dear that shoemakers will soon not be able to use it in our soles.

**ESTELLE, ALTOONA.**—Yes, it is true that Max Linder is now in America and is going to play for Essanay. Jewel Carmen has left Triangle and is playing for Fox.

**CHARLES F. H.**—Was glad to hear from you again. Yes, my beard keeps me warm in the winter, but I wish I had it on the top of my head.

**EDNA MAYO ADMIRER.**—Your votes were taken care of. You ask no questions, therefore I can tell you no lies.

**VIDA E., SUGAR LAND.**—Come, now; you don't mean that you want a description of Charlie Chaplin. Ask any two-year-old that Arthur Ashley was John in "The Revolt." Ivy Close was Nell in "That Pesky Parrot," but she is in England just now. Surely, I am always glad to hear from you.

**MARY JANE A.**—You can get in touch with those players in care of the studio. Alfred Vosburgh has joined Thomas Ince.

**MELVA.**—See above. I have a letter here awaiting you. So you would mourn your loss if you were a player and had to ruin some of the wonderful creations. Yes, it does seem a pity.

**PICKLES.**—I don't know how to advise you. I think you ought to take your father's advice. You were fortunate to have the position offered to you.

**JULIUS T.**—Frederick Warde to appear in "The Vicar of Wakefield," also "King Lear."

**IRENE.**—The sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" has been released. There will be four chapters, and the announcement of winners will appear in the film.

**BETTY C. ALISON.**—No, we have never printed the story "Mice and Men" (Famous Players), nor "Madam Butterfly." You have the wrong title on your third. House Peters and Beatriz Michelena in "Mignon." There are several "Impostors"—which do you mean? Norma Talmadge in "Battle Cry of Peace" opposite Charles Richman. Thomas Holding opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City." Harold Lockwood in "Wildflower." Charles Waldron in "Mice and Men." See that you keep your promise.

**JACK J. P.**—I don't understand this great demand for those new dimes—you can't buy anything for a dime nowadays, anyway. You refer to Jewel Carmen. You're right about the election.

**MARION T. B.**—That's right, Louise Lovely's name is, or was, Louise Carbasse. Since with Universal it has been changed.

**WILBANKS E., TULSA.**—Charlie Chaplin's latest is "The Rink." Billie Garwood will play opposite Enid Bennett for Triangle. The threatened railroad strike that the President drove away seems to have a return ticket.

**CATHERINE OF ARAQON.**—I am sorry you don't care for Mary Miles Minter. You are

right about Theda Bara. Yes, indeed, let me hear from you again. Here are twenty Pickford photoplays which I suggest for re-bookings: "In the Bishop's Carriage"; "Caprice"; "Hearts Adrift"; "A Good Little Devil"; "Tess of the Storm Country"; "The Eagle's Mate"; "Such a Little Queen"; "Behind the Scenes"; "Cinderella"; "Mistress Nell"; "Fanchon the Cricket"; "Dawn of a Tomorrow"; "Little Pal"; "Rags"; "Esmeralda"; "The Girl of Yesterday"; "Madam Butterfly"; "The Foundling"; "Poor Little Peppina"; "The Eternal Grind"; "Hulda from Holland."

**POOR PET.**—William Farnum and Bessie Eyton in "The Spoilers." Potatoes are selling for less in Berlin than they are in Brooklyn.

**CHIEF, MIAMI.**—We very often have photos of Olga Petrova. Just write to Metro. With the way paved by the "divine Sarah," James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Henry E. Dixey, Lily Langtry, James O'Neill, Cecilia Loftus, John Barrymore and Cyril Scott followed in rapid succession, giving the movement of a great impetus against which those few who have already been named have stood firm. Frank McIntyre will play for Famous Players.

**KNOW-IT-ALL IN MOVIELAND.**—Thanks, but you must always sign your name. Yes, Bryan is trying to lead the Democratic donkey to water and make him drink. I doubt if he will succeed in his dry-cleaning process.

**BILLIE F.**—Thanks, Billie. And you want to come to New York. That's every country girl's ambition. "Achievement is a comparatively small matter, but the spirit in which things are done is the essence of the whole thing," and I agree.

**MARGARET MCE.**—We have forwarded your letter to Harry Myers. Look up his letter in the February Magazine in answer to the number of letters he has received since our publishing his article on "How to Get In."

**BERTHA E. W.**—Frank Elliott was with Lasky last. So you like George Walsh and want us to have an interview with him. I am intoxicated with your delicious flattery. Like wine, it goes to my head.

**PITTSBURGH BLUES.**—Come, cheer up. Life's too short. Yes, we had an interview with Douglas Fairbanks in the December 1916 issue, and a picture of him in the June 1916 issue. Yes, Page Peters is dead. Long "e" in Theda. That mustache of Stuart Holmes is the real thing—no make-believe. I know, too. Sorry, but I can't obtain that information.

**HARRIET.**—Bought popularity does not last long. June Caprice is a very young, new and equally pretty favorite. She was born in Boston, and is only 17 years old. The ability and beauty of Miss Caprice promise for her, I think, a dazzling future.

**HONEYPIE.**—No card for that old Biograph. Pretty old, you know. Dustin Farnum is with Imp. Pauline Starke was Columbine in "Puppets." Frank Losee was Uncle Josh in "Old Homestead." Denman Moley was Happy Jack. And you want a picture of True Boardman to appear soon.

**M. E. B.**—So you want Harold Lockwood to marry May Allison. I'll see if I can oblige you. Wallace Reid is still with Lasky. Yes, Marguerite Clayton in "The Prince of Graustark." Bobbie Vernon with Powers.

(Sixty)



**EDITH F.**—Here's a good one. Recently Marin Sais, the heroine of "The Girl from Frisco," received a broken nose when her horse, shying, threw back its head against her face. The bone has set perfectly, and her nose photographs better than ever: I mean Marin's, of course. The winner of "The Diamond from the Sky" series won't be known until the sequel is finished. Victor Moore in Klever Comedy (Paramount).

**JOSEPHINE P., St. Louis.**—Ethel Barrymore was born in Philadelphia August 15, 1879. Her beauty, accomplishments, and talents have made her a welcome guest in the most exclusive society, both in this country and abroad. Yes, there was an Edward Elkas who used to be with Vitaphone.

**ALICE E. B.**—Mme. Petrova is still playing for Metro. The Colosseum at Rome was started A.D. 80, and seated 90,000 persons. At its dedication by Titus, 5,000 wild beasts were killed and the celebration lasted nearly 100 days. Of course, Fox release comedies.

**LAURA T.**—Address Harry Hilliard in care of Fox. Send for a list of film manufacturers. Theda Bara in "The Darling of Paris."

**GLAD.**—No, May Allison did not play in "A Fool There Was." Well, the first report we printed was incorrect—false rumor—at least, that is what they say. Second, correct; ditto, the third. You have got Whittier himself beaten for wit.

**CHARLES H.**—A "set" is a studio stage-set usually made of painted canvas. In the early days sets were like theater back-sets and represented only one side of a room. Later on, with the invention of the panoramic camera, two sides were shown, and then three. I understand several sets have been built recently depicting all four walls of a room. William Farnum in "The Price of Silence."

**F. X. B. FAN.**—They are stage stars, and, therefore, I have no record of them. On Jan. 6, 1916, Mary Pickford signed her contract with Famous Players retaining interest in the Mary Pickford Corporation. You want a picture of Norma Talmadge. Thanks for your good wishes.

**RUTH E., PHILADELPHIA.**—A bushel basketful of thanks for your kind remembrance. As Publius Syrius says, "I am not your friend unless I share in your fortunes as well as your misfortunes." Yes, Nell Shipman in "God's Country and the Woman." Constance Talmadge in "Intolerance."

**JUANITA.**—No, we have never had a picture of Antonio Moreno in the Classic. Thanks for your most generous fee.

**ELSIE W.**—Yes, Artcraft is the name of the brand of film Mary Pickford is producing. When you feel blue like that always compare past woes with present happiness.

**MINNIE B.**—You want Warren Kerrigan and Louise Lovely to play opposite. Yes, do write again. There are fifteen episodes to "Secret Kingdom."

**AUDREY F.**—Well, well! You refer to Viola Dana in "The Flower of No Man's Land." Of course. I have a weakness for marshmallow fudge.

**TESSIE B.**—I seldom read stories, but I read yours. While it is very good indeed, I refer you to Shakespeare's maxim, "An honest tale spreads best when plainly told." Bessie Love was Mary in "The Aryan." Theda Bara was the vampire in "A Fool There Was."

**ELBERTA K.**—Victor Trevarre was Fantomas in "Fantomas." James Cooley was Eugene in "Immortal Flames." Maude Fealy was Ada. Yours are pretty old.

**GENEVIEVE.**—Don't forget that "hell is paved with big pretensions." So you liked the picture of Pearl White on the last Classic. Picture of Harry Hilliard in the February Magazine.

**MARION, PITTSBURGH.**—Ah, ha! I see that "A word to the wise is resented!"

**RETTA ROMAINE.**—So glad to hear from you again. What about Henri? He's a friend of mine. Yes, I am always glad to hear from Anthony, but he never came to see me.

(Sixty-one)



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**GAY LEE.**—"Is Francis Bushman any relation to Helen Dunbar?" What next, pray tell me? No. Yes, Frank Lanning. He was with Kalem. No, I have no correspondents from Africa. So you would like to go to Africa, would you? Yes, Mary Charleson in "The Country That God Forgot" (Selig), and also in "The Truant Song" (Essanay). She is with the latter now.

**GERTRUDE C.**—You forget that it is impossible for a national board to censor for any particular audience. Take that up with our Circulation Department.

**MILDRED E. K.**—Yes, surely we still have the piano and we have a dandy recreation room here. No, I have never had the pleasure of meeting Warren Kerrigan personally. Hope he comes in to see us when he comes East.

**LUCILLE, TURNBULL.**—Lottie Briscoe is not playing now. Yes, Mary Miles Minter has had a private tutor. So you are mad with me, are you? Well, friends, truly friends, can never long be foes, so you will soon get over it. Alma Hanlon is with Art Dramas.

**PLUSIE.**—Oh yes, Thomas Chatterton has a dark complexion and curly brown hair and brown eyes. He is a fine artist and is very athletic.

**SOUTHERN GIRL.**—No, I don't detect a resemblance between Virginia Pearson and Marguerite Clark. Victor Sutherland was Cliff in "The Sultana." But you must put your name at the top.

**WALTHAM ADMIRER.**—The birthstones are as follows: Jan., garnet; Feb., amethyst; March, bloodstone or jasper; April, diamond or sapphire; May, emerald or camellian; June, agate or chalcedony; July, ruby or onyx; Aug., sardonyx; Sept., chrysolite; Oct., opal or beryl; Nov., topaz; Dec., turquoise. Anna Leigh was the sister of Col. Whiting in "The Sting of Victory."

**SCRANTON, 17.**—Yes, William Hart has played on the stage. Dorothy Kelly is playing at Vitagraphville yet. The Bastille was not built prior to 1370, and was destroyed by the mob in 1789.

**MELVA.**—Creighton Hale is supposed not to be married. Irene Fenwick signed with Famous Players on Oct. 11, 1916.

**BRUNETTA, 17.**—Robert Vaughn was the doctor in "Still Waters." Now you think

Anna Nilsson and Marin Sais resemble each other. Next couple, please. They are joined together afterwards. You're welcome.

**NORA, PONCE.**—Lillian Tucker is still with Pathé. Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia. She was starred on Broadway. That was an old Pathé with Andrew Arbuckle.

**W. M. L. RADIO.**—Yes, she is divorced. A divorcee is a female fugitive from injustice. No to your P. S. Just where Abbeokuta and Yoruba are I don't know, and I haven't time to scour a geography just now.

**LILLAS ST. CLAIR.**—So glad to hear from you again. June Daye is no longer with Lubin; sorry I can't help you. Nigel Barrie was Bert in "Play Ball." Charles Bartlett is with Universal and Robert Grey is with Universal. M. Maurice was the dancing-master in "The Quest of Life." Donald Hall was Barnett in "Hesper of the Mountains." Elliott Dexter was Gordon in "Public Opinion." Claire Anderson in "Jerry and the Blackhanders." Richard Sterling in "Ramona." Let me hear from you again.

**BESSIE J.**—Gene Gauntier was in Europe last. Marlon Leonard is not playing now. Gertrude Robinson was with Gaumont some time ago. Muriel Ostriche was with Equitable last. Your letter was a gem; write again.

**OTROE F.**—Harry Myers at Jacksonville, Fla. Many players put their salaries to work by engaging in business ventures. Cleo Ridgely has a poultry farm and sells eggs and chickens to the Lasky studio; Monroe Salisbury has a successful fruit-farm with a ranch near Mt. Baldy, Cal.; Tom Chatterton has a large stock and grain ranch in northern California, and William Conklin, Balboa, runs an automobile agency in Long Beach, Cal.

**AMELIA.**—Last photo of True Boardman was in November, 1914. Ethel Teare opposite Ham and Bud. Thanks for the interesting news.

**ALOHA.**—Thanks for your very kind fee. "Susie Snowflakes" was taken in Easton, Pa. That was Ann Pennington's first picture. She has been with Paramount since Jan. 22, 1916. She was born in Camden, N. J., and is twenty-four years old, 4 feet 10 inches high and weighs about 100 lbs. Give my regards to Hukahula.



SCENE FROM "THE HONOR SYSTEM" (FOX), A PRISON PROBLEM PHOTOPLAY

(Sixty-two)



Charlie Chaplin fans, lend an ear! 'Tis said that Japan boasts a "funny man" quite as funny, according to Japanese standards, as Charlie is to America and Americans. Can it be possible?

American announces that the contest for a suitable sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" has closed. The lucky winner of the ten-thousand-dollar check is Mrs. Helen O'Keefe, 3019 Eastwood Ave., Chicago. She says that the money will go to finish paying for her home and the education of her two small children.

Announcement is made that Mary Pickford's next picture will be in Eleanor Gates' stage-play, "The Poor Little Rich Girl." This is big news to her army of loyal picture fans.

Flora Finch announces that a company has just been formed, under the name of The Flora Finch Motion Picture Company, to produce comedies that are downright funny, with Miss Finch as leading woman and featured star.

Mary Miles Minter gave a Christmas-tree celebration to the little slum children with whom she became acquainted during the filming of "A Dream or Two Ago." A jolly time was had by all, for Mary as well as for her guests.

And now for some shiftings in the planetary system: Olive Stokes (Mrs. Tom Mix) from Selig to Horsley, to play leads opposite Crane Wilbur; Marie Walcamp from Universal to International, to play in "Patria" with Mrs. Vernon Castle; Mignon Anderson with Universal; Fay Tincher has left Triangle and is at present taking a short vacation before announcing her new plans.

Mary Fuller has returned to New York after an extended and much-needed vacation in the Virginia mountains. She is prettier than ever and in vigorous health. She will announce her plans early in the new year.

Lois Weber and her clever husband, Phillips Smalley, have left Universal and are now producing "on their own." Miss Weber says that now she will have an opportunity to do some really big things, such as she has always wanted to produce.

Leonore Ulrich begs for a part that is American. She says she is tired of wearing mantillas and woe-begone expressions of foreign innocence and unsophistication. Just one real, honest-to-goodness American-girl part, she begs. Scenario writers, take heed!

If you are inclined to star-gazing, it might be well to keep this list handy: Theda Bara will be seen next in "A Darling of Paris"; William Farnum in "The Price of Silence"; Mabel Taliaferro in "The Key to Possession"; Irene Fenwick and Owen Moore in "A Girl Like That."

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, having signed Mae Marsh, announces the following scenario staff: Avery Hopwood, Margaret Mayo, Bayard Veiller, Irvin S. Cobb and Rol Cooper Megrue. Truly, with a staff like that we may expect great things of Goldwyn!

Ruth Stonehouse has at last achieved her greatest ambition—to be a director. She is directing and playing the lead in her first "self-made" picture, "Red Dick, the Good-Hearted Gunman," from a script by her husband, Joseph Roach. Quite a family affair, eh, Ruth?

Lois Weber's last Universal play will be "Even as You and I," which features Mignon Anderson and Ben Wilson.

We are sorry to announce the dangerous illness of Earle Williams, popular Vitagraph star. He contracted cold; refused to stop

work and to nurse the cold, which, aggravated by exposure, finally confined him to his bed. He is doing fairly well, as this goes to press, and his many friends hope to see him back at the studio soon.

Anita Stewart is rapidly learning the dances of all nations. Strangely enough, in the last few months she has had plays in which national dances were necessary. So Anita is becoming, in spite of herself, a skilled exponent of the goddess Terpsichore.

A recent most satisfactory test of the efficiency of the fire-fighting staff of Essanay occurred when a fire breaking out in a small storehouse was controlled so successfully that the only loss was ten million feet of disused film.

Astronomical note: A shifting of the stars has been noted as follows: Anna Nilsson from Fox to Erbogroph; Agnes Eyre from Essanay to Powell, supporting Nance O'Neil; Matt and Mary Moore to Arcraft; Charles Arling from Keystone to Fox; ditto Hank Mann; Violet Reed to Metro; Carl Stockdale from Triangle to Lasky.

"Features may come and features may go, but serials run on forever." Here are just a few of the newest: Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Purple Mask"; Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria"; E. K. Lincoln in "Jimmie Dale, alias The Grey Seal"; Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "The Great Secret"; Earle Metcalfe in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters" (no, of course, Earle doesn't play the title part! The idea!); Mary Anderson in "Dangers of Doris." And so on, and on and on, like Tennyson's brook.

Little Billy Jacobs seems to have joined the shifting planets. Here he is, shifting again. This time it is from Lasky over to Selig, where he has an important part in "The Garden of Allah," opposite Helen Ware.

Victor Moore, Lasky's "Chimmie Fadden," is now in Jacksonville, Florida, producing Klever Komedies for Paramount.

Mabel Taliaferro recently gave another proof of her originality. She wanted to give a party, but she said it was too near Christmas to give a formal party, where people wore expensive gowns. So she called it a "Rag Party" and everybody came dressed in rags. Elsie Janis wore her "Cinderella" costume; Julian Eltinge was a pathetic figure as a girl of the slums, and the hostess herself was garbed in tatters. From all accounts, it was a most enjoyable party.

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, whom we loyal Americans know best as the husband of our own Southern authoress, Amelle Rives, has asked permission to paint Viola Dana as the Madonna. Pleased, Viola has bravely given up her Sundays to posing—only Motion Picture and theatrical people can appreciate such a brave sacrifice!

William Farnum recently played in a picture, in which he aided the children of America, as a Congressman. But now he has done so again, this time in real life. Assisted by members of the Fox company, he gave a benefit performance of "Virginilus"; the proceeds, among which were several generous checks, going to the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles.

Vitagraph has purchased the Motion Picture rights to the "Captain Barnacle" stories, and they will be done in pictures with Bobby Connelly and William Shea as the featured players.

Cleo Madison's first screen-offering, under the direction of the Cleo Madison Film Corporation, will be in a picturization of "Maid of Niagara."

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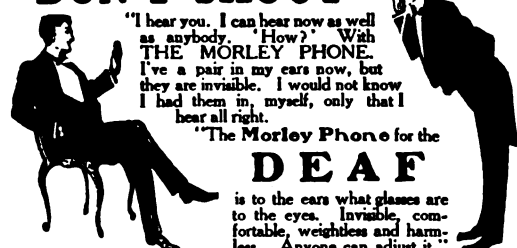
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Here's good news for admirers of Pauline Bush! She has returned to the screen and will be with you on January 13th, in "John Bates' Secret," supported by Murdock MacQuarrie.

Nell Shipman is making a tour of the Eastern theaters, at the request of various theater managers, who find her a huge drawing-card, in connection with "God's Country and the Woman."

If you watch closely, you will soon see your favorites in the following pictures: Sessue Hayakawa in "Each to His Own Kind"; Vivian Martin in "The Wax Model"; Lou-Tellegen in "The Black Wolf"; June Caprice in "A Modern Cinderella"; Virginia Pearson in "The Bitter Truth."

It is not generally known that Madame Olga Petrova is almost as talented a writer as an actress; she is the author of several books of poetry which have been distributed privately among her friends, as well as two recent scripts, "The Eternal Question," and, even more recently, "The Black Butterfly," which was written in collaboration with L. Case Russell. Madame Petrova has just joined Lasky and starts production in April.

Cleo Madison has a dog—that is, she says he is a dog, and her friends take her word for it—at any rate, there's a small bundle of fur in her dressing-room that barks at one end! So be careful—don't wipe your feet on the mat in her dressing-room—the mat might nip you.

William Sherwood, the Metro juvenile who made such a creditable showing in our recent Popular Player Contest, is quite a busy man these days. Daytimes, he works in pictures for Metro; evenings, he plays "Paul Lowell," a most lovable, juvenile leading rôle with the Bramhall Players, at one of New York's most unique playhouses.

If you are still interested in moving movie-folk, here are a few more roamings: Alan Hale from World to Fox; Willard Mack from Triangle to Famous Players; Helen Badgely, "The Thanhouser Kidlet," to Metro; Edna Flugrath from Edison and Vitagraph to Universal.

May Allison sends us this echo of Christmas: "In the afternoon, a party of girl friends and I went on a slum-tour, distribu-

ting some good things to eat among the people who could afford no holiday luxuries. In the evening, we had the regular Christmas dinner in Southern style at my house—and then the tree!" Quite some good time, eh, wot?

The Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation, at Jacksonville, Florida, are to make Motion Pictures in natural colors. They have engaged Niles Welch and Grace Darmond as stars for the new venture.

Albert Roccardi, one of the most lovable of Vitagraph's former character men, is in St. Mark's Hospital suffering from a severe attack of blood-poisoning. Two operations have been performed, and a third is threatened. The days are very long and lonely, filled with pain as they are, and Mr. Roccardi would be very glad to see any of his friends who care to call.

Marguerite Clark says that working in "Snow-White" was like taking a crowd of "kiddies" to the circus. The dwarfs who worked with her are all genuine midgets, and, this being their first picture work, they are like children over it. Needless to say, all of them fell in love with Miss Clark.

The prisoners at the U. S. Disciplinary Barracks, on Governor's Island, N. Y., have officially adopted Valentine Grant, the popular Famous Players star. She visits them every Sunday; carries five-reel feature films over to show them, and does everything possible to alleviate the monotony. They call her "Our Little Movie Mother."

"Christmas Week at Bushmanor" tells of a visit to a house-party given by Francis X. Bushman, for the Christmas week, at his country home, Bushmanor. It is a bona fide account of the man at home, and if you are a Bushman fan you'll enjoy it. Watch for it! Coming March number!

It is not generally known that Betty Howe, of International, and formerly of Vitagraph, is a descendant of that Elizabeth Howe who suffered martyrdom by being executed as a witch near Salem, Mass., on the 19th day of July, 1692. Accused by a half-witted girl, Elizabeth Howe, a model of piety and virtue, was executed, with Suzanne Martin and Sarah Wilde.



MARY MILES MINTER IN "DULCIE'S ADVENTURE" (MUTUAL)

(Sixty-four)



# "Donts" for Would-Be Playwrights

## Good Advice in Twenty-four Tabloids

By HENRY W. SAVAGE

THE spoken and the silent dramas are so close of kin that whatever good advice applies to the would-be playwright will also apply to the would-be scenario writer. The difference is mostly in technicalities, and nowadays the wise scenario editors will supply bushels and bushels of technicalities, if the author will only come across with the real goods in the way of a good, clean and interesting plot.

Would-be playwrights, for the most part, seem to think that the theatrical producer is a veritable pirate—that he plays favorites, borrows their plots, and otherwise hands them their hat instead of royalties.

But those who know understand that this is so far from the truth that it isn't worth discussing. Mr. Henry W. Savage, who has discovered a great many playwrights, and produced a great many plays from writers who were previously unheard of, is still searching for good writers. He never lets an opportunity slip past to go thru a manuscript, and he answers all letters with almost religious promptness and sincerity.

Not long ago he received and turned down the manuscript of a play that came pretty close to being a poor paraphrase of "The Pirates of Penzance." The author promptly wrote him a letter of rather bitter complaint. Instead of tossing the letter in the waste-basket with a sigh, Mr. Savage replied to his man, and gave him twenty-four "Donts" for playwrights. The disgruntled author was a fortunate man. He may not realize it, but if there's any merit in him he will make good by following Mr. Savage's advice. If it isn't in him, all the "Donts" and all the "Dos" in the world wont help him.

However, whether you have a secret longing to write the spoken drama or the silent sort, or both, these "Donts" will help you immensely.

Here are Mr. Savage's twenty-four "Donts":

"Dont write about smugglers, pirates, or bandits.

"Write a clean love story—the kind that, when you were a boy, made you curl up in a corner and continue reading while the folks went to dinner.

"Write something new, even if you never saw it on the stage before. It might go.

"Dont select as a subject any current news topic.

"Dont attempt to write about anything with which you are not familiar.

"Make your characters natural. To be so, they must do only what men and women do in real life, and not what the story-books say they do.

"Make your characters speak good English.

"Dont use stilted words.

"Dont say, 'I have found the papers with the old man's will secreted,' etc.

"Dont give the villain whiskers, nor make the hero clean-shaven. Try it the other way for a change.

"Dont make your hero a black sheep returning from Goldfield with the wealth of a Havemeyer; make him a smart chap disinherited for marrying a chorus-girl.

"Dont make the injured husband seize the heroine by the wrist and fling the lady from him with a curse on his lips.

"Dont preach. The public can secure free seats in a church.

"Dont forget the audience has imagination.

"Dont forget the public reads newspapers and has real human intelligence.

"Dont use soliloquies. Monologs are for vaudeville and minstrel shows.

"Dont put too much in your play.

"Dont have one scene on an island, another at Herald Square, and a third in Chicago.

"Dont begin the first act in a cheerless garret in the winter of 1866 and then jump to the summer of 1909. Those forty-three years contain enough material for a thousand good plays.

"Make the action of your play take place all in one day, if possible.

"Dont think all managers are vampires. Brains are a common article. A dozen people may have thought your thought before you thought it.

"Dont expect a manager to produce your play this season. 'The Merry Widow' was in my office nearly eighteen months.

"Dont submit your first manuscript until you have written a second one. Then go back and rewrite the first.

"Before submitting a manuscript, go out behind the barn and read it aloud; then ask yourself if you would pay for a seat in the first row to see it."

### STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity)

*Hippodrome.*—"The Big Show." A tremendous spectacle of dazzling scenery, music, ballet, dancing, skating, and fanciful acts that will offend nobody and delight everybody. A veritable circus, drama, opera and comedy combined, in which there are a hundred novelties and a thousand people.

*Harris.*—"Our Little Wife." A fairly good farce, with lots of laughs, but Margaret Illington is rather miscast.

*Playhouse.*—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

*Longacre.*—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

(Continued on page 69)

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# Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

Lloyd Ingraham, the Fine Arts director, once owned a nice Chandler car. He and Mrs. Ingraham were recently held up in Los Angeles, and the robbers added insult to injury when they took jewels and money and made the couple exchange their car for a badly used up Buick which in its turn had been stolen.

George Periolat has appeared in hundreds of photoplays. It is the American actor's boast that he has bought some article of apparel for every picture he has appeared in. His dressing-room is cluttered like a cleaner and dyer's establishment.

Antonio Moreno, Vitagraph artist, has joined the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He has taken to the West more ardently than has his acting partner, Edith Storey. Miss Storey longs for those Eastern friends of hers.

It rained four days and the newly formed Motion Picture Electric and Equipment Corporation did a land-office business with its self-generating truck and numerous studio lamps. Howard Hickman, president, and Henry Otto, vice-president, are smiling broadly and are considering just where and how to spend those dividends.

The little adopted daughter of J. P. McGowan and Mrs. McG. (Helen Holmes) will be one year old next month and no prouder mamma and papa could possibly be found. Both of them are wrapped up in the baby and a new manager of the McGowan home has come into being.

Ben Turpin, the Vogue comedian, has returned to work. His injured leg does not bother him any more. Every one is glad, for little Benny is a good-hearted, cheery chap.

No, Evalina; Charles Ray was not a chauffeur at any time. Charlie says emphatically that the only time he has chauffeured, or chauffeux, is when he is leaving the studio and his friends beg a ride home. They get it.

Mrs. Talmadge is here visiting daughters Constance and Natalie. Natalie keeps house and drives the car, while Constance draws down her big salary weekly. Norma is coming for a short stay to complete the family circle. Welcome, Mrs. S.!

Isidore Bernstein is preparing a fine studio for Cleo Madison, who will start producing for the newly formed Cleo Madison film concern in the new year. Bernie is wearing overalls at this time and is the busiest Issy in Los Angeles.

Did you know that Chester Conklin was an expert tennis player? He is, and, moreover, he is a bloated ranch-owner and lots of his earnings are going into farm machinery and what not.

William D. Taylor, director, late of the Morosco Company, has started producing for the Fox Company and has Dustin Farnum as his star. With "Dusty" and "Bill" Farnum on one lot, there is plenty of story-swapping; both are absorbing raconteurs.

William V. Mong, the Universal actor-director, made the hit of the evening with his sketch, "The Dyspeptic," when the annual "Movie Revue" was held at the Los Angeles Mason Opera House on behalf of the Hollywood Artillery Company. Mong gave them all a big surprise.

I was present at a pre-view of Clune's "Eyes of the World," and, believe me, it is a wonderful photoplay. It follows "Intolerance" at Clune's big Auditorium Theater and will hold 'em. Monroe Salisbury, Jack McDonald and pretty Jane Novak all stand out in a splendid cast.

Kathlyn Williams gave two fine performances in the features she appeared in with the Morosco Company, probably the best things outside of Cherry Melnotte she ever

did. She enjoyed the direction of William D. Taylor.

Met Grace Cunard the other day. She had a worried look. Asked the trouble, she replied, "My new car has arrived, and gee! I can't get it until tomorrow night!" Dear, oh dear, what a lot of troubles we do have to put up with!

Margarita Fischer knows every concession man and woman on the Fair lot at San Diego. In "The Butterfly Girl" she made use of a large number of them, and of course they all fell for this charming little lady. Her ready smile was enough to assure that.

Bessie Love made a lot of cute little things for Xmas presents in between scenes at the Fine Arts. She is generally singing as she works. Li'l Miss Love is a happy young person; it is always good to meet her.

Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster are both busy at Universal City. They have caught on there and have rented a pretty Hollywood bungalow. Miss Anderson is playing leads for Lois Weber, a good start for her.

## "Rich Man, Poor Man, Fireman, Tramp!"

Charlie, Like Dickens, Knows His Characters

WHEN a cowpuncher wants to show his regard for a former pal, he says, "Why, I kotched my fleas offen th' same blanket with that galoot!" Homely—vulgar, if you will have it so—but true to life, earthy, intimate, a rough man's term of endearment.

Charlie Chaplin, too, has walked the hard road—a Dickens road from the workhouse to printer's devil, from the buffets of a circus hand to "hitting the rails" as a tramp. He knows life because he has lived it, and his characters are his many-sided self.

Charlie's sense of humor, his happy-go-lucky spirit has conquered his frail beginnings; and, today, a rich man, his "The Tramp," "The Floorwalker," "The Fireman" are only the ghosts of early days coursing thru his veins.

Charlie is great because he has lain down under the blanket of adversity and has, with Robert Burns, drunk his sorrows and his joys from the common cup.

## What's in a Name?

By W. E. DOLAN

"Poker chips!" quizzed the desk sergeant. "I thought you were playing euchre?"

"Well," answered the raided one, "I—er—that is, we were using them as counters."

"Very likely, very likely," sneered the D. S. "What's your name?" he added, pen poised over the blotter. "What's the name?"

"My name?" parried the luckless gamester. Then, after a moment's deliberation: "It's—it's—why, Charlie Chaplin."

"All right, Charles," quickly responded the D. S.; turning to the arresting officer, "Francis X., put him in the cooler. Next!"

(Sixty-six)



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In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. **CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.**

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(Sixty-seven

## What Happens in the Audience

(Continued from page 56)

arguing for a new trial. The attorney contended that after the evidence was all in the jury was allowed to go to a local theater, where they witnessed a story depicting a thrilling train robbery in which one or two of the passengers were shot by the bandits. The attorney insisted that this picture influenced the jury to such extent that they could not return a fair verdict.

That a Motion Picture may often prove a tracer of lost persons is shown by the case of the young engineer whose wife left him after a youthfully tragic quarrel. For months he had searched for her in vain. He was living at a hotel, and he kept her picture on his dresser. Naturally, the maid became familiar with the features of the missing wife, and one day, when she happened into a Motion Picture theater, she thought she recognized one of the nurses on board a steamer leaving for the front with other American nurses and doctors. Returning home, she spoke of it to the engineer. He went to the theater and identified the nurse as his wife. Now he is on his way to France, determined that if she will not return to him she shall have the task of nursing a wounded soldier whom she once called husband.

In Corpus Christi, Texas, a traveling man happened into a theater between trains. This man had a secret sorrow in his life. Three years before, his motherless, stage-struck daughter had run away from home, and he had never been able to trace her. What was his delight to see her name flashed on the screen in the cast of one of the pictures and, when the scenes were shown, to recognize his young daughter playing a part in a California setting. He traced the film company that produced the picture and left at once for California to rejoin his child.

Among the German war novelties introduced at the front, the Moving Pictures play a prominent part. The men are shown pictures of the villages and towns they are supposed to capture on the morrow, and the hills, forests, ridges in the ground, the difficulties of the march, the existing trenches, and the best places to throw improvised bridges over streams. Incidentally, one cannot help but wonder what some of those soldiers are thinking, as they watch these pictures. Many of them know that they are gazing upon their probable burial place.

We will draw a veil over the countless loss of hearts when sweet sixteen sits in the audience and watches the dashing hero, or the picturesque villain, and make up their minds to write him about it when they reach home. It is all a part of living one's illusions, and surely this is a tribute justly earned by those conscientious actors and actresses who work so tirelessly for us. When they thus open, by their art, the gates to the Land of Eternal Youth, let us also enter, with a child's heart, and shut out, for a time, this sinful, war-racked world.

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## Truthful Tulliver

(Continued from page 29)

"You came back!" sobbed Daisy Burton. "You *did* love me, after all! And I was afraid—afraid—"

Tulliver turned slowly to Grace, a great hope dawning in his haggard eyes.

"Then—it was your sister—I brought him back for—"

She touched his arm and led him a little aside from the two clasped in each other's arms.

"I cant thank you—there aren't words to do it in," she said softly; "but it meant everything to Daisy—and to me. You see"—a slow blush swept her face to the soft line of her hair, but her honest eyes did not falter from his face—"they had—been foolish—oh, very foolish and wrong; but I think he loves her, and Daisy worships him. When she found he had gone, she told me—everything, and I came to you. Oh, how can I thank you so you'll know how much I mean the words?"

"I dont want thanks, Grace," said Tulliver; "I dont want words—"

He lifted her face between his great hands, so that she saw and read aright the deep longing in his eyes. "There's just one thing I want in all the world," he said—"just one thing; but I want it with all there is of me—mind, body and soul. Will you give it to me, Grace—sweetheart?"

Slowly, eyes still on his, she came to him; slowly she laid her head upon his breast. And so Truthful Tulliver, wanderer thru life, came home at last.

## What I Demand of Movie Stars

(Continued from page 41)

prepare the locale as well as the actors—the tasks of the landscape artist, and in some sense of the civil engineer, are before us. For a month the actors rehearse without the camera.

And now South Carolina, in Reconstruction days, is measurably before our eyes. Elsewhere the battle backgrounds of the Civil War are springing into being, helped by expert advice of old "vets" and modern West Pointers. The costumes, settings and documents are laboriously prepared for the facsimile historical scenes, like those of the Emancipation Proclamation, the Appomattox surrender, and the Lincoln assassination. By the way, twenty-four "Lincoln actors" were rehearsed before the right Lincoln was found! This was because I demand "soul" of the movie star, and for this scene Lincoln was the star part. The Blue and the Gray, the Southern white gentry and the colored contingent all have been drilled under their respective leaders. And then the film-making begins.

At an early stage of the work, after the rough outlines have been filled in, the scenario is thrown away. The building and rebuilding of the story, the piec-

ing of intimate bits and the discarding of the useless go right on while we are living the history, so to speak, from day to day. Nearly twenty-eight miles of pictures—one hundred and forty thousand feet of film—are taken. And how much of these are used? At the finale we discover that we have thrown away eight-tenths of our product; we have remaining twenty-six thousand feet, or, say, five miles of consecutive story. But that is twice too long. We condense, condense, condense. At the end of two months more of hard labor we edited "The Birth of a Nation" to twelve thousand or thirteen thousand feet—two and a half miles—or, theater-wise, two hours and forty-five minutes' stage entertainment.

Naturally, a director must demand patience and sincerity as well as "soul" of his movie stars.

## Congenial Occupation

By CHARLES H. MEIERS

**PUNSTER:** Movies furnish one of the most delightful occupations for sweet-hearts.

**VICTIM:** Why?

**PUNSTER:** If they quarrel they can go to the studio the next day and "make up"!

## Something New Wanted

By K. A. BISBEE

**Doctor:**—I'll tell you, Mr. Smith, medicine is not what your wife requires. What she needs is an entire change of scene—something new.

**Smith:**—Thank you. In the future we'll cut out the serials and only go to one-reel comedies.

## "Taking Off" Photoplayers

By K. A. BISBEE

**Mr. Staylate:**—Would you like to see me mimic a celebrated Moving Picture actor?

**Miss Sweet:**—No, I'd much rather see you take yourself off.

## A Killing Retort

By K. A. BISBEE

**Actor:**—Darn that scenario writer! I wonder why he kills me in the second scene?

**Director:**—Perhaps he knew you'd get this part, and sacrificed you, instead of killing the whole play.

Seen on a poster: "The Drunkard's Home" in five reels." H'm! How he must have hurried! Most drunkards we know cant reach home in a hundred and five reels.

## Obliging the Censors

"We object to the young woman's costume in that bathing-scene," said the spokesman of the Board of Censorship.

"Very well," replied the director; "I'll have it removed."

(Sixty-eight)

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(Continued from page 65)

**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

**Belasco.**—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while.

**Hudson.**—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Long-legs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, don't miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

**Booth.**—"Getting Married." A Bernard Shaw play that sparkles with wit and Shaw philosophy, capably played by an unusually strong cast which includes William Faversham, Henrietta Crossman, Charles Cherry and Hilda Spong.

**Cohan's.**—"Come Out of the Kitchen." Ruth Chatterton is always charming, but her opportunities in this Southern play are not as winsome as those in "Daddy Long-legs," even with Bruce McRae to assist her.

**Lyric.**—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's "Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

**Liberty.**—"Intolerance." David W. Griffith's gigantic film spectacle. Dazzling to the eye, but not as great as "The Birth of a Nation."

**Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.**—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

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**Strand.**—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

### SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Object Matrimony." Another "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Abe and Mawruss" comedy. Immensely pleasing to those who like this style of humor.

"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

"Under Sentence." A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

(Sixty-nine)



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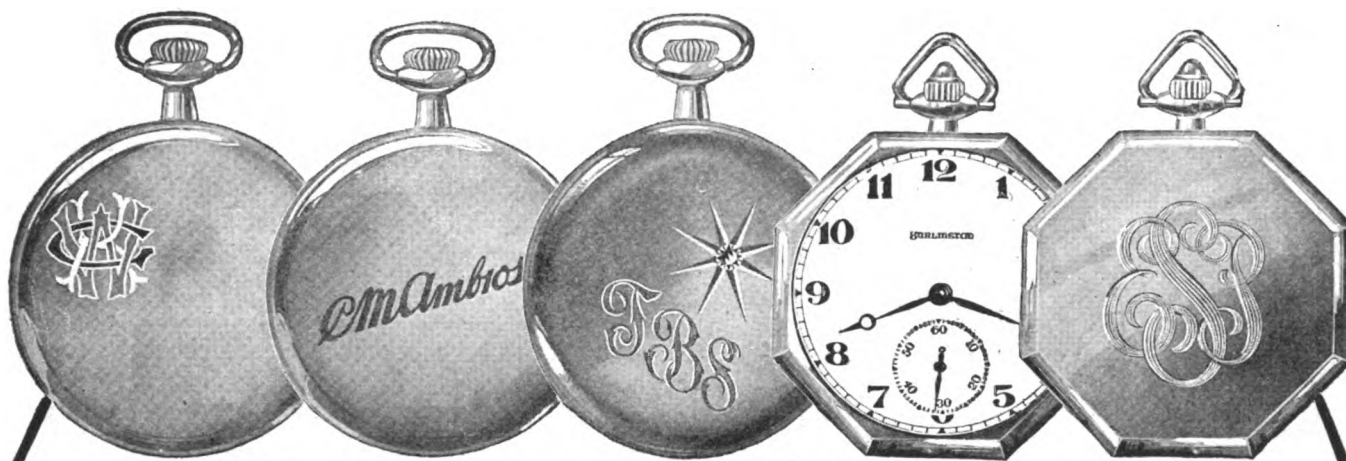
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